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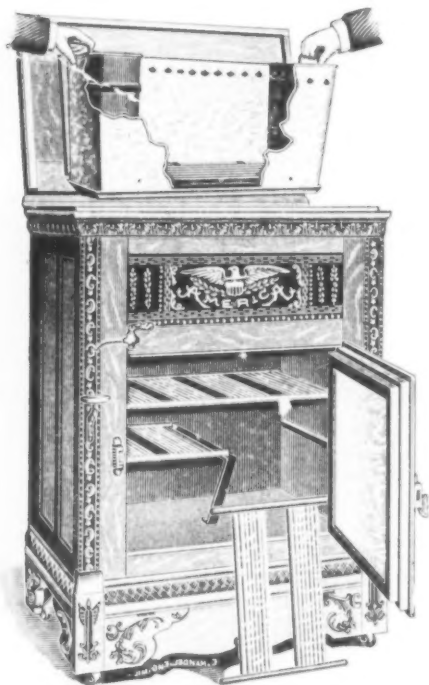
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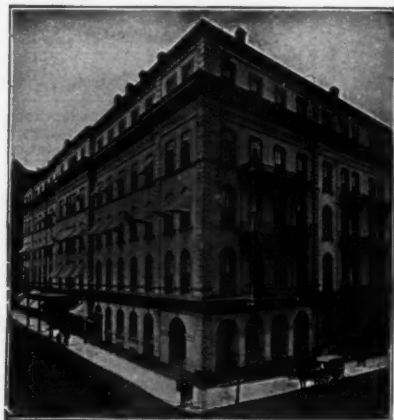
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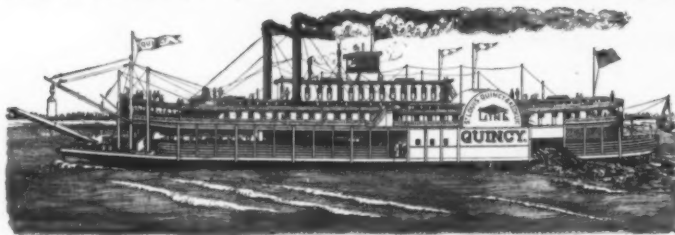
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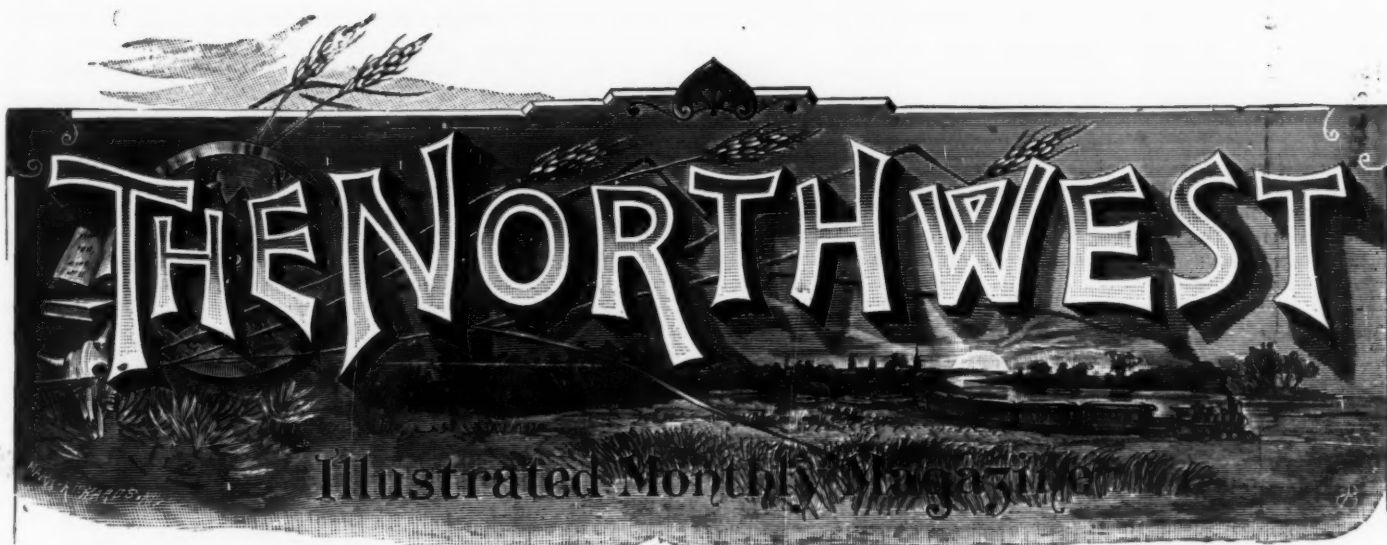
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ST. PAUL, JUNE, 1899.

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COPPER-MINING, ANCIENT AND MODERN. ON LAKE SUPERIOR'S SHORES.

By John M. McClintock.

The history of copper-mining on the shores of Lake Superior, covering as it does a period which extends from archaeological times down to the present, affords an entertaining chapter to those interested in the development of this wonderfully wealthy mineral region. The authorities on archaeology are uniform in their opinion that on these shores were mined the copper implements and ornaments found buried in the mounds of the ancient Toltecs, or Mound Builders, which exist in many parts of the United States, and more particularly in the valley of the Ohio River. This belief is supported largely by the fact that nowhere else on the North American continent is copper found in its native state, the only condition in which it could be utilized by so primitive a people.

Another corroborative proof is that in all the ancient diggings on both shores, the stone axes, hammers, and chisels used in that age are found in enormous quantities, it apparently being the custom of the miners to leave their tools in the mines. This is particularly true of the prehistoric mines unearthed on Isle Royale and at Ontonagon, Michigan, at which latter place, a few years ago, as much as ten cartloads of stone axes, mauls, hammers, and chisels were taken from the Minnesota mine. There is a current report that there is a well near that mine, twenty feet deep, which is walled up entirely with these relics of the Stone Age. This, to a lover of antiquities, would appear to be a rather expensive curbing.

These old mines present evidence of that skillful engineering so characteristic of the earthen-works of this now extinct race of men. In many instances masses of solid rock weighing several tons were removed bodily from the mines, and excavations were made in the granite that would dismay the modern miner equipped with dynamite and diamond drill.

However conjectural the connection of the Mound Builders with these ancient workings may be, the existence of copper on these shores has been noted by the earliest writers on American voyage and discovery. In the year 1664, Pierre Boucher, in a book published in Paris, relates that "in Lake Superior is a great island (meaning Isle Royale), fifty leagues in circumference, in which there is a very beautiful mine of copper. There are other places in

these quarters where there are similar mines; so I learned from four or five Frenchmen who lately returned. They were gone three years without finding the opportunity of returning. They told me that they had seen an ingot of copper, all refined, which was on the coast and weighed more than eight hundred pounds, according to their estimate."

Fourteen years later, in the year 1680, the Baron La Hontan, in his "New Voyages to the American Continent," in concluding a description of Lake Superior, adds: "Upon it we also find copper mines, the metal of which is so fine

tioned at Sault Ste. Marie had made crosses, candlesticks, and censers from the metal brought in by the natives.

Captain Carver, in 1766, obtained many specimens of native copper, which fact he records in his "Three Years' Travels in North America," wherein he also states that on the north and northeastern shore of Lake Superior he observed "that many of the small islands were covered with copper ore, which appeared like beds of copperas, of which many tons lay in a small space." This is a rather glowing description, but, after the lapse of more than a century, the captain can be pardoned if he drew somewhat upon his imagination in jotting it down.

The first authentic attempt to mine this valuable metal in this region is that recorded of two adventurous spirits by the name of Alex-



IN EARLY LAKE SUPERIOR DAYS.

"In 1829 the Chippewas granted to the Government the right to search for and carry away metals and minerals from any part of their country."

and plentiful that there is not the seventh part lost from the ore."

In 1721 the Jesuit missionary, Charlevoix, passing through Lake Superior on his way from Montreal to the Gulf of Mexico, in his "Journal of a Voyage to North America" makes mention of the fact that on the shores of Lake Superior large pieces of copper are found in great abundance and are venerated by the Indians, who look upon them as the presents of those gods who dwell under the water of the lake. He also states that the missionary of his order sta-

ander Henry and John Bostwick, who, in 1771, dug out a mass of copper and silver ore on the Ontonagon River and sent it, via Montreal, to London, where it was placed in the British Museum. They formed a company of Englishmen to work their mine, among whom were the Duke of Gloucester, Sir William Johnson, and other men of rank. A boat was built on Lake Superior to carry the supplies from Sault Ste. Marie to the camp at the mouth of the Ontonagon River, now in the State of Michigan, where forty miners were engaged in sinking a

shaft. The miners were inexperienced, and, after several unsuccessful attempts to reach the ore body, the enterprise was abandoned as being unprofitable.

This was the first of a long series of similar enterprises, extending over a period of one hundred years, which brought their promoters nothing but financial disaster and bankruptcy, until success was finally assured in the development of the mines at present being worked on

production of that metal. The expedition advanced as far as Mackinac Island, beyond which point it was prevented from going by the hostile tribes of Indians. Subsequently the enterprise was abandoned, and the party returned to the seat of government with only a few specimens of metal obtained from friendly natives.

But the reports of valuable deposits of the ore continued to attract so much attention in the East that on May 8, 1822, the Senate of the United States passed a resolution asking for information concerning the copper-mines on the southern shore of Lake Superior, especially with reference to their number, value, and position; and also the names of the Indian tribes that claimed them, and the practicability of extinguishing their title. President Monroe directed Secretary of War John C. Calhoun to procure the desired information through his department. Having this end in view, Secretary Calhoun authorized Henry R. Schoolcraft—the noted Indian authority, and discoverer of the true source of the Mississippi River, who was at that time stationed as Indian agent at Sault Ste. Marie—to organize an expedition and make practical inquiry into the subject.

Schoolcraft began work at once, and, together with his assistants, made a thorough examination along the trap and amygdaloid dykes from Keweenaw Point westward for one hundred and fifty miles to the range of hills back of Superior, Wisconsin. His investigation, obstructed as it was by the difficulties of traversing a trackless wilderness, was

most satisfactory indeed. The following words are found in his report, the truth of which have been fully verified by the developments of recent years. He says: "With respect to copper and iron, the Lake Superior region is undoubtedly the richest and most extensive locality of these metals on the globe."

While on this expedition, Schoolcraft visited the copper bowlder mentioned by Pierre Boucher, and which has also been noted in the writings of many of the early travelers and explorers, as well as having a notoriety among the Indian tribes far and near. He describes this as an immense mass of copper weighing about a ton. It lay exposed on the bank of the Ontonagon River, about seven miles from its mouth.

In the year 1854 it was removed to the National Capital as a great natural curiosity, where it still may be seen in front of the War Department Building.

The report of Schoolcraft contained such a flattering account of the mineral wealth of the region explored by him that Congress immediately authorized a commission to treat with the Chippewa Indians for a concession granting the Government the privilege of searching for and carrying away metals and minerals from their country. The various tribes of the Chippewas were convoked at Fon du Lac, now within the present limits of the City of Duluth, Minnesota; and here, on the 5th day of August, 1829, a treaty was entered into by and between Gov. Lewis Cass of Michigan and Thomas L. Kenny, commissioners representing the United States, and the chiefs and head men of the Chippewas, by which the Indians granted to the Government the right to search for and carry away metals and minerals from any part of their country.

At this convocation there is said to have been present five thousand Indians, the large number being occasioned by the violent opposition of many of them to the granting of any concession whatever to the whites. This opposition was born of the Indian superstition that any information or assistance communicated to the whites "disclosing the position of mines or metallic treasures situated upon their grounds is displeasing to the Great Spirit, from whom they profess to derive every good and valuable gift, and that such an offense never fails to be visited upon them in the loss of property, in the want of success in their customary pursuits or pastimes, in untimely death, or in some other singular disaster or untoward event."

The signing of the Treaty of Fon du Lac marks the beginning of a remarkably active period in the search for copper ores on the south shore. Companies were organized in the Eastern States for the prosecution of the work of opening mines. Prospectors searched every crevice and seam in the trap and amygdaloid rock extending east and west for one hundred miles. Throughout the entire district the outcroppings indicated rich deposits of ore, but the principal veins could not be located. Large deposits of the pure ore were found in pockets near Ontonagon, Michigan, but its very purity made it exceedingly difficult to mine, on ac-



BRINGING OUT THE ORE.

"With respect to copper and iron, the Lake Superior region is undoubtedly the richest and most extensive locality of these metals on the globe."

Keweenaw Point, Michigan, the richest of their kind in the world.

The knowledge which Benjamin Franklin obtained of the mineral deposits of the Lake Superior region from the writings of the early French missionaries during his sojourn at the French Court, has proved to be of incalculable value to his country, and particularly to the entire Northwest. He was one of the commissioners, representing the United States, appointed to establish the boundary line between the possessions of Great Britain and the United States; and through his efforts alone was this line located at the Pigeon and Rainy rivers,—the same now being the northern boundary of the State of Minnesota,—against the strenuous endeavors of the British commissioners to establish it farther to the south, on a line running directly west from the island of Mackinac.

Franklin knew the value of the territory he was contending for, and in his own writings he says that "the time will come when the American people will consider the part I have taken in securing to them that vast mineral region as one of the greatest acts of my life." That day long since arrived, and the prediction has been verified. If it had not been for the foresight of this savant-philosopher, the untold millions of tons of iron ore from the Penokee, Gogebic, Vermillion, and Mesaba ranges; the incalculable wealth of the copper-mines of Keweenaw Peninsula; the rich forests of pine in Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, would today be paying tribute to the British throne.

The United States Government has at various times endeavored to assist in the discovery of valuable ores in the Lake Superior Country, the first attempt being prosecuted during the administration of President John Adams. The augmentation of the navy at the time created a vastly increased demand for copper, consequently it was deemed advisable by the administration to send an expedition to the Lake Superior regions, having in view the increased



AN UNDERGROUND SCENE IN THE SUPERIOR COPPER DISTRICTS.

"Nowhere in the known world are there mines of such fabulous wealth as are the copper-mines of the Portage Lake District on Keweenaw Point, in Michigan."



DEVELOPMENT WORK ON IRON MINES IN THE VERMILLION RANGE DISTRICT, MINN.

"New towns have sprung into existence as a result of this activity, and throughout the entire region there prevails an air of enterprise and prosperity to a marked and very gratifying degree."

count of its hardness; so that the cost to produce the native copper exceeded its value when transported to the markets. Large sums of money were expended in development and exploration, with the result that for nearly forty years nothing was gained other than a dearly-bought experience, and a knowledge of the location of places where ore could be mined profitably.

Horace Greeley, in his *Recollections of a Busy Life*, has recorded his experience of copper-mining during this period of discovery, and also ventures some observations on mining in general—which, perhaps, can be appreciated by those who have within the last few years gone through the stock booms in the opening up and development of newly discovered mines. He was a stockholder and director in a prospective mine on Keweenaw Point, and made two trips to that locality, one in 1847, and the other in the year following, at which times he brought supplies and money from Detroit for his miners. His comments so aptly express the common experience of the many who have been engaged in similar enterprises, that an extended quotation from them is pardonable. He says:

"Shareholders who had raised their \$10,000 to \$50,000, in fond expectation of early returns, found in time that every cent, and generally more, had been expended in constructing a rude pier whereon to land their supplies, cutting a road thence to their location, building a few rude shanties, drawing up their tools, powder, edibles, etc., and beginning to scratch the earth, another and still another assessment being required—not to secure returns, but to sink a shaft on the vein far enough to determine that they had any ore or metal to mine. By this time their patience, or their faith, or their means, had generally failed, and they were ready to sell out for a song, or abandon the enterprise in despair and disgust. Such is, in essence, the history of most mining enterprises on Lake Superior, and I suspect that

it is not essentially different elsewhere. I presume that there was not in 1850 so many deserted houses throughout all the rest of our country as in California and adjacent mining districts; and some of these were quite decent homes. All I ever realized by mining was a conviction that digging gold, or silver, or copper, or iron, or—best of all—coal, is a fair business for those who bring to and invest in it the requisite capacity, knowledge, capital, experience, perseverance, and good luck, and that the rarely encountered 'big strikes' are as one to a million. As a rule there are many easier ways of gaining gold than digging it from the earth; yet let all dig who will. The possibility of large and sudden gains gives to the business that element of chance or gaming which so fascinates the average mind; yet, if all the gold-diggers on earth were to work faithfully

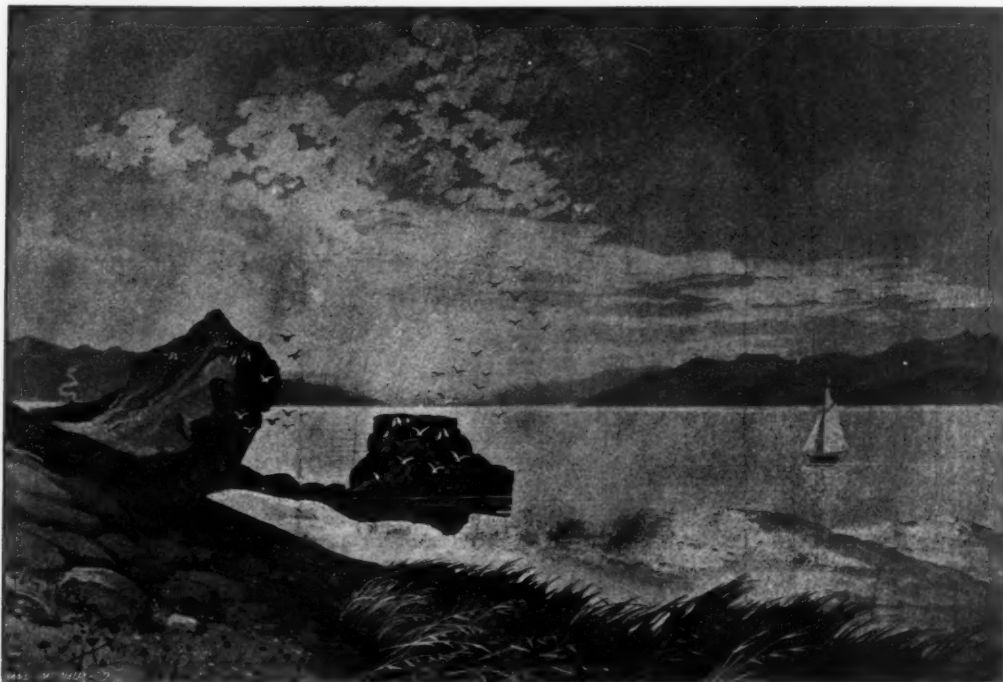
throughout next year, and exchange their products respectively for wheat, I doubt that their recompense would average a peck a day. And what is true of gold is nearly or quite so of copper, and of most other minerals as well."

Since these comments were written by Greeley in 1854, wonderful developments have been made in the region he so depreciates. There have been taken away from one mine (The Calumet and Hecla), within five miles from his location, many hundred million dollars' worth of copper ore, and from the same general locality millions upon millions of dollars' worth of iron, thus illustrating the fact that even so infallible an authority as Horace Greeley might possibly be mistaken.

However much one may differ from Greeley in his observations on mining in the Lake Superior Country, he, in the same comments, noted some characteristics which will always remain true, and which no one will venture to dispute. The first is where he pays his respects to the Lake Superior mosquito, wherein he says "that we encountered denser and more ferocious clouds of mosquitoes and gnats than ever before or since presented me their bills and insisted on immediate satisfaction." The mosquito of the present generation, in that locality, appears not to have been deprived of any of its ferocity, a fact accounted for, perhaps, by the infrequent opportunity of feasting upon so rare a product as an editor of the *New York Tribune*.

Greeley also testified to the coldness of Lake Superior water, in giving an account of a personal encounter which he had with that element. He says: "I went along to the headland west of Eagle Harbor, on a bright summer noon, when a fresh northern breeze was rolling in a very fair surf. I stripped, and plunged in; but was driven out as by a legion of hornets. The water was too cold to be endured; and I never thereafter doubted the current assertion, that a hot day was never known on that lake at a distance of a mile or more from land."

The mining of copper in the Lake Superior Country has long since passed out of the exploratory and experimental stage into one of valuable reality. Nowhere in the known world



OFF ONE OF LAKE SUPERIOR'S ROCKY POINTS.

"I went along to the headland west of Eagle Harbor, on a bright summer noon, when a fresh northern breeze was rolling in a very fair surf. I stripped, and plunged in; but the water was too cold to be endured."

are there mines of such fabulous wealth as are the copper-mines of the Portage Lake District on Keweenaw Point. The diamond-mines of South Africa, or the silver mines of the famous Virginia and Comstock lodes, have not yielded such rich returns. The principal one of these mines is the Calumet and Hecla, situated near the towns of Calumet and Red Jacket, in Michigan. During the last twenty-five years it has been an active producer of copper, having paid in dividends during that time more than \$60,000,000. This sum represents profits after all expenses of developing, producing, refining, officering, and financiering have been met. If the profits have been \$60,000,000, the entire wealth taken out of the mine must have been at least one hundred times that much.

There was a time when stock in this mine went begging and could scarcely be given away. The veins of ore would pinch out, and it became necessary to levy assessments on the stock in order to progress in the development of the mine. At times it was impossible for the promoters of the mine to pay the miners, all funds having been exhausted; so that they were obliged to take stock in the mine in return for their labor. This, at the time, was considered a great hardship; but subsequently, when the stock became valuable, it proved to be the making of fortunes for many of the miners who had held on to their stock. The par value of the stock in this mine, as is the case generally in copper stocks, is \$25, but the market value is \$800 per share, being more than thirty times the par value; and, even at this price, a good dividend is realized.

ities of electricity continue, has created a movement and interest in copper properties and prospects never before experienced. The entire copper range, extending from the extreme end of Keweenaw Point westward for 150 miles, is being searched and prospected with a vigor and carefulness not surpassed by the eager seeker for gold in the frigid Klondike. The ancient diggings of the men of the Stone Age have been exploited and reopened; new prospects are being developed; and mines, abandoned as unprofitable a score of years ago, are now converted into valuable paying properties. Lands which were abandoned to the State for unpaid taxes, after the pine was removed from them, have suddenly acquired a very appreciable value, both real and speculative. New towns have sprung into existence as a result of this activity, and throughout the entire region there prevails an air of enterprise and prosperity.

THE MUSK-OX OF THE FAR NORTH.

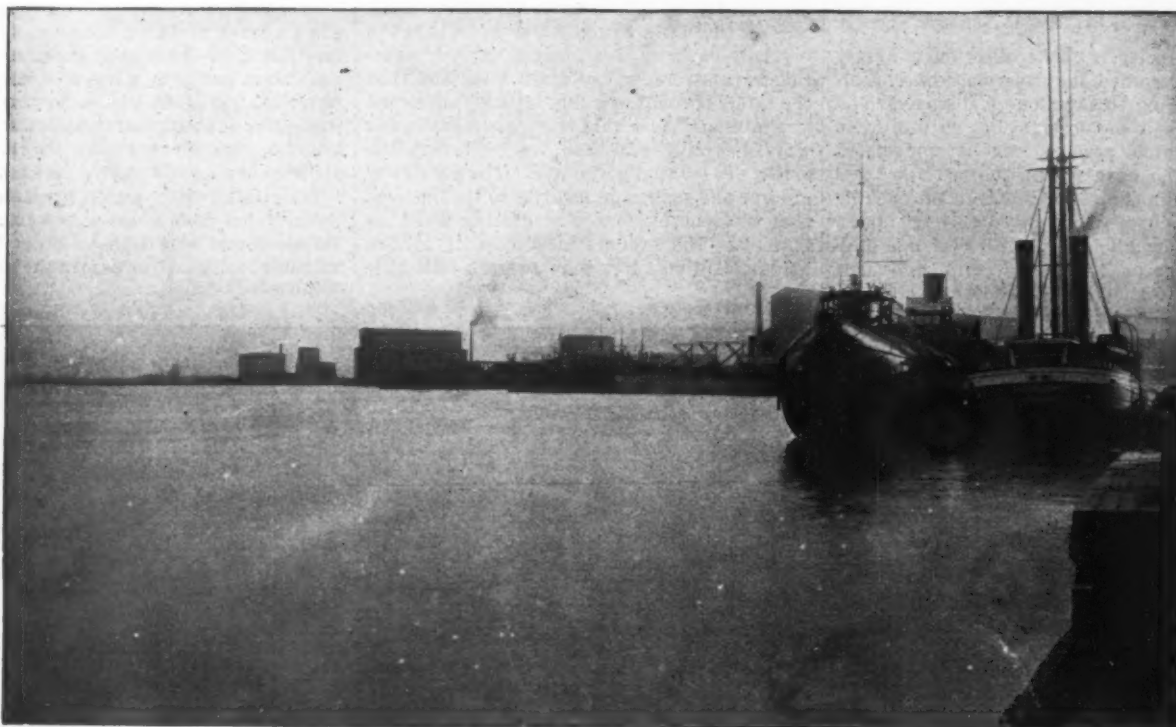
A strange animal, which is but very little known, inhabits the northern portion of this country, in a climate so severe that it is the last place on earth where a creature possessed of hoofs and horns, and feeding on vegetation, would be expected to exist, says the *Western*



PROSPECTING FOR COPPER.

"The entire copper range, extending from the extreme end of Keweenaw Point westward for 150 miles, is being prospected with a vigor and carefulness not surpassed by the eager seekers for gold in the Klondike."

droves, their breath showing in puffs in the cold, northern air. The sharp horns which cover the forehead are well fitted for defense against the fierce and hungry wolves. The calves must also be defended. The mothers cover the little creatures with snow, for the first two or three days, but afterwards they run with the herd. The musk-oxen occupy the same range of country as that frequented by the reindeer, but while the deer seek the shelter of the immense northern forests during the



THE DULUTH-SUPERIOR HARBOR, AT THE HEAD OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

"...here, on the fifth day of August, 1829, a treaty was entered into... between commissioners representing the United States, and the chiefs and head men of the Chippewas, by which the Indians granted mining privileges throughout the whole extent of their vast territory."

Within a few miles of the Calumet and Hecla mine are other mines of considerable richness and great promise, such as the Quincy, Osceola, Franklin, Tamarac, and Wolverine, all of which are active producers with brilliant prospects.

The unprecedented success attained in mining in this region, coupled with the fact that there is a tremendous demand for copper, with every indication that the demand will be an ever-increasing one so long as the uses and util-

Prairie of Cypress River, Man. The musk-ox is a low-set animal covered with a profusion of very long brown hair. The legs are short and the feet are like the hoofs of the reindeer, well fitted by nature for removing the snow from the lichen and coarse grass, on which the animals subsist during the long winter.

Along the coast of the polar sea, and for several hundred miles back, these strange creatures can be noticed in winter gathered in small

winter, the musk-oxen remain on the unsheltered plain, completely protected from the cold by nature's impenetrable covering of hair.

There seems to be no lack of food in that desolate region, for the animals remain fat all winter, and exist in great numbers. In April the herds of reindeer commence to leave the wooded country and move nearer the seacoast, where they range on the same wild pastures that are frequented by the musk-oxen.

WASHINGTON INDIANS OF TODAY.

The primitive Indian of Washington is almost a thing of the past. The Indians who once roamed over this State and possessed its lands are now scattered and without homes. Few remain, and those that do are found living along the streams or in the mountains. A great many have been placed on the reservations, where they are cared for and educated. It is a pitiful sight to see them as they come into our Western towns in blankets and moccasins, ragged and dirty. They crouch in the corners of the streets and gaze with wondering eyes on the sights around them, being continually reminded by the street passers of their inferiority.

A great many have a hard time to keep from starving. Those who can not and will not work, have to beg for their food. Usually there are old Indian women who go from house to house to do washing. They are often seen selling huckleberries, rugs, and moccasins to get money to buy their clothes and food. The Indian men are generally lazy. Some, however, work and own farms. The young Indian takes great delight in riding after horses and cattle.

We have a few Indians in our valley that are quite industrious. Some of them own good farms and raise good crops each year. Every season, about the first of August, the hop-picking time begins, lasting until the close of September; and the few remaining tribes gather at the hop-yards, in Puyallup and Yakima, to earn a few dollars at this work.

Like all other Indians, those of Washington have their regular religions, and their medicinal or conjuring and social dances. Some are very pious, and most of them are Catholics, for whom churches and schools have been built. Numbers of them become intelligent and industrious, while others remain indolent, ignorant, and indifferent, caring for nothing save the privilege of lounging about in the dirt and to make their living by begging. As we see the average Indians of today who walk our streets with their squaws and paposes, we can hardly think of them as the once wild and savage beings who tried to murder all the white people within their reach; and as we regard their undersized forms and repulsive features, we almost wonder why God created them. Yet, although our State is filled with legends of their ignorance and barbarism, it is also full of beautiful stories of their gratitude, fidelity, and benevolence.

A sad loss has fallen to the lot of our Indians of late. Old Chief Moses, their much beloved chieftain, is dead—an Indian who was more admired, perhaps more feared, than any other Indian on the Northwest Coast. He was well built, strong, and handsome, dreading neither God nor man; very intelligent, and the idol of his people. No one knows him better than the settlers of 1878 in Yakima and Kittitas counties. At that time the Indians on the north side of the Columbia River, headed by Moses, were trying to cross the river for the purpose of raiding the settlers. A few did succeed in crossing at Priest Rapids, and murdered a family by the name of Perkins. All attempts were made to capture the marauders and to put an end to their depredations, but it proved a hard task.

Finally General Howard and a company of soldiers were sent to quiet the Indians along the Columbia, and, much to the joy of the people, they soon put a stop to the fighting, and compelled the Indians to surrender.

In December of that same year Moses met Father Wilbur (then Indian agent at Sinacoe) in Yakima, and promised that he would show them the place where the murderers were camped, if they would consent to go and meet him twenty-five miles north of Yakima. A party commanded by Capt. Jas. Simmons, joined by Dorsey Schuebly with a party from Ellensburg, Wash., started to meet Moses. When they arrived at the place of meeting, he was nowhere to be seen. Then they started for Crap Creek, where they met him and sixty of his braves in war-paint. Moses told them that he did not mean to keep his word with them. They soon succeeded in capturing him and nine of his braves, however, and these they handcuffed and tied. Moses was told that he would be held a prisoner until he told of the

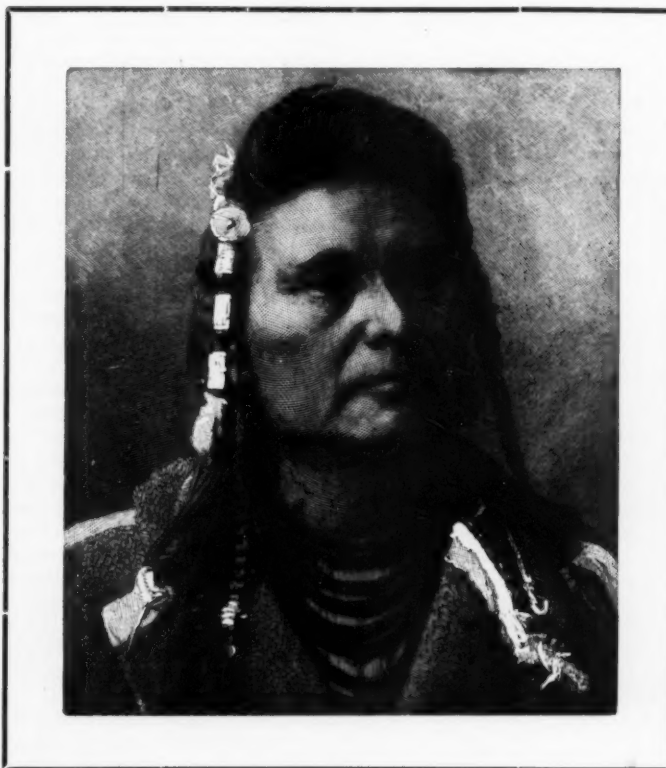
fished our coasts. Silently and sadly they await their doom. Wherever the white man builds his road, they vanish. Lo, the poor Indian, is traveling rapidly toward the setting sun.

LILLIAN MAY SCHUEBLY.

A REMARKABLE WASHINGTON CAVE.

A remarkable cave has been found on the North Fork of the Lewis River in Cowlitz County, Wash.

According to the Tacoma News, the cave was accidentally discovered a short time ago by two Swedes named Olson and Peterson. The former claims that he knew of the entrance a year or so ago, but had never explored it. As the two men were exploring the hills, where they do considerable prospecting, they suddenly came upon a large hole leading straight down into the ground. The hole was evidently of natural formation, and the curiosity of Olson became aroused. Though it was like the first man who ate an oyster, Olson was brave enough to be



CHIEF JOSEPH.

"An Indian who was more admired, perhaps more feared, than any other Indian on the Northwest Coast. He dreaded neither God nor man."

whereabouts of the murderers, as he had agreed, and at last he said that if they would liberate three of his men he would tell them to bring in the murderers. The three were liberated, and that was the last seen of them. Moses and the other prisoners were then placed in the county jail at Yakima; but finally, through the influence of Father Wilbur, the chief was released.

The authorities at Washington knew that something must be done to quiet the Indians, so they removed Moses to the Colville Reservation and made him the chief, and there he remained until his death a few weeks ago.

Thus ends the story of our venerable old war chieftain—familiar to all Washington, and especially to those who had suffered from his cruel treatment. The Washington Indians of today are no longer like the wild Indians of a few years ago, who roamed over the hills and

lowered into the unknown depths, but when only a few feet from the surface he struck solid bottom. Not far from the entrance was a series of immense chambers, usually with wide passages connecting them. The rooms are about 300 feet long and fifty feet broad. Some of them are very high, but most of them are about the height of an ordinary ceiling.

More complete exploration has disclosed innumerable passage-ways leading in all directions, the extent and character of the majority of them being unknown. The big subterranean vaults are filled with the usual stalactic curiosities, though what the remoter rooms may contain is still an unsolved mystery. A gentleman who is quite familiar with that region is of the opinion that extensive caves are not at all unusual there, the formation of the country and past explorations justifying this conclusion. Kentucky's great cave may yet have a rival.



Palmistry at Squawville.

When Perffessor Abdul Hamiz, from the far Egyptian land,

Where the pyramids an' sphynxes in their silent grandeur stand.

Come a sailin' into Squawville in his Oriental robe,
We applied to him instant the inquisitorial probe;
For we knowed the durned detectives hit all manner o' disguise

In their questionable callin'. But the skeer look in our eyes

Was most happily supplanted by a look of holy calm.
When he proved to be an expert in interpretin' the palm.

He explained in slick palaver that the creases in the hand

Told an interestin' story only few could understand;
That the doin's of a lifetime, from the cradle to the grave,

Was recorded in the grippers of the nabob an' the slave.

Jest to prove his mystic powers, he announced a free-for-all.

An' invited us to meet him that same evenin' in the hall;

An' I swear we never witnessed sich a jam o' curious hims

Since the female minstrels shocked us with their lingerie an' limbs!

The Perffessor said he cottoned to the fact that in the West

There was now an' then a man whose antycedents wa'n't the best.

An' he hoped there'd be no chawin' of the fabric if, forsooth,

In his readin's he should chop us with the gleamin' ax o' truth.

He would prostitute his callin', an' insult his talent, if
He should paint a man an angel when he was a wicked stiff,

An' in all his scrutinizin' of the fate-lines he would stick

To the facts with the persistence of a Rocky Mountain tick.

When he made a call for subjects, he was met with frozen stares,

His solicitation fallin' to unglue us from our chairs;
For we had an intuition the imported greaser might
Resurrect some painful features we had rather hide from sight.

Every feller in the meetin', in a quite instinctive way,
Shoved his feelers in his pockets, an' he shoved them there to stay;

An' the entertainment seemed to be a fizzlin' out, until
'Twas suggested that the parson test the paw-revealer's skill.

The suggestion was the signal for uproarious applause
An' a universal howlin' fur the minister, because
We regarded him as bein' jest as near a saint as it
Was expected that a critter in the mortal flesh could git.

But the parson made a rather hasty exit through the door,

With a blush upon his features leakin' out from every pore.

An' was follered by a "hong-mo" from ol' Arizony Red—

"They ain't none of us infallible," the hoary sinner said!

A Feminine Hustler.

A Skagway, Alaska, paper says that Miss Ruth Howard, the only female tonsorial artist in the Klondike Country, arrived there from Dawson recently. She had a hard trip of it, owing to the poor trail and water, but made it out in twenty days. She became popular in Dawson, and made a small fortune shaving Klondikers at \$1 a head and \$5 for a bath, and wisely investing her money in mines, until she is now a very rich woman.

She has gangs of men at work on her claims, and still keeps up her barber-shop, which is

now run by her assistants. She is going to the Sound for business purposes, and will return in time to watch the clean-up on her claims.

Fifty Thousand Dollars for a Chromo.

Tom Young, an old miner who had been shut in on the Yukon for years, had a claim staked on Hunkers' Creek. One day he wandered into a saloon where a bathing-nymph chromo was tacked to the wall. He was greatly struck with the colors, and, as he had no money, he offered his claim for the picture. Jim Morrison, the bartender, was working for wages, and he accepted the offer. He has just refused \$50,000 for the claim, and Young is working for him. He still has the chromo, and calls it his "50,000 beauty."

The School of Nature.

Oh, but he was a wreck! His clothing was tied on in spots, there was a week's growth of beard upon his face, and the dirt was sticking to his cuticle in patches. He looked about him aimlessly, and in a vacant way let his eyes linger upon a small knot of newsboys who conversed together at times, eyeing him furtively.

Finally one of the boys went over and talked with him, and they were engaged in animated conversation. Once the man's hand covered the pit of his stomach, then went into his pocket, then waved in a majestic manner, as he drew himself up in a dignified fashion. He was telling a long and interesting story, for the face of the boy looked interested. Then the little newsboy came back to his companions, and there was a consultation. A number of grimy hands went into trouser pockets, and the boy who had been spokesman clutched a number of pennies in his little fist. Then he went to the man, where he stood near the drug-store at First Avenue south and Washington.

"Here, pardner," came the little voice, husky with calling his wares. "You's in hard luck, an' we feels fer you, we does."

The little fist opened, and a number of pennies dropped into the large, dirty palm. The face of the man brightened, and, with a Chesterfieldian wave of the hand at the boys, he sailed across the street to a restaurant.

A woman had been watching the act: "What was the matter with the man?" she asked.

"He's in hard luck, he is," was the reply.

"He was rich, onct, an' had his horses an' dogs, an' was a swell bloke; but he dropped it all on a 'oman, and went broke. Us kids know when a fellow is hit hard, we does, an' we has hearts, we has, an' can feel fer de unfortunat."

"Are you not afraid that he will buy beer with the money?" asked the woman.

"No, ma'm. He'll stow away grub with it. He's square, he is. Jim, one of our boys, he remembers when he used to flip a quarter to newsies for a paper, an' his story is all right. I bet he wishes he had those quarters now."

The urchin joined his comrades, and the circumstances went out of their minds; but it showed that the Minneapolis newsboy has some school where he learns manliness. Perhaps it is in the gallery of his favorite theater.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A Marriage Ceremony in Rhyme.

Wild and romantic as any highland legend or border story is the account of the first contract marriage in the interior of Alaska, as narrated by "Windy Jim" Dodson, who was present and witnessed the unique ceremony.

It was on the banks of the Dall River, a small stream which flows into the Yukon near Fort Hamlin. A young man, Gillis by name, accompanied by Aggie Dalton, a charming maiden with whom he was in love, had set out from the mouth of Dall River to go across the mount-

ainous divide into the Koyukuk Valley. As they started up the Dall they met Dodson, and in the course of conversation it developed that the young people were anxious to get married, but in that wilderness there was small chance of finding either priest or magistrate to perform the ceremony.

"I know a man who can tie the knot," said Dodson, "and he lives only a few miles from here. His name is Joe Durant, but everybody knows him by the nickname of 'French Joe.'"

To yearning hearts and youthful vigor a few miles in that vast solitude was as nothing, and they were soon at Durant's place. Dodson went with them as guide and witness. The spot was one just fit for such romantic nuptials. It was on a wild, mountainous slope by the side of a clear lake, and under the shelter of a friendly tree whose evergreen branches defied the chill November winds. It was where one looked out upon one of the broadest and most interesting landscapes—a picture seared and seamy and somewhat desolate, no doubt, but full of alluring prospects for the adventurous.

Durant gladly agreed to perform the pleasant task, but, as he had no law form or church rituals at hand, he devised a form of his own, and put it into rude rhyme, having the bride and groom each repeat four lines after him.

The bride repeated the following:

"Ten miles from the Yukon, on the banks of this lake,
For a partner to Koyukuk, Gillis I take.

We have no preacher, we have no ring;
That makes no difference; it's the same old thing."

The groom's part was as follows:

"I swear by my sled-pole, under this tree,
A husband to Aggie I always will be.
I'll love and protect her, this maiden so frail,
From the sour-dough toughs on the Koyukuk trail."

Durant then tied the knot as follows:

"For two dollars each in cheechaco money,
I unite this couple in matrimony.
He is a rancher, and she is a teacher,
I'll do up the job as well as a preacher."

A Brave Seaman.

There stands a man who did one of the quickest and bravest acts I ever saw performed—that short, stoutly-built man standing by the gang-plank, I mean."

The speaker, says the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*, was Thomas F. Meagher, now staying at the Butler, on his return to Dawson.

"'Twas over two years ago, on my first trip to the north," continued Mr. Meagher, "that the incident I refer to took place. I sailed from here on the steamer Al-Ki. People then had little knowledge of what Alaska and its resources really were. I was the fortunate possessor of a letter from a friend of mine then at Eagle City, telling me of rich strikes having been made in that section. On the Al-Ki the letter, and necessarily myself, were in great demand, and there was scarcely a passenger aboard who didn't peruse it or hear it read, and ply me with questions as to what I thought of the statements made therein, as to my friend's reputation for veracity, and numberless other inquiries.

"Among them was a Swede or Norwegian—I cannot say which, only that he made a horrible bluff at speaking English, who at first amused me by the simple faith he had in the writer, myself, and the world generally. He only thought and talked of getting to Eagle City. Once there, his fortune was made. The gold would come to him—he wouldn't have to hunt for it. With all his good nature and simple-mindedness, after a few days he got to be something of a nuisance, for he continuously harped on, and the song generally ran:

"'Ef I efer get by that American Eagle place,
you bets we gets lots gold.'

"The Al-Ki made a landing a little this side

of Wrangel. The first to start for the gang-plank was my Norwegian acquaintance. In his eagerness to be the first to land on what was some part of Alaska he didn't give the men time to properly fasten the landing-plank, and, as a consequence, over he went. In falling overboard he fell toward the side of the steamer, and his head struck with a horrible thud on some iron projection temporarily placed there.

"I was quite near him when the accident happened, and before I had even time to shout 'Man overboard!' or take any action whatever, something in blue flashed by me. 'Twas this man," pointing to the man mentioned at the opening of the conversation, "and if I remember aright he was then the first officer of the Al-Kl. He grasped the end of a coil of rope which lay by him, and sprang overboard. So instantaneous was his action, that what I was thinking about doing he had already done.

well known in New York as in the West, says *Town Topics* of New York. She left school, two years ago, with a desire to do some good in the world, and joined the young girls' guild of a prominent Episcopal church. In the course of time she became interested in an old negro woman of sixty-seven, a cripple, who had been confined to her bed for years. Through the girl's tender mercies old Aunt Mary was provided with a room in a charitable institution. Aunt Mary soon became discontented with the plain surroundings, and bean soup was so often on the bill of fare that she persuaded her tender-hearted patron to take her away. The girl rented a small house, where she installed Aunt Mary, depending on her own allowance and the help of kind friends for the old woman's support.

As Aunt Mary was utterly helpless, it was necessary to have an attendant, and another

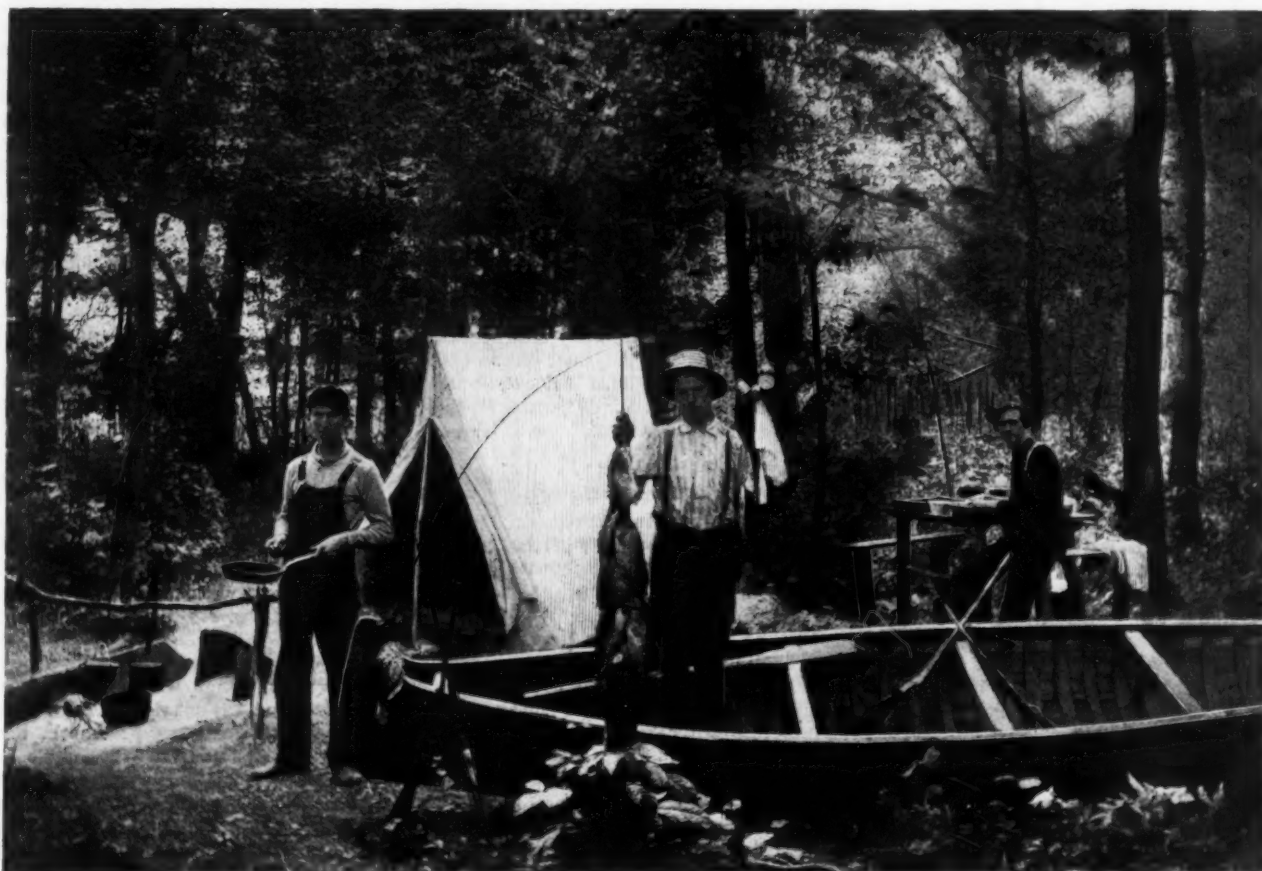
entered the cabin. A half-breed Baptist missionary, eighty years old, who visited Aunt Mary quite by chance, fell a victim to the charms of her soft black hair. The dusky suitor asked her to be his, and in describing the event Aunt Mary said:

"Lawd, honey! we'se done kissed, and de misery is goin' to leave my hip."

So the engagement is announced. The groom is reputed to be a capitalist, travels on passes, and is altogether a swell. The fair young patron saint has written her congratulations, and it is hoped that she will reach home in time to give the bride away. The groom says he will give his beloved daily sulphur baths to restore her pristine freshness.

Fortunes Made by Chance.

"Did it ever occur to you," said an old forty-niner to a representative of the Butte (Mont.)



TASTING THE JOYS OF CAMP LIFE IN THE WOODS AND ON THE LAKES AND STREAMS OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

Striking the water within a few feet of the foreigner, who was unconscious from the effects of the blow he had received in falling, he quickly reached him and adjusted the rope's end underneath his arms. Then, as calmly as if he stood on deck, he ordered:

"Haul away, boys; I'm all right."

"As they hauled the man aboard, with a few sturdy strokes he reached the dock-piles, which he held onto until another rope was thrown and himself drawn aboard. He didn't even take time to shed his cap before jumping; and while in the water waiting for the rope, he playfully kissed it good-bye as it floated away on the strong flood-tide."

A Society Girl's Philanthropy.

A good story is being told in St. Paul about the rather eccentric philanthropy of a society girl of that place, who belongs to a family as

old colored woman was brought in. She had but one leg and no palate, so the third was required to wait upon the two cripples. The young girl, although far from wealthy, let her proteges have all they needed, and that of the best. Aunt Mary was the soul of hospitality, and entertained her race most lavishly. The burden grew more and more heavy on the generous girl, who daily made sacrifices in order to meet the demands of this home for incurables. Every day, rain or shine, the second attendant of Aunt Mary—the only one in the house with two good legs—sallied forth with a basket on her arm to the home of their young patron, there to report conditions, leave a list of what was required, and fill her basket with good things from the larder.

Distracted and perplexed with the cares of this wonderful household, the young girl left home for a short rest, when, lo! the god of love

Inter-Mountain, "that quite as many fortunes have been made in mining by accident as by a well-settled conviction that there was big money in a claim or prospect? This is particularly true in placer mining. Mining is a hazardous pursuit at the best. The element of chance is ever present. If a man strike a good thing and knows how to work it, he has a fortune in sight. Another, equally as well equipped in mental and physical endowments, may reach the bottom of his purse and his prospect, and find nothing for his outlay of muscle and money but a barren hole. It is fate, or bad luck, or whatever it may be called, but the fact remains that while the one may be a millionaire the other is a pauper. I am almost a believer in the dogma of the elect. What do you think about it?"

"It was in the spring of 1850 that four of us, healthy, active, hopeful, and strong, left Marysville, California, one bright June morning on a

prospecting tour up the Yuba River. It was no trick to make money in those days. Everyone had a sackful or so of gold-dust lying around somewhere. Burglars and thieves and road-agents were not heard of at that time in those parts, and an unused candle-box made a pretty good safe. We left our sacks in John C. Fall's store at Marysville, and struck out up the river. We packed our blankets, picks, pans, shovels, rocker, a little grub, coffee-pot, and frying-pan on a mule, and, as I said, struck out for a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars each. Just above Long's Bar we located claims on virgin ground, and went to work. We worked just an hour by the watch. The clean-up weighed four ounces of clean river gold. That was an ounce a piece, or at the rate of ten ounces each for a full day's work. We held a consultation. We were out for a hundred thousand dollars before the rainy season set in. Word had come down from Downeyville that men were making a thousand dollars each up there. Ten ounces, or \$160 a day, wouldn't do. A little figuring showed us that. We struck camp and left. A party of Wisconsin boys took possession of the ground the next day, cleaned up \$800,000, and went back to the States. They were smart; we were continental fools.

"We had a fortune in our hands and let it go," sighed the old man. "But we were boys, and didn't know better. We did what thousands of other youngsters did in that early day—left a sure thing for a will-o'-the-wisp. We never got our hundred thousand dollars, but one or two of us are still hunting for it."

"But this is a digression. It is made to show that some men are not children of fortune. We were mining on Gold Hill in 1854. Gold Hill is one and one-half miles from Coloma, where gold was first discovered in California. Three young men just from Missouri came up to our ground sluice."

"Can't you fellows tell us where we can wash out a few dollars?" inquired one of them.

"Yes, with pleasure," answered Shorty Tyler. "Buy a few inches of water"—water was a dollar an inch—"and start in over there," pointing to a slight depression on the side of a near hill. The boys did as directed, and took out \$11,000 apiece in about three months. They returned to Pike County, while we continued working our eight-dollar-a-day diggings. What do you call that—luck, or foresight?" asked the old-timer.

"Leland Stanford kept a small grocery store in Cold Springs, El Dorado County, in the early fifties. Our mess bought many a pound of bacon and beans from him. He little thought he would become a multimillionaire, governor of the State, and United States Senator, at that time. He looked and acted the plain, common-sense business man he was."

Well, he went to Sacramento, got a corner on something, made a few thousand dollars, and, along with George and Charley Crocker and C. P. Huntington, obtained the Central Pacific franchise through the favorable report of Colonel Judah, who surveyed the route over the Sierra Nevada on mule-back, and came out of the job with millions for the few thousands invested. But he showed a good deal of mighty cute head-work," added the pessimistic old-timer. "Luck wasn't against him in that deal. Fortune favored him, and it helped a mighty good man."

"Why, I know a man who with his two boys took out \$10,000 through a dream of his little daughter. It happened in 1852. The father and his boys had been mining for some time, with indifferent success. One morning his daughter said to him:

"Papa, I have dreamed three nights in succession that there is a large amount of gold

right around that big tree down the gulch."

"The old man set his sluices down there the next day, and washed out \$10,000. I know this to be a fact. I afterwards married that girl, but she never had another such dream."

"A big dance and blowout was given at Logtown, near Mud Springs, in 1856. A young fellow and his girl took a breath of fresh air on a big bowlder near the pavilion between dances. He popped the question. She said 'yes.' In his eagerness to seal the compact with a kiss, he partly slid from the rock, loosening a piece of it. He picked it up as a memento of the happy moment, and put it in his pocket. A glance at it next day revealed free gold. He had found a wife and a fortune at the same time. Was that luck, or foresight?"

"Coming nearer home and down to the present time, we see instances where fickle fortune has made several good, and as many mighty mean, men rich and famous in mining. But there are thousands of good, honest, industrious, sober men who have courted the wayward goddess for years, and never got a smile. How do you account for that? Don't you think quite as many men have gained wealth in mining by a stroke of good fortune or luck or chance as by study and perseverance? I may be pessimistic, for I have worked as hard and intelligently and as long as most mining men for a pile, but I have failed to find it. If I had my life to live over again, I would do just what I have done; for I am beginning to believe that it is foreordained that some men will always have money to throw at the birds, while the great majority will shuffle through the world with their toes and elbows sticking out. They may not have much here. They will get their divvy on the other side of the range. Bad luck can't pursue them beyond the grave. In the nature of things, luck or fortune has its limit. Death ends the game."

A Short Frontier Story.

The lands west of the Mississippi River in Minnesota were the property of the Sioux Indians until treaties were made with them in 1851, by which they ceded them to the United States, but these treaties were not fully ratified until 1853 on account of amendments which deferred final action; but immigration was pouring into the Territory, and it naturally found a lodgment on the west side of the river, from the Iowa line up to Fort Snelling, and gradually extended up the Minnesota River to Mankato. Of course, says Hon. C. E. Flandrau in the *St. Paul Globe*, all the settlers in the Indian lands were trespassers, and, as the lands were unsurveyed, no claim rights could be acquired, but settlers did the best they could to mark their claims and gain what right they could by possession. The usual and best way of marking claim-lines was by running a plow furrow around the land. When the prairie was once broken the line was indelible, because an entirely new growth would spring up in the furrow that never could be eradicated.

In 1854 a law of Congress was passed by which settlers in Minnesota were given rights in unsurveyed lands, their claims to be adjusted to the survey lines when they were run "as near as may be."

Of course, this condition of things gave rise to many disputes about claim-lines and rights, and, as there were no legal tribunals to appeal to, we organized claim associations to protect our rights. In my part of the State we had an association that covered what is now Blue Earth, Nicollet, and Le Sueur counties, and most of the actual settlers were members, and all were pledged to support each other against any one attempting to jump the claim of any member, and protecting, of course, meant driv-

ing out the intruder and restoring the rightful owner to his possession. The means of reaching the object were not defined, but were understood to be adequate to the necessities of the occasion.

I had made a claim on the second plateau, back of what afterwards became the town site of St. Peter; and Gibson Patch, the sheriff of Nicollet County, had located on the adjoining quarter-section. These claims covered the ground where the Scandinavian college now stands, called, I think, Gustavus Adolphus. I was the president of the Nicollet County branch of the claim association.

About 1855, the Government survey lines were extended over our lands, and we had to adjust our lines to those of the official surveys the best we could. It so happened that the established lines left the shanty of my neighbor, the sheriff, outside of the quarter-section he had always claimed, and before he discovered this fact, a man designing to take advantage of the sheriff's peculiar situation, and intending to jump his claim, erected a shanty on his land and moved his family into it. It was soon discovered, and Patch notified the claim association, which immediately assembled, and decided that the jumper must be ejected and banished from the county. It was winter-time. A committee of 150 was delegated to perform the work at a certain day and hour. The jumper heard of it, and in the morning of the day fixed he prudently fled down the river.

Being president of the association, it devolved upon me to lead the party. We arrived at the house, and, finding no opposition, we politely informed the family of our mission, and offered them comfortable transportation to any point they would name for themselves and their portable belongings, which they accepted. We then burned the house, and appointed two committees of ten each to chase the jumper down each side of the river, with full discretion to punish him as they saw fit. They pursued him about forty miles, and it was fortunate for the fugitive that they did not overtake him—because, had they caught him after 2 P. M., I think they would have been in a condition of mind that would have resulted in his summary execution.

Of course, we thought no more about it, as matters of the kind were of frequent occurrence; but that was not the last of it. It turned out that the jumper was a Mason of high degree, and when he got to St. Paul he made a most pitiable complaint, charging me with destroying his home and with attempting to murder him. I was a small Mason, and was cited before the lodge to defend myself. I simply denied the jurisdiction, and did not appear. I was tried, and triumphantly acquitted.

On another occasion a claim was jumped in Le Sueur, just between upper and lower town, and the jumper had a great many friends who rallied to his defense. The associations of all three counties were called out, and when we appeared at Le Sueur we found about seventy-five Irishmen, all well armed, camped on the contested claim ready to defend it to the death. We camped at a short distance, and negotiations were opened between the hostile armies which finally resulted in some sort of a compromise satisfactory to the contending parties, one of whom was K. K. Peck, who was left in possession of the disputed territory. Mr. Peck laid his claim out into lots, and gave each of the members of the association that had come to his rescue a deed for a lot, which we called a "land warrant," on account of services in the Peck war; but before we could realize on our warrants, the Government surveys located a school section on the battlefield, and destroyed all our hopes.

BANNOCK NELL.

By D. Howard Gwinn.

Minnehaha, whom the nations crown as Queen in realm of song,
Was the paragon of virtue all the Indian tribes among;
Toward the stately Hiawatha, grand, pathetic in her love,
Saying gently, "I will follow, follow where thy feet may rove."

Not less lovely or beloved, not less beautiful or lithe-some,
Loved of all at Pocatello, Bannock Nell, the gay and blithesome.
Dwelt she in their humble lodging, with her father, Bannock Charlie.
In the sage-brush by Bear River, mid the sage-brush stunt and gnarly.

Fort Hall is the "reservation," as the white man's lingo goes;
Idaho, "The gem of Mountains," scene of Nellie's joys and woes.
Bright the welcome, wide the doorway opens to her everywhere;
Unobtrusive, modest, winsome, guileless heart, and free from care.

She the daybeam of her father, she the starlight of his soul,
Ever skillful, patient, ready, but to please him was her goal.
Thus she filled his life with gladness, thus all gently glide their days,
Thus she fitted, hither, thither, full of healthful, happy ways.

Scorn ye not who learn her story, rude and barb'rous though her birth;
None the less she stamped her actions with the die of sterling worth.
And the spirit of "The Mighty," whom she guilelessly adored,
May, perchance, accept her worship, while our own may be ignored.

Strange not that a maid so lovely should by Wolfskin be adored—
Stalwart son of aged chieftain, strongest of the Indian horde;
Type of manhood that of Beecher, so the white men love to tell,
In appearance, mental giant; in attainments, quite as well.

In the Council he was mighty; as a hunter, none surpassed;
Skilled in all the lore of red men that the ages had amassed;
Of the friends the tribe had tested, of the foes behooved to shun,
Of the laws of tribal usage, how the Chiefs' successions run.

Prospects fair and bright were Wolf-skin's, glowing was his summer sky.
But all these were naught to Wolfskin, since the maiden's dancing eye—
Since blithe Nell had quelled the hunter, silenced all his flowing words,
Speechless drove his ardent powers—he, the chief of "singing birds."

Wistful, sitting near her wigwam, ponderous hand upon his heart,
Aspect gloomy, sighing deeply, helpless in the lover's art:
Lacking courage to approach her, not inclined to run away,

So the hours he slowly squandered, heeding naught till close of day.

But the longest day will vanish, summer flowers not always blow.
Stores of daily bread are waning, and the hunters soon must go.

Wolfskin hears impatient murmurs, chiding needless long delay;
Half repugnant, all reluctant, forced to lead his band away—

Not with heart as light as feather, as he used to win the chase,
But morose and sulky, churlish, riding at a reckless pace.

Straight their way ran towards Wyoming, where the mountain rises steep,
In the quest of deer and cougar, grizzly bear and mountain-sheep.

All these signs to Nell were patent, else were hers no woman's heart;

Little songs her lips were humming, turned to sighs when they depart.
Doubtless these because her father with the hunters rode away—
Not because she's love-lorn, lonely, sister women well may say.

Three days' riding full of hardship, stopping scarce for food or rest,
When our hunters light their camp-fires on the rocks of Teton's crest.

Hopeful that their arduous mission on the morrow might be blest,
That their camp might boast abundance when again they journeyed west.

Morrow's hope off proves elusive, fleeing while it still beguiles,
E'en in fortune's staid vocations, frowns are met instead of smiles.

Worthless past, evasive future, twin nymphs of the shoreless sea,
Stretch no hand to meet their beck'nings; love the strand, 'tis all to thee!

When the morrow's sun had risen, that should mark the welcome game,
Lo, it showed instead how bootless was the task for which they came!

Then again the rifles blaze forth; Bannock Charlie's days are o'er,
Sinks to earth beside his comrade, mingling gore with spouting gore.
Love decreed a gentler union when their heart-streams should converge;
Fate reversed the happy edict, turned the love-song to a dirge.

At the Pocatello station, where the agent's quarters were,
Mid a crowd of startled quest'ners came a momentary stir.

Falling back with eye of pity, give they Nell respectful place,
Who, with quiet, rigid manner, closely scans the Agent's face.

They who gaze e'en hush their breathing—silence eloquent of woe;
Lists her heart to sorrow's logic, mocking joys of long ago.

With a sigh pathetic, dreary, in a strangely lifeless tone,
As though heart had died and withered—as though eye had turned to stone,

"Agent," said she, "friend of red men,"—
while the pearly tear-drops swell—
"Thou hast known me from my childhood, with thy children half did dwell.
'Twas your gentle wife who taught me all the useful arts I know,
Taught me habits of your people—e'en my name she did bestow;

"How to cook and help my father, fashion garments neat and warm,
How our lodge might be protected from the winter's numbing storm;
Taught me how to speak your language, how the idle hours destroy,
Whispered, 'Better things in future,' filled my heart with bounding joy.

"Thou and thine to all my people hast as Balm of Gilead been,
Healing feuds among my brethren, teaching love instead of spleen;
Hast deterred them from the war-path, taught to love the arts of peace.
May the Spirit whom we worship, cause thy kindred to increase!

"I have come on twofold mission; first, your leave to quit the fort—
Then to bid farewell, forever, to the scenes of youthful sport;—
To assure thee, gentle mistress, that your labor was not vain.
That the wild, rebellious girl-boy, discipline prepared for pain.

"Once I would have cursed the Mighty, sworn red vengeance on the foe—
On the men who causeless slaughtered all the joy my life can know!
But you told me of a Savior, bearing all for others' sake;
Grasping little in my darkness, this one thought my mind can take—

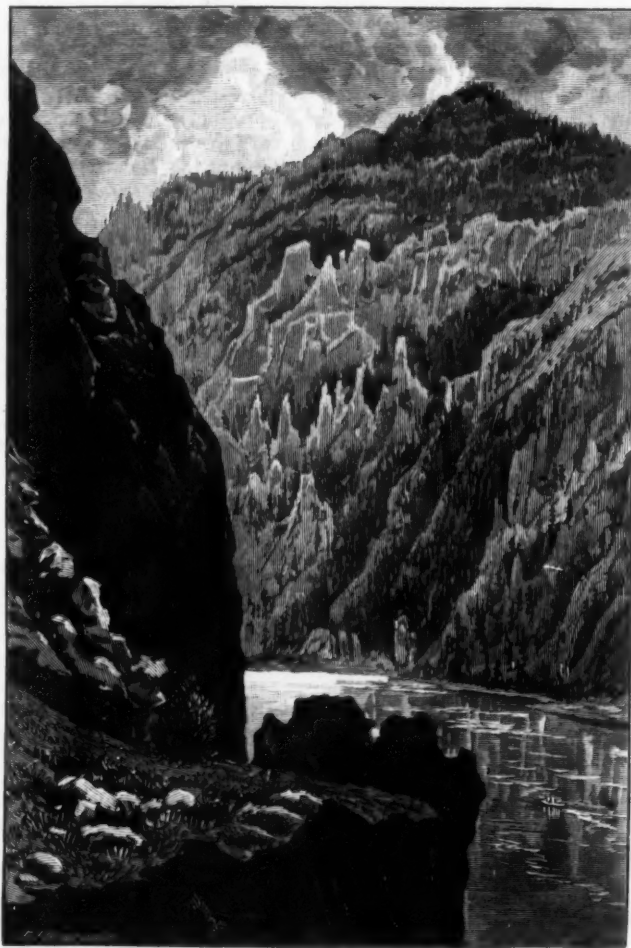
"That the white men who have murdered lover, father, by the lake,
Are your brethren still, and kindred. I forgive them, for your sake!
Pray forgive a hapless maiden that she seeks to leave thy care,
Thy dear heart hath wealth of friendship—home, and husband, children fair.

"Mine is drawn beyond the mountain, where they made two lonely graves,
None to sing the funeral dirges, only mournful sage-brush waves.

There, beside them. I will tarry, build my lodge and guard them well
From the sneaking, prowling coyote, from the Shoshone wizard's spell.

"Farewell, then, O gentle mistress! Farewell Agent, kind and true!
When the mists on yonder mountain hanging low divide thy view,
Know ye then our tribe's Great Spirit hovers round the mountain's peak,
I shall hear him in the tree-tops, I shall hear when he shall speak.

"Thus our Manitou, the Mighty, shall console me face to face,
Point me to the Happy Islands, peaceful haven of our race;
And at stormy, mystic midnight, from your slumber should you wake,
Fear no evil for your maiden—Nell, of Jackson's Haunted Lake."



"And at stormy, mystic midnight, from your slumber should you wake,
Fear no evil for your maiden—Nell, of Jackson's Haunted Lake."

Showed the tents of scores of tourists, camp-fires smoking o'er the ground.
White man's wanton summer pleasure, strewing carcasses around.

Down the mountain slanting eastward, slow the hunters' way they take
Towards the waterholes and marshes, henceforth Jackson's "haunted lake!"

Towards the sedge shore they wandered, with a fast expiring hope
That perchance they'd stalk in cover, lurking deer or antelope.

Know ye not the bloody sequel?—see ye not the dastard's aim—
Nor perceive the curling smoke-puff? Horrors! Wolf-skin's sinking frame!

"Hands up!" All but Bannock Charlie quick the rough command obey;
His are round the sinking Wolfskin; "He resists," the ruffians say.

TRIMO'S FIRST FUNERAL.

By E. Barnard Foote.

"Can't we drive a little faster, Albert? I must catch the stage, you know."

Then, as the stalwart driver touched the horses with the whip, and the wagon began to move more rapidly over the new road across the bunch-grass prairie, the little woman who had made the request looked back, with a glance full of affliction, at two lugubrious bundles, wrapped in blankets, which were beginning to be tossed and jolted about on a mattress in the bottom of the wagon-box, and said—"No; not quite so fast, please. I can't stand that; though I must make the stage," she added, as the driver pulled the horses into a walk again. This for the twentieth time in a journey of three miles.

Now the road dropped down into a mighty canyon, at the bottom of which lay spread out a pleasant, watered valley and the little town of Trimo, Washington. (It was a little town then, for the year was among the seventies, and the great State was still a sparsely-settled territory.)

"You are used to this grade, Mrs. Wallace, and it's nice and easy," said the driver; "so I'm going to suggest that you do the driving down, while I sit on the trunk behind and keep everything steady."

"Yes; do so, please," said the woman; "then we can go faster."

So the young man climbed into the rear of the wagon-box, and tenderly steadied the lugubrious bundles from slipping forward on the steep descent, while the little woman took the driver's seat and skillfully, almost unconsciously, managed the brake and reins down the long, swift mile of grade, her thoughts, meanwhile, flying on to the town and the stage-station, which were now in sight.

Half-way down the grade two men on horseback, who had taken an early start to bring in a band of horses from the range, sighted the descending team, and the younger man said to his companion, as the horses dashed into view around the bend above them:

"Blamed if it ain't the Professor's wife comin' to town alone at seven o'clock in the morning. Something's up, sure as shootin'."

They both dismounted, pulled their horses up on the hillside out of the narrow road, and, as the team came abreast of them, the elder man shouted, without preliminary ceremony:

"Charlie sick again?"

The wagon stopped, and then he saw the youth, Albert Carter, whom he knew to have been working at the Wallace ranch of late.

"Why, where's?"—he began, but discovered the sinister bundles, looked at the white, speechless little woman, and said: "Good God! What does this mean?"

"Oh, Mr. Knight!" the poor lady answered, and could say no more.

"He passed away very suddenly about daylight," spoke the youth in the wagon; "and she thinks best to take him back East; so we dug up the baby's coffin from the garden, and"—he stopped, with a gesture which said—"here we are."

"Good God!" ejaculated the elder man again; "you don't tell me so! Why, this is awful—and you two there alone, and not a single neighbor nearer than town!"

Then, with another semi-pious apostrophe, and without a suggestion from anybody, he was presently in the driver's seat of the wagon, handling the brake and reins with one hand and—by virtue of being a family man, and of the venerable age of thirty—supporting the now half-fainting widow against his shoulder with his other arm; while the second horseman, leading the riderless horse, galloped back to town ahead.

The poor, bereaved woman, or girl,—for her years numbered barely twenty-one,—having found friends at last, lost command for a moment of the nerve which had so far sustained her, and, letting herself comprehend the magnitude of the calamity which had overtaken her, leaned against the rough prop offered, crying out and moaning piteously until Mr. Knight stopped the horses at his own gate, and delivered her into tender, feminine hands and sympathetic embraces.

The man on horseback had reached town a few minutes in advance of the wagon, so that Mrs. Knight and a neighboring family were apprised of its coming; then, as he cantered up the one principal street to the livery-stable, with the led horse, he imparted his news to the early customers of the saloons, the morning patrons of the barber-shop, and the groups about the hotel, the restaurant, and the stage-barn. For it was a booming Pacific Coast city; the morning of that early spring day was almost oppressively bright and warm, and everything about the little town was already particularly "wide open."

So it happened that in less than half an hour it was known to every person in the place that the sickly young professor—who had come among them with his young wife the previous summer to open the first school in town, but had failed in health and gone upon a ranch instead—had died suddenly early that morning, and that his stricken widow had come to them—bringing his body, and that of the baby that had been born and lost at Christmas-time—to be aided in carrying her dead and her broken heart back to friends in far-off Delaware.

The young couple had made many friends during their short stay in Trimo, and, the dead man having been a popular member of several benevolent orders, which—as is usual in the isolation of a frontier village—included most of the men in town, his widow was made to feel herself, at once, in the midst of a community of expansive hearts and willing hands, to whose ministry she had not appealed in vain.

She had vaguely planned, in her distraction, to secure a temporary coffin for the dead, and an escort for herself, and to hasten on by stage to the nearest city, there to make preparations for the long journey to San Francisco and across the continent. It was to Mr. Knight—as an old acquaintance, and presiding officer of the principal lodge in town—that she had intended to appeal, even had Providence not thus thrown him in her way.

And never was confidence more securely placed. When the widow, in a few broken sentences, had made known her plan, he said heartily,—who can blame him if almost jovially:

"Now, if that's all, Mrs. Wallace, don't you be the least bit worried. I'll get the boys to-

gether at once, and we'll see to every last thing, just as your own folks would, I promise you. Never mind about the stage; you shall have a private conveyance whenever you're ready. Just leave everything to me, and you go in the dining-room and get some breakfast, and then take some rest."

Kind Mrs. Knight and the other women embodied their sympathies in hot tea and toast, and in easy, contagious tears, so that presently relief came to the stricken woman also, in the way of the first tears she had yet shed; and so, pillowed in a high, easy-chair, she "slept through sorrow," and they all withdrew—closing the door, and hushing the children, so that she might sleep undisturbed.

Mr. Knight had been well advised in his promise to assemble "the boys." He would almost have undertaken to go blindfolded, at that hour, and locate each and every one of the townsmen necessary to the business in hand; so it was but a few minutes until "the hall" was filled, at his bidding, with a goodly number of the brethren of the secret ties. A company of "boys" they were, in very deed; a juvenile community hardly able, as yet, to take seriously even their own attempt to rear an orthodox commonwealth on the new soil of their vast young Territory; and the awful dignity of death, sitting now for the first time among them, puzzled, troubled, and oppressed them.

Shrewd Mrs. Knight had seen, despite her husband's hearty acquiescence, that he looked with disfavor upon the difficult and expensive plan conceived by the widow, and had prepared herself to aid in dissuading her from it when the time should come. Therefore she was not surprised when, an hour later, a delegation came with Mr. Knight from the chamber of council, to enlist the tact of womankind in persuading the widow to abandon her project, bury her dead, and remain among the people of the new town until some future time.

So it was delicately conveyed to the poor girl—now awake, and calm—that, if she insisted, her desire to return to the East would be furthered by an escort and all necessary assistance, but that it had been deemed best to remind her of the great difficulty of the journey by sea and land; the almost certain forfeiture of the claim—not yet patented—upon which her husband had lavished much toil and expense in order that they might enjoy it as a home; and the pecuniary loss she would incur by the abandonment of all his contingent plans. Finally, it was the desire of the people of the community that she should stay among them, she being too valuable a member of society to be lightly parted with, and assured of sympathy and help to bear her lot until she could recover from this blow and carry away some happier recollections.

The poor woman listened, hesitated, yielded, and said:

"Well, I will stay. You all make me wish to stay. Yes; I will bury them here tomorrow. He would wish it so, I am sure."

Then, by a natural, sympathetic transition, which any normal feminine mind can follow, she said, when again alone with Mrs. Knight:

"What shall I do? I haven't any black dress!"

"Don't worry," that good woman replied; "it shall all be attended to." And within another hour—that is, long before the bell-boy at the one hotel came outside and beat the triangle for the noonday dinner—the town was astir with preparations for its first funeral.

The brotherhood under whose auspices the burial would occur had recently been strengthened by a numerous membership among a colony of well-to-do Illinois farmers who had settled in the vicinity, and one of the first duties which appeared—in the absence of a daily paper,

was to send invitations to these and to other non-resident brothers to be present at the obsequies. These notes the secretary was preparing to write out, when a brilliant thought occurred to Bob Stevens, editor of the six-weeks'-old *Trimo Timetable*.

"Boys!" he exclaimed, "this is the first public—um—disturbance we have ever undertaken, and I'm sure you all agree with me that we ought not to have anything shabby about it. Some of these invitations will go to the brethren in Rising"—a new, dangerous, and bitterly detested rival town a few miles up the valley. "Being Sunday, the whole town will be here, and Trimo can't afford to be outdone the first time those Rising fellows can scare up a corpse. What I want to suggest is that I've got some blanks in the office, and I'll volunteer to get up something stylish—a sort of souvenir of this occasion, and it shan't cost anybody a cent. It's my treat. What do you say?"

Of course, this generosity and public spirit was accepted with enthusiasm, and it is gratifying to know that it won its own rich reward, later, in the way of subscriptions and advertising, and in orders for similar work when death, alas! demanded it.

With surprising alacrity the elaborate invitations were put in type, struck off, addressed, and made ready for delivery. Pap Freeman, the old "residenter" whose ranch had furnished a portion of the town site, volunteered to deliver them in person; and young Doctor Storrs, having a patient in the same direction, accompanied and relieved him of a portion of the work.

On horseback they set out—old Pap on his fine bay thoroughbred, "Paddy," and the doctor on a tough "pinto" cattle-pony. They cantered up the valley to stir the despised town of Rising with their news, then, retracing their way somewhat, they leisurely climbed the long grade to the level prairie of the divide.

The old man grew reminiscent as they plodded upward:

"This won't be the first buryin' that I have saw on the creek by a many a one," he remarked; "only there wasn't no ceremonies to speak of."

And he recalled how the smallpox had made "good Injuns" of half a tribe camped on the island below this ranch, one winter; how one of his herders had been found with a bullet through his heart; and how the two half-breed brothers, caught in the act of running old (then young) Paddy and his aristocratic dam off the range, had been taken from the feebly-protesting sheriff by exasperated ranchmen, hanged to a cotton-wood, and buried on the present site of Rising City.

Presently this genius of the prairie and canyon was delivering to his sympathetic auditor an appreciative and perfect rendering of Bryant's sublime "Thanatopsis," following it with the immortal soliloquy of Hamlet.

The sun was still high overhead, the wind from the distant timber was warm and resinous to breathe, the young bunch-grass and myriads of prairie flowers waved and rolled as far as the eye could reach, bands of cattle and horses basked, grazed, or slumbered in the warmth, and tipsy meadow-larks fluttered, whistled, and soared up, close at hand, in the touching confidence of perfect wildness. Small wonder that the spirits of the riders, as well as those of their horses, rose to a height which comported ill with the gravity of the mission in hand. The young doctor sang lustily, sitting sidewise on his horse as they rode up the last rocky slope into sight of the prairie; but his rousing camp-meeting hymn was rudely interrupted in the third stanza by the apparition of a basking serpent in the middle of the road, at

which coltish old Paddy gave a violent caracol against the other horse, landing the careless doctor on his feet, and nearly dislodging his own rider from the saddle.

"Blast you, Paddy!" ejaculated old Pap. "But then," he presently generalized, in extenuation of his darling's misdemeanor, "I reckon that a boss is fearder of a snake nor any other insect."

The riders separated at the head of the grade, the elder man going to one end of the "Egypt Flats" neighborhood, and the doctor along the breaks of the canyon, out of which they had climbed, to his patient in the Mema-loose (dead-man's) Gulch.

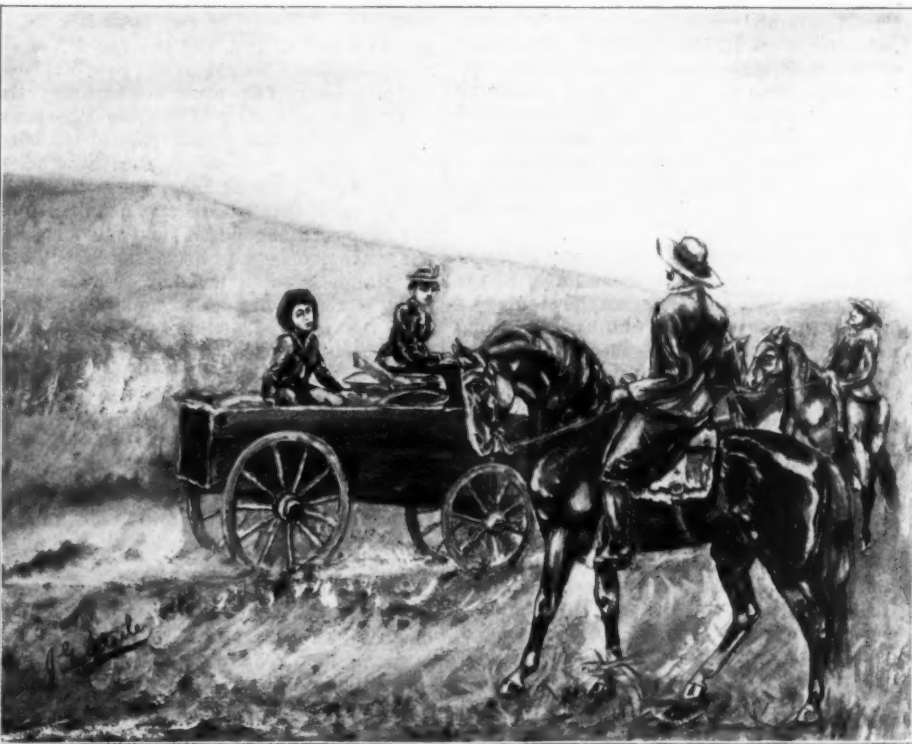
When they rejoined each other on the homeward route, the funeral notices had all been delivered, and an equal number of the brethren—moved, who knows whether by sympathy or by furtive visions of new regalia never yet displayed outside the lodge-room—had promised feelingly to lend their presence to the sad occasion.

Meanwhile the principal business of half the people of the town of Trimo that sweet spring

clerical features and oratorical fitness—would read the ritual; and the little Canadian architect, Rogers, who had come to Trimo three days before (in spite of strong inducements to settle in Rising City), had been convinced, on his wife's evidence, of being a churchman—a lay reader, at 'ome, and had consented to read the burial service, much to the melancholy gratification of the widow.

His amiable better-half, plump, red-cheeked little Mrs. Rogers, in real goodness of heart, and possibly in the thrifty desire to advertise her professional skill to the ladies of Trimo, in anticipation of "parlors" which she had contemplated opening, undertook the preparation of the mourning-dress, with the assistance of Mrs. Knight and other neighbors, and that of Mrs. Clarence, the landlady of the hotel where the Rogers' were staying pending the arrival of their goods.

There was no crape on the shelves of this virile, important young community, but an order had been given to the driver of the extra stage which went out Saturday afternoons, and the necessary trapping of woe would arrive by



"Why, where's?"—he began; but discovered the sinister bundles, looked at the white, speechless little woman, and said: "Good God! What does this mean?"

afternoon had been the furthering of the other details of the morrow's solemnities. The loquacious German cabinet-maker wrought upon the coffin, in the intervals explaining to chance visitors the high significance of the collar he was to wear in the procession, and the meaning of the sacred emblem of office which he was to carry.

The grave—that pathetic, doubly-lamentable first sepulchre—was being dug in the velvet turf of a corner of Pap's old timothy-meadow, which had been set apart for the cemetery. The school-children, enjoying a holiday, gathered prairie flowers for the dead, peered into the cabinet-shop with morbid curiosity to watch the building of the coffin, or hung about the awful precincts of the timothy-meadow, talking of ghosts and fascinating problems of futurity suggested by that yawning hole.

Clergyman there was none resident within thirty miles of this unsanctified town, but the chaplain of the presiding order—chosen for his

the Sunday special. A dress, secretly extracted from the trunk which Mrs. Wallace had hastily packed, was found to fit Mary Clarence, the landlady's daughter; so the widow was left unmolested with her dead, while sympathetic hands wrought for her in the hotel parlor.

"It's God's mercy you've got a machine, Mrs. Clarence, or we never could finish it by tomorrow! I only wish mine was here, so we could have two," Mrs. Rogers was saying. "Now I am ready for you, Mary." And then she added, parenthetically, "I do think a widow's dress is the sweetest thing a body ever wore; hurry up and get somebody to make you a widow, dear; black does become you mightily—But, oh!" with sudden tears—"Poor woman! God pity her!" Then, seeing her own small, cheery spouse look timidly in at the door, she dropped her work and pounced upon him with tearful kisses, embraces, and the rather ambiguous ejaculation, "Oh, Georgie! I'm so glad it isn't you!" a proceeding to which Georgie responded

with hands in his pockets and a good-natured "Pshaw, now!"

Old Sunette, the Nez Perce squaw, who felt herself to be the personal friend of the few families for whom she—relict of a chief—would condescend to wash, sat long upon the doorstep of the Knight residence, rocking herself and moaning occasionally, as she recited to every friendly passer-by how the dead man and his wife had been kind to the Indian woman, shaking her by the hand and calling her "skookum kloochman;" how they had given her extra dinners and quarters, food, and a place by the fireside; and how she herself, alas! had buried her tyee (chieftain) and her one papoose. Um! Ah! Ah!—with eloquent pantomime and sincere tears, poor creature.

Trimo had awakened, some months ago, to the fact that there was musical talent in its midst. An aspiring band had been organized during the winter, and had practiced zealously, under an imported instructor, for weeks. It was clearly Providential that their masterpiece should be a funeral march; also that their new instruments, bought with the proceeds of a benefit ball upon Washington's birthday, should have arrived in time for this first great public function. They trooped off toward sunset to a nook among the hills, with a fine forethought to keep the sound of their practicing from the widow's hearing. But the distant tones floated down, blended and softened; reached her ear, and comforted her, voicing, as they did, a generous, overflowing sympathy, the only note that came to her out of this rude frontier symphony.

There must be singing, too; so the group of busy seamstressess around the machine in the hotel parlor was augmented in the evening by another group of persons who had often sung together, about the organ there, during the winter evenings. It included the doctor, Albert Carter, and Miss Clark, the schoolmistress, with Mary Clarence to complete the quartette.

Mr. Knight and his lieutenants, dropping in to escort their wives home at bedtime, canvassed the details of the morrow's ceremonial, already so well forwarded, and agreed that there was nothing left unthought of; and each felt secretly that the honor of the lodge and the town would be nobly vindicated. Sordid Rising City—which had no printing-office worthy of the name, no band, no lodge, no soul, in fact, would be once more annihilated. If only it might stay so!

Perhaps the sincerest mark of the solemnity which pervaded the town lay in the fact that, though there was the usual invasion of ranchers, freighters, travelers, herders, Indians, etc., on Sunday morning, the business houses remained, at least normally, closed. Members of the various orders which were to be in official attendance at the funeral had business at their several lodge-rooms, and left possible customers to await a more convenient season—after the return from the funeral, perhaps—for worldly bartering and traffic.

The hospitality of the saloons, however, never interrupted, received the greater patronage from the waiting crowd; while the Indians, patiently biding the opportunity to buy beads, calicos, silk handkerchiefs, and bacon, evinced their sympathy with the affliction of their white brethren by indulging at the druggist's counter in the only stimulants permitted them by the great tyee at Washington, namely, extracts of lemon, peppermint, and ginger.

In the parlor of the hotel the busy sewing-machine and nimble fingers were early in activity; the devout little churchwoman in command saying that she knew the Lord would take their charitable motive into consideration, as He doubtless did.

The children went early afield to gather quantities of buttercups, and out of their glossy gold a group of schoolgirls, under Miss Clark's direction, fashioned a wreath, a crown, and the emblem of the officiating fraternity, to lay upon the coffin. The one solitary house-rose which the town afforded, and which a child had coaxed into bloom, was generously brought by her to lay upon the dead man's breast.

As the simple black dress was nearing completion, and Mrs. Rogers was beginning to predict the spoiling of the whole occasion by the non-arrival of the widow's veil and the badges of the fraternities, the special stage arrived—with panting horses, and ahead of schedule time—bringing the box with all things specified, and something over in the way of black pins and silken frillings; for the driver had done his errand in person, and the wave of Trimo's first sorrow had touched the higher mark of the metropolis, and returned even in the items of the milliner's bill.

And just before the hour of the funeral, came the finishing touch to the solemn pomp of the occasion in the appearance, at half-mast, in front of the brewery, of two large silk flags—the stars and stripes, and the flag of the Fatherland—lately bought by the patriotic bachelor proprietors of the place, and kept concealed awaiting some occasion of supreme importance.

After the portion of the ritual at the house of Mr. Knight was ended, the black velvet casket was uncovered under the cottonwoods in the yard, that friends and neighbors, and the curious throng, might look at the face of the young professor in his last sleep, with the La Marque rose in his fine, thin fingers—a sight which wrung cries and lamentations from the heart of old Sunette;—and then the long-procession, headed by the band, moved slowly down the street to the wailing minor strains of the funeral march, over the bridge, past the cottonwood grove, and out to the grave in the timothy-meadow.

The coffin, covered with its golden floral offerings, was placed in an open spring-wagon; for hearse there were none within a hundred miles. There was a carriage for the widow and her escort, another for the family of Mr. Knight, and there were a few farmers' wagons in the procession. All the other people went on foot—the fraternities, in regalia, closely escorting their dead brother, and giving themselves the more, perhaps, to becoming sorrow, in that their hearts were at rest as to the perfection of every detail of the ceremonies. The nervous chaplain did not blunder in the reading of the liturgy; the little architect made the beautiful words of the burial-service audible to every one; and, last of all, sweeping the chord which made all hearts kin among this band of children far from home, rose on the soft spring air the quartette of youthful voices in the plaintive words:

"Asleep in Jesus: far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep."

And when the procession turned away and moved slowly back to town, leaving the young father and his child to be the first to sleep in death in the shadow of the green hills about the cemetery, the poor girl-widow, stunned and crushed under her double bereavement, felt her heart go out again to the people of this community with a gratitude which made every detail of their spontaneous offering as balm and rosemary to her memory forever.

The young heart rebounds lightly from the weight of another's grief, springing, for the moment, even above its normal level. The boys of the band, with the young Indians who

had followed the funeral on horseback, re-paired at once to the race-track above town and witnessed the equestrian sports of two or three of the latter, with considerable interchange of jack-knives and small silver. The lodges, in full regalia, had themselves "taken" at the tent of the traveling artist; the stores and shops were opened to impatient customers; the bars did thriving business; the flags floated at full mast,

"And all the long-pent stream of life
Dashed downward in a cataract."

"I suppose you lodgers thoroughly enjoyed the funeral," remarked the landlady, Mrs. Clarence, whose privilege it was to be satirical. The group still posing on the hotel porch tried vainly to look virtuous, but, failing, the doctor replied unblushingly:

"I noticed that the whole town of Rising was there. I suppose they'll try to lay over us now, if they have to kill somebody to furnish the occasion."

Did the ministrations of these impulsive people end with this display of funeral pomp? By no means. Many of their humble doors were at once opened to the widowed woman, though sorrow is but a gloomy guest. Her heart was in the beloved cabin among the bunch-grass hills, however, and it was necessary that she should live there in order to perfect her title to the land; so many a plan was canvassed looking for her immediate return to it.

It was Albert Carter who finally solved the problem and came, with manly straightforwardness, albeit with a suspiciously suffused countenance, to lay his plan before the widow and Mrs. Knight. Having had a covetous eye upon a vacant quarter-section of land adjoining Mrs. Wallace's ranch, he was now able, having just attained his majority, to take the steps necessary to properly claim the same under the Homestead Act. The Wallace cabin was built at the line of the two ranches, to be near the spring which was joint property. He would build his house adjoining hers, under one roof, if she approved, and—there would be a lady there, too; needless to name her, perhaps, but a mighty nice little woman, as they knew.

Before Mrs. Wallace had fairly comprehended, Mrs. Knight had pounced upon him, embraced him, shaken and slapped him affectionately, even tearfully, exclaiming:

"You and Mary!—the two oldest heads in town. Why didn't we think of it long ago?"

And thus it was arranged, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

So it happened that a week or so later there was a wedding in the parlor of the hotel, which the *Timetable* characterized as "quietly elegant," adding, by way of a stab at the heathen of Rising City, that the missionary bishop of the diocese, newly arrived from Boston, had made a special visit to Trimo on purpose to solemnize the nuptials of these two former members of his flock in the East, and incidentally to establish a mission of the church and regular services as desired by this pious and intelligent community. All of which was tinted with a suspicion of truth, which was quite sufficient for the conscience of the imaginative Bob Stevens; his war-cry being "Anything to beat Rising City."

* * *

Under Albert's untiring care all things had prospered at Mrs. Wallace's ranch during her absence, and when she returned to it, a few days after the young couple took possession of their house, she found neatness, order, and improvement within and without—evidences of the watchful care and forethought of this unselfish brother and his sweet girl-helpmate, and of a group of other friends who escorted

her and took away a portion of the chill of that dreaded first home-coming to a desolate house.

Among the professor's treasures, brought from afar to enrich this new home among the hills, had been a small flock of thoroughbred fowls, with which, in his apparently returning health, he had planned to do great things during the approaching summer. This work, which was not suffered to lapse during her absence, his widow now took up as a labor of love, at first working feverishly and intemperately; but soon, with a healthful reaction, she found her best solace in the outdoor toil, the constant occupation, and the confiding dependence of the ever-increasing broods of helpless creatures. The work of caring for them, of studying literature pertaining to their needs and wants, and of corresponding with great authorities upon poultry matters, gave her healthful weariness of mind and body, and left her little time even to moisten their downy heads with her tears, as at first she was prone to do.

"I don't know what I should have done that summer if it hadn't been for my chickens," she said pathetically, afterwards.

The young couple always thoughtfully included her in their company, striving to repress their own high spirits, and not to be too happy in her presence, all of which she noted and appreciated. The townspeople often drove or rode out to the ranch in pairs or parties, bringing mail, reading matter, and little offerings from their homes or the market. Mrs. Knight lent the ranchers one of her darling chatter-boxes for weeks at a time, and the geraniums on the graves in the timothy-meadow were kept watered and blooming all summer by the children of the town.

In the fall—the young doctor having deprived the district of the services of Miss Clark—the principalship of the now rapidly-growing public school was offered to the young widow, and—the ranch having been patented and handed over to the management of Albert—she gratefully accepted the offered position. First, however, she made a profitable disposition of her cherished chickens; not to sanguinary ends, but to go—in pairs or trios—to become the proprietors of numerous aristocratic pioneer families, whose remote descendants are foregathering about the wheat-stacks of the Island Empire even to this day.

Thus emerging somewhat from the shadow of her grief into a calm, almost cheerful, self-reliance and interest in the affairs of life, Mrs. Wallace held for many years the unique position she had taken among these frontier people—the idol of her pupils, the confidant of youthful lovers, the friend of old and young alike, wearing always her quiet black robes, and faithfully teaching the youth of the community not only the rudiments of book lore, but the unconscious lessons of gentle manners, self-forgetfulness, cheerfulness, and devotion.

She mingled in society, as the years went on; yet, though a beautiful and charming woman, there was that about her which forbade the approaches of admirers.

"She's a Sister of Charity, and the jilted-manliest lady I ever saw," was the tribute of little Jerry, the schoolhouse janitor, which was generally endorsed.

A visit to her old home convinced her that her heart was with the West and its congenial people, and she came back to found in Trimo (now a city, having early absorbed, digested, and assimilated its hated up-stream rival) a home and school of her own, in which, contented, beloved, and useful, with troops of godchildren to celebrate her birthdays, she devotes her life to every good work for the town which took her to its heart in its own youthful, breezy, yet warmly hospitable, days.

"She's that foolish over it," says old Pap, "that just because we spread ourselves out to down Rising City in the way of a funeral, she has took it in dead earnest, and froze to us like she was married to the town ever since. And damned if I don't think our luck has run better from that day to this!"

THE RED MAN'S WAR-PAINT.

The question as to why the Indians paint their faces so hideously has long puzzled people who are interested in the habits and traits of the aborigines. The other night the question came up at a local club in St. Paul. A former Indian agent said that he had never heard but one legend bearing on the point. "I was sitting at a camp-fire one night," said he, "in a village of Jacarilla Apaches, listening to the stories and legends that were being told, when I propounded the old question again, hardly expecting even the usual expression of ignorance that hides so many of the thoughts of the Indians.

"To my surprise, however, I received the answer that I least expected. An old fellow, who had sat all the evening listening to the stories without changing his attitude, grunted and straightened up as he heard the question. Proceeding with all due solemnity, he told the following legend:

"Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry.

"After walking all day he saw a deer, and shot at it; but the arrow was turned aside, and wounded a mountain lion, which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for his life.

"He was almost exhausted, and, when he felt his strength giving way, he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear—who, you know, is the grandfather of men—to save him.

"The big bear heard the call, and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly; so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"Now, you must know that no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood. So, when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away; but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the blood-smeared face.

"When the man found that he was uninjured, he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face, and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off.

"Where the claws of the lion scraped it off, there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood stayed on it was lighter. Now all men paint their faces that way with blood, and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war."

A FINNISH EXODUS.

The Finns, whom Russian persecution is driving to emigrate in large bodies to the United States, the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* observes, dream of establishing themselves in colonies in our Northwest, where Finnish customs and habits of thought may be preserved, and "a spiritual union" among them "be kept up and strengthened." They would here establish a new Finland. But the vastly larger numbers of Germans and Irish who have come to us have never been able to plant on our soil either a new Germany or a new Ireland. Here the things of the Old World must disappear before the spirit of the New. No other race can resist the metamorphosing, assimilating power of the American stock. No language can hold

its own, among the children of any immigrants, against the English. And while the desire of the Finns to preserve the distinctive traits of their own nationality is altogether creditable, that desire will be swept from the minds of their children in the desire to become "Americans," which is the inevitable result of contact with our people and our institutions, just as it has been swept from the minds of millions, born of German or Irish parentage, who now resent any attempt to classify them otherwise than as American citizens.

THE STRANGER.

I left the ships at Elliott Bay,
And wandered up to Rainier heights,
Where little children at their play
All careless romped in school delights;
The wanderer's eyes could scarce refrain
From tears at childish scenes again.

I left the crowded streets behind,
Where not a friend and not a place
Gave welcome; and the traveler's mind
Sought this impression to efface;
For nowhere is it more unkind
Than where the dollar guides the chase.

I looked across where, eastward, shone
The white Cascades in beauty limned,
And thither-side the distance dimmed.
But this way slept Lake Washington—
The fresh-lipped sister of the Sound,
Pine-girt for many a league around.

I hastened through suburban wood,
And paused upon its fresh-lapped shore;
The World, I never understood,
But here I was at home once more.
For home is anywhere to me
In Nature's habitudes—so free!

My life is where the lover lists
To seek his own in green retreats,
Or be it where the mountain mists
Enshroud their solitary seats;
Or else where'er the friendly few
Each day renew their loves, like dew.

The dusk bedimmed the peaceful view,
And reverie broke, as failed the day;
I left the ancient for the new,
And sought the city—bright and gay;
But there was not a friendly face,
As Nature had, nor kindly place.

Lewiston, Id.

L. A. OSBORNE.

MOUNTAIN-ASH BLOSSOMS.

Now blooms the mountain-ash again;
The odor of its blossoms white
Endows my spirit's drowsy ken
With languorous delight.

Breath of the funeral wreaths of May!
Born of the Summer's primal smile,
To waft me in day-dreams away
To lotus and the Nile.

Such subtle grace there brings to me
Naught else below, nor yet above;
It soothes me like the memory
Of my dead mother's love.

St. Paul, Minn.

JOHN TALMAN.

A JOURNEY.

I little thought, still less I knew,
When I the journey started,
Of winds to blow, of storms to brew,
Of pains that, bitter, smarted.

Along the way, with mirth and song,
My feet were ever going,
Unnoted as, amidst the throng,
The path was steeper growing.

I little thought, still less I knew,
Of where my footsteps tended.
Alas! I find my journey's through
When life, alone, is ended.

St. Paul, Minn.

CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

FROM HEART TO HEART.

From pool to pool the streamlet goes;
From heart to heart love's current flows;
From thine to mine descending pressed
Those purifying waters blest.

From leaf to leaf the light wind hies;
From heart to heart love's spirit flies;
From thine to mine, a quickening breath,
It passed unchallenged by Death.

Wentworth, N. H.

MARY M. CURRIER.



Settling in North Dakota.

Iowa farmers are turning to North Dakota nowadays as if it were a promised land. Within the last six weeks thousands of acres have passed into possession of Hawkeye agriculturists. These large sales are the result of land-seekers' excursions from Iowa along the line of the Northern Pacific, and no doubt the movement will be kept up till the snow falls, only to be renewed more energetically in 1900.

Minnesota a Good State to Live In.

Facts keep coming out to justify the opinion of Minnesotans that ours is a good State to live in. We are accustomed to hearing a great deal about the length and rigor of our winters, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*; but here comes "Report No. 156, New Series," from the United States Department of Agriculture, which deals in part with the losses of farm animals in the various States during the past nine years. From this we learn that the average annual loss of cattle from winter exposure in Minnesota during that period was only three-tenths of one per cent. Not a single State shows a better record. In Florida, on the contrary, the average annual loss has been 4.8 per cent; in Georgia, 3.1 per cent; in Colorado, 2.5 per cent; in Oregon, 2.7 per cent; and in California, 2.4 per cent. In other words, in Florida sixteen times as many cattle have died from winter exposure as in Minnesota; in Georgia, ten times as many; in Colorado eight; in Oregon nine, and California eight times as many. Similar comparisons may be made with many other States, but these will suffice to show the attractiveness of our climate for all having to do with cattle. It is a maxim that, where cattle thrive, men thrive also.

Cost of Raising Wool.

A great many people imagine that the expense of running a band of sheep is very slight, and on paper they are able to figure out immense profits. This probably accounts for so many inexperienced men, who go into the sheep business, making a failure of it and finding themselves hopelessly bankrupt at the end of a few years. One of the successful sheep-raisers of the county, while in conversation with the *Times-Mountaineer* reporter the other day, when asked what the average expenses of running sheep in this locality was, stated that under the most favorable conditions it would be seventy-five cents a year a head; but the ordinary expense of running sheep in this county, that is herding, feeding, doctoring, taxes, and incidental costs, is about one dollar per head, though if poorly managed the expenses sometimes run to \$1.50. To illustrate the cost of running a sheep-ranch, this gentleman, who has about 10,000 head, said that since last November he had used on his ranch 3,500 pounds of beef, 3,600 pounds of pork and bacon, and some forty or fifty head of sheep, making his meat bill something like \$600 for the past six months. Other provisions were consumed in like proportion; so the cost of feeding the people on his ranch is something like \$125 a month. In addition to living expenses are wages to

hired help, taxes, shearing, and interest on his investment, which, taken altogether, amounts to more than \$650 a month, or above seventy-five cents a head for the 10,000 sheep he runs.—*The Dalles (Ore.) Times Mountaineer.*

Wealth of South Dakota.

According to Government figures and other reliable sources of information, South Dakota produces more wealth in proportion to its population than any other State. The principal reason for this is the immense diversity of her sources of income or wealth production.

South Dakota is now third in the production of gold, third in the production of wheat, first in the production of flax, fifth in barley, oats, and rye, about eighth in wool, and tenth in live stock. She is also high up among the top States in the production of dairy products, and is a liberal producer of almost all known minerals and coal.

Approximately stated in round numbers the following table of the estimate will give a fair idea of the capacity of this new State, not yet one-tenth developed, to produce wealth. This vast sum has less than 400,000 people to support, and not one to four millions, as do most of the States that equal her in volume of production. After about 75,000 families are provided with the necessities of life, the balance of this great wealth goes toward adding to the accumulated wealth and property of the people of the State:

	Value.
Wheat, 40,000,000 bushels.....	\$25,000,000
Corn, 30,000,000 bushels.....	10,000,000
Gold and other minerals.....	10,000,000
Live Stock.....	20,000,000
Oats, barley and rye.....	8,000,000
Flax and other grains.....	5,000,000
Hay and grass.....	8,000,000
Dairy and other products.....	4,000,000
Wool, hides and furs.....	2,000,000
Sundry items of agricultural output.....	8,000,000

Total, not counting manufactories.....\$100,000,000

A Grand Outlook for Washington.

Conservative figures of the agricultural products of this State the past year make the value over twenty-four million dollars. The agricultural possibilities of Washington, however, are but one factor of its wealth and production, for in no State in the Union are there more diversified sources of wealth than in this young member. Added to the agricultural products are lumber cut, \$10,000,000; coal, \$4,288,787; precious metals, \$2,500,000; fisheries, \$3,000,000; making a grand total of forty-four million dollars. Of these products nearly seven million bushels of wheat and three-quarters of a million barrels of flour have been exported from Puget Sound to foreign countries, an increase of nearly two million dollars over the exports of the previous year.

The grand total of exports from Puget Sound the past year was \$16,119,330, an increase of over three and a half million dollars over those of 1897. Two hundred and thirty-five million feet of lumber was shipped by water and one hundred and seventy-five million feet by rail.

There is every indication that all these figures will be largely increased the present year, especially those showing the mineral output. Development of the rich mineral sections is rapidly going forward, and many mines will make shipments for the first time this year.

That the amount and value of agricultural products will be materially increased is shown by the large influx of people from other States who have purchased from the Northern Pacific Company alone three times more agricultural land the past year than was ever sold by that company in any previous year. Several hundred thousand acres of land have been purchased in this State by actual settlers, which will largely

increase the acreage of productive farms the coming year.

Another new industry, formerly not taken into account, will be in full operation this year, which is shipbuilding. Last year more tonnage was built in Washington than in any other State in the Union, and no doubt the output will be increased, as there is a good demand for vessels, which will be increased with the taking in of the Hawaiian trade under the provisions of our coasting trade.

The attention of the commercial world has been turned to the Pacific Coast during the past year, and, of all the Coast States, none possesses the diversified resources nor so many attractions for the growing foreign commerce as does the State of Washington and Puget Sound.—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

The Pacific Coast Oyster Industry.

The Tacoma *West Coast Trade* says that experimental work on the transplanting and propagation of Eastern oysters in Washington will now be taken up in a scientific manner and be given a thorough test. The State has placed \$7,500 at the disposal of Fish Commissioner Little for establishing and maintaining experiment stations both in Willapa Harbor and Puget Sound waters, and this will be supplemented by assistance from the State Agricultural College and the oystermen.

So far as the success of transplanting is concerned, that has passed the experimental stage. Eastern oysters thrive and develop into large size and fine flavor where proper methods are applied in locating beds and protecting from star-fish and other enemies. In this direction it is confidently expected that even without propagation a large and valuable industry will develop. Several carloads have already been deposited in Willapa Harbor for growth and fattening. Two carloads are now en route for planting near Tokelund, and similar experiments in Whatcom County and elsewhere on the Sound are expected to yield profitable returns to the operators.

There have as yet been no thoroughly well authenticated instances of propagation, but, under direction of the State, this phase of the industry will be thoroughly tested. If it proves successful in acclimating and multiplying the Atlantic oyster, a wide field of profit will result, and the value of our fisheries enhance wonderfully. At the same time it should not be overlooked that the cultivation and protection of native oysters is equally necessary. While introducing a new source of wealth, every facility must be afforded to the natural product, for the Washington oyster industry is of itself susceptible of almost indefinite expansion.

Advancing Values of Western Farm Lands.

A problem—the first one of its character in the history of the nation—begins to confront the farmer in search of cheap land suited to agriculture. From the beginning of our history up to the present time, says the Wabasha (Minn.) *Herald*, the man in search of land had a choice in selecting a farm between cheap Government land in the frontier regions and cultivated land in the older-settled sections. Today the Government land suitable for agricultural purposes is gone, and free land is a thing of the past.

Experience, too, has taught that the best lands for producing wheat are those of the Far West, and that they could be purchased at a very low figure. The result has been that for the last two years the rush of emigration westward has been greater than any period since the boom days of '78 to '84. Every train leaving St. Paul for Northern Minnesota and North Dakota is crowded with land-seekers. These

are of the most prosperous class that ever visited the Northwest. In the old boom days, young men without means went West, filed on a piece of Government land, borrowed money to prove up, and left the country soon thereafter.

Those who go now are men of means who are investing their money in farms and are equipping them with the necessary buildings. They are stocking them with the most desirable live stock with the purpose of making these farms their permanent homes. Wild land that five years ago would have had trouble in finding purchasers at prices ranging from \$300 to \$500 per quarter-section, is now finding ready purchasers at prices ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,500. Men who are thoroughly acquainted with the situation say that these lands will continue to go still higher in price. Land in the Red River Valley is selling as high as \$5,000 per quarter-section, an advance of more than 100 per cent in five years in many sections.

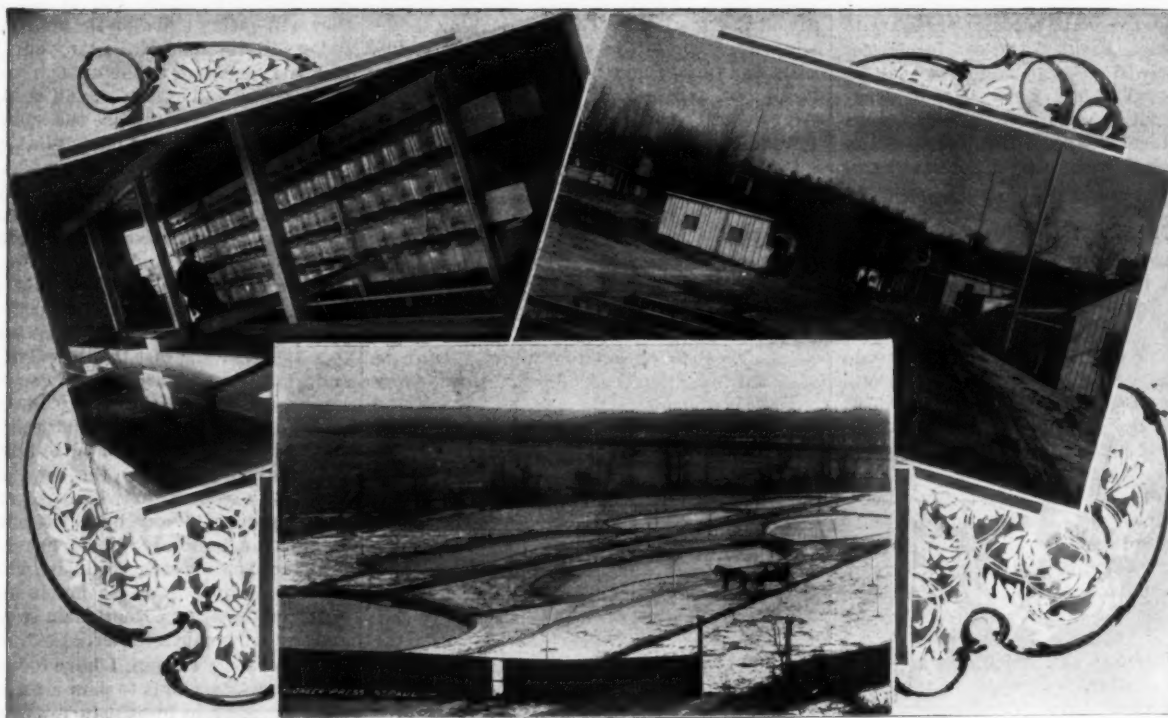
We believe farm land is now better property than it has ever been. This is a strange fact,

The West Prosperous.

Western business men returning from Eastern trips report trade as excellent throughout the areas visited, but are almost unanimous in their statements as to the comparative condition of the Eastern and Western sections of the country, states the *Minneapolis Commercial Bulletin*. Manufacturing centers, no matter what the lines of production turned out, are reaping such a harvest of prosperity as they have not known for years, if ever before in their history. Importers in many lines have also an unprecedented business on their hands, and our exporters have not had much to complain of, on an average, for the past year or more. The Eastern States are all affected greatly by these conditions, which also affect the West to an important degree, but the principle foreign trade of the country and the bulk of its miscellaneous manufacturing belong to the Atlantic seaboard cities, and the older cities of the Eastern and Central sections. Yet Western manufacturers and large jobbing houses have been increasing rapidly during the past

for aid, are troubled by accumulations they hardly know what to do with. And with these conditions in view, really more favorable to the West than the older East, we have every promise of another abundant harvest. That harvest will tell of crops better diversified than ever before, so that if some products are cheap, the demand for others is likely to equalize matters, and we may safely prophesy that even better times are in store for the whole Northwest in the future.

But another consideration is worthy of remark, for extensive railroad building, internal improvements, and mining developments will give employment to all our able-bodied floating population, and disburse a great amount of money in many sections of the West in the immediate future. Every new line of road opens up new farming areas and invites a new lot of settlers in from the older and crowded sections of the country. The development of mines and the establishment of manufacturing prepare the way for new roads and the establishment of new towns and villages, consuming all the neces-



MINNESOTA STATE FISH HATCHERY, AT ST. PAUL.

1. Hatching-room. 2. Lower ponds and museum. 3. Upper ponds.

when it is remembered that, on account of the comparatively low price of our farm products, the earning power of the best farm land is low. Men, however, will pay the price, because they know the investment is safe. The man who desires to purchase a farm has no trouble to borrow a very large percentage of the purchase price secured by a mortgage on the farm.

The affairs of men, like nations and tides, rise and fall, and men ride either upon the crest of the wave or between the billows. Everything indicates that the wave is fast setting in toward a sharp advance in the price of Western farm lands. In this connection it is proper for us to say that we believe those who wish to avail themselves of cheap Western farm lands should not delay the matter, as each month will add more than a good rate of interest to the price. Even grazing-lands are becoming scarce, and the small stock-raiser who will limit his range to half a section will soon crowd out the large holder who is now feeding his stock on the millions of acres of unoccupied lands.

decade, our mercantile interests have developed at a rate no longer possible in the Eastern half of the United States, and, in addition to these, we have wonderful agricultural resources to contribute to our commercial importance and stability.

The West has been blest with satisfactory harvests year after year, and the products of our farms, ever increasing in number and acreage, are always in demand. We not only make many of the goods we used to buy, but in some lines our manufacturers are invading the markets East and Southeast of this territory. We are buying less, in proportion to our population, and selling more, year after year, and the result is easily seen. Our farmers are paying off their mortgages and putting surplus funds into the banks. Our banks have more funds on hand than they have local use for, so that Western money, perhaps for the first time in our history, is seeking Eastern opportunities for investment. For this reason Eastern financiers, not finding the usual Western demand

series of life. This work is now, and will be in the future, a leading feature of Western development. And when we think of the immense amount of unsettled territory, and the great wealth of mineral deposits lying west of the Mississippi, we find our reasons for hopefulness continually increasing.

The Vast Difference in Conditions.

There is a vast difference in conditions in this country today and those of a few years ago when the farmers were devoting their attention principally to the raising of wheat, which they were compelled to haul a long distance to market and sell at a low price.

At last there has sprung up something like an interest in acre property, and very few people are now disposing of quarter-sections for a hundred dollars or so. And why should they? There are certain advantages possessed by this section of the country that one does not find for a great distance either east or west. If you go 150 miles east, you pass into a country where

the grass does not cure on the prairie, and where stock must be fed from the time the green grass goes until it comes again. At a like distance west, you enter a region where nothing but grass can be raised without irrigation, and the grass is no better, if as good, as it is here.

While this country's chief interest will undoubtedly lie in live stock, yet there will always be considerable grain raised here. True, the average yield for a series of years is not high; neither is there the amount of labor expended in raising it that there is in most farming sections, and the cattle, sheep and horses keep on growing just the same while the farmer and his boys are raising the grain crop.

After awhile, of course, there will not be so much free hay and pasture land as there is now; but that will not ruin the farmers. The profits will be slightly reduced, to be sure, when each farmer must raise a part of his hay or fodder; but it will not drive him out of the business. We all know that rye will grow into condition for hay nearly every year before the hot winds come, and that a cornfield which prepares the ground for next year's wheat crop will give a big lot of fodder when it becomes necessary to use it that way. Besides, the careful farmer and stockman will do as many do now—put up an extra amount of hay in the years of plenty to keep over for the years when it is scarce. And experience has demonstrated that hay properly stacked will keep in good condition for years.—*Emmons County (N. D.) Record.*

The Small Farm Best.

The arguments in favor of a small farm, thoroughly cultivated and arranged comfortably and neatly for both man and beast, are so numerous and convincing that it is hard to understand why the American farmer will persist in adding acre to acre until his farm becomes unwieldy, unmanageable, and a money, comfort, and health-sinking investment instead of one on which he can make a comfortable living and lay by a little for old age.

The only reason we can give is the all-controlling, all-absorbing, unreasoning desire to make money and make it rapidly, which has become the "besetting sin" of the American people. This money-phobia has taken possession of all classes of our people, until they are willing to take desperate risks, even to the losing of their comfort and happiness here, and their souls hereafter.

How much happier would our farmer and his family be if he had not to exceed 160 acres, well fenced, thoroughly cultivated, with comfortable and substantial buildings and improvements of all kinds. With the possible addition of one man, he and his family can do all the labor necessary to keep the farm in good shape and make a comfortable living.

He can have a few head of stock and pasture and meadow to provide feed for them, and with say fifty acres of land in farm, orchard and garden, can have a snug little income without the outlay and continual drain which accompanies farming on a large scale; and he is freer from care, and his family happier, because none of them are overworked in both body and mind in their efforts to make the farm pay.

In the fall our small farmer has some stock and some grain to turn off, if the prices are good, or he can hold them until the next spring if he chooses, because he is not in debt, and is independent of the money-lender, the implement dealer, the merchant, or anyone else so far as money matters are concerned.

He can drive a good team to an easy, comfortable vehicle. He can provide all the conveniences and comforts for his home, and his family are contented and happy; that is, if they have

the disposition so to be, and are not envious of the neighbor who is "boring with a larger auger," and at the same time straining every nerve to pay interest on that mortgage.

Now look at the large farmer, he who tries to cultivate anywhere from two hundred to one thousand acres of land. He usually starts in with a mortgage upon it, thinking one or two big crops will pay it off; or, if he does not start thus incumbered, his improvements, farm implements and machinery, hired help, waste, etc., will soon bring the inevitable and insatiable mortgage, and then the struggle begins. Even if he succeeds in securing a good crop now and then, he is forced to put his grain upon the market as soon as threshed, regardless of prices, to raise money. Perhaps he has the satisfaction of handling quite a sum of money, but when the imperative demands upon his purse are met, he has not enough left to buy his wife a new dress. He is fortunate if he has been able to meet all these obligations without adding to his already heavy burden of interest-bearing debt.

His family are overworked and discontented. Every one of them is working and scheming to pay off that mortgage. They are denying themselves every comfort in this vain effort, and finally the farmer and his wife, grown prematurely old, and broken down with their long struggle, are either closed out or forced to sell out and begin life anew.

You may say that this is an extreme case. It is not so rare as you may think. Look at the large number of farm mortgages recorded in every county of Montana; at the interest money that goes East annually; at the number of our large farmers either selling out or being closed out; and then say, if you can, that for real comfort and happiness, and for the good of our great commonwealth, the small farm, well-taken care of, is not to be preferred.—*Montana Fruit-Grower, Missoula, Mont.*

Trees for Shelter-Belts.

The subject of planting trees on the prairie is annually revived by Arbor Day exercises and proclamations. Nothing is more important in making farm life pleasant and comfortable than a clump of trees near the house, and every new settler will find it so. The great success with which trees can be grown in this county, states the Jamestown (N. D.) *Alert*, is shown on the Chas. B. Clark farm near Eldridge. The farm is seen from a great distance in traveling on the prairie, and is known for its luxuriant growth of trees. At the last meeting of the Minnesota State Horticultural Society, Mr. Clark gave some hints from his experience in growing shelter-belts of trees. His experience is valuable for all, both newcomers and old settlers. He said:

"My experience in growing shelter-belts has been mostly by proxy, though I have done some planting myself. I was raised on a farm in Waukesha County, Wisconsin, but for the past twenty-four years have been a commercial traveler. As such, however, I have many a time driven over the western prairies during a snow-storm, and have frequently faced heavy winds, so that I know how to appreciate fully the blessings to be derived from good shelter-belts, and this accounts for the interest I take in growing them.

"I have a farm at Eldridge, in Stutsman County, North Dakota, where I have grown twenty acres of trees, and I have also planted and cared for three tree-claims of ten acres each, in addition, near my farm. I have made a success of all of these plats of trees, so that the trees are now twenty to forty feet high; and title was obtained from the Government upon all of these claims (including my own) by hav-

ing the required number of trees of the proper size at the time of final proof.

"Shelter-belts can be grown in either Minnesota or Dakota, east of the Missouri River, if you subdue the land thoroughly before planting, if you plow deep, and if you plant your trees thickly. These are the three essential points, but the deep plowing is the most essential. Of course, the trees must be taken care of after planting. They must be cultivated, and the grass must be subdued until the trees shade the ground completely.

"On my tree-claim I planted a strip nearly four rods wide all around the outside; and on my homestead, which joins my tree-claim on the west, I planted a strip on the north and west sides about the same width, and one row of trees on the south side, besides some strips for shelter on the north and west of my buildings.

"In planting shelter-belts I want to recommend one thing for the prairies of Dakota and Western Minnesota which I have never heard any one else suggest. Plant the trees around your buildings in such shape that the snow will not break them down, and at the same time they will gather and stop the snow so that but little will lie in drifts near your buildings. Farmers should go to the cuts on railroads for instructions and examples, and study the way that the section men place the snow-fences to protect these cuts from being filled with snow.

"I suggest that your building-plat be nearly square, and that the buildings should be placed a little to the southeast of the center. Plant two rows of white willows, eight feet apart, all around the outside, and the trees two feet apart in the row. Four rods inside of this, all around, if you wish, but surely on the north and west, plant two rows more in the same way. Three rods inside of the last two rows on the north and west, plant a third strip of two rows in the same way. By following this plan, I think you will find that after several storms in winter the most of the snow will lie in huge drifts in the wide spaces between the rows of willows; and that, except in extremely severe winters when the snow is very deep, little will gather around the buildings. I do not recommend planting the wide strips as I have done, because the trees break down so much worse. The strips should never be more than two rods wide, and one rod is much better.

"In growing willows, I have found that the most successful way is to plow a furrow and lay the trees or limbs in that furrow with notches cut in the willows frequently, and then cover the willows with a hoe, leaving these notches exposed slightly. The best way to grow box elder and ash is from the seed planted right where you want the trees, so as not to have to transplant them.

"I have done some mulching with manure, and found it very beneficial. I have planted several kinds of deciduous trees, and made them all grow except the walnut and butternut. After fifteen years of hard struggling, last summer they were less than four feet high in a grove of cottonwood and box elders of the same age. I like the white willow best for strips, and the ash for a grove. My farm is a noted farm on account of the abundance of trees grown on it, and it is a noted fact on my farm that crops are much better within a distance of fifteen rods of the trees on the north side of the strips, that run east and west, than on the open prairie. I am positive that if all the farms of Dakota could be divided into forty-acre fields by strips of trees running east and west, making the fields forty rods wide and 160 rods long, crops would be much better—especially in dry seasons, when the hot winds from the south play such havoc."

FATE OF THE ENGINEER.

By Martin H. Peck.

The engineer of the west-bound freight, No. 41, glanced at his fireman as he pulled open the throttle:

"Got to meet '28' at Hill siding," he remarked.

The siding was only five miles distant, but, as it was a steep up-grade all the way, it took the heavy train over an hour to make it.

It was growing dusk when the heavy engine came puffing and snorting up to the first switch.

"There she is!" said the engineer, as he gave a hasty glance through the cab window at a long train of freight-cars that stood on the siding. A fireman was standing on the cow-catcher of the side-tracked engine, lighting the headlight.

"That's '28,'" said the engineer, as he opened the throttle wider. "Now we've got three miles of down-grade ahead, and we'll make it a-flying."

He opened the throttle wider and wider, and before he had passed the last car of the sidetracked train he was going at a fearful speed.

He apprehended no danger, however. His orders had read, "Meet and pass '28' at Hill siding," and he had done so. He leaned out of his cab window, inhaled the cool air of the fine October evening, and watched the rails ahead, glistening in the glare of the headlight. A little farther ahead there was a deep cut, through which the track curved. Around the curve he could not see; but over the hill he saw, as he glanced, a thick volume of smoke, hardly distinguishable in the gathering dusk. He gave a stifled exclamation as he reversed his engine and applied the air. "Jump!" he yelled to the fireman; and as the fireman and brakeman jumped out on one side, he himself leaped onto the tender, and escaped just as the crash came. He landed on his feet, and started to run; but something struck him on the head, and, as he fell forward, a carload of coal poured itself over his prostrate body, while the overturned car caught his foot and crushed it into the ground. He did not feel all this, for the blow on his head had rendered him unconscious, and before the coal had fairly covered him, he was dead.

* * *

The engineer arose. How he had emerged from those tons of piled-up coal, he knew not; yet here he was, standing on the top of the pile, unhurt, and viewing with a saddened eye the wreck of his engine and train.

There they stood, those two huge masses of iron and steel, head to head, pressing so close to each other that not even a fly could have passed between. They had come together with fearful force, yet neither had left the track. Their cowcatchers and headlights were smashed to kindling-wood and scrap-iron; their cabs were wrecked and their tenders overturned, while from the broken valves and burst pipes and cylinders the steam was escaping with a noise like the dying snarl of some huge wild animal.

How the wreck had come to pass, he knew not. He had obeyed orders. His orders had read, "Meet and pass '28' at Hill siding," and he had done so. Where, then, had this train which he had met come from?

While he stood thinking thus, a train came with men, and soon the work of clearing away the wreck was begun. The superintendent and other officials came also, and stood by talking of the wreck and watching the men working at it. He went and stood before them, and spoke; but they seemed not to hear him. They moved around, and at times looked directly at him, but appeared not to see him. They would have walked over him, had he not stepped to one side. So, being unable to make them hear his voice, or notice his person, he fell to listening to their conversation, and thus gradually learned the cause of the disaster. It was not "28," but an extra, that had stood on the siding, and this was "28" which he had met.

"Here, men, remove this coal, for under it lies the engineer."

He started, turned, and then, walking up to the superintendent, protested earnestly that he was not under the coal; he was here, alive and well.

But the superintendent seemed not to hear him, and the men continued to dig, while he, with a sad heart, stood by and looked on.

"Here he is!"

He leaned over and looked eagerly. They were removing a body, bruised and blackened, from the coal. He stood by while they laid the body upon a stretcher, and scanned the up-

faces shone the perfect peace and happiness that was in their hearts.

In a room, the resplendent brightness of which dazzled the eyes and made one wish to stay there and rest forever, they paused.

"Until you are cleansed of your sins, you can not go farther," said his companion; "but here in this room you shall receive your judgment, and that which is just shall be done unto you."

And then a voice said:

"What have you done, that you should be admitted to Heaven?"

"I have done nothing," replied the engineer.

"In my early life the care of an aged mother and dependent brothers and sisters, and later the care of a wife and children, have kept me steadily to my work, and the time which, perhaps, I should have spent in church, has been spent with them. I have always tried to do my duty to God and my fellow-man, and have never wantonly destroyed or tortured even the least of God's creatures. I cannot expect or hope for a place in Heaven, but I do hope and pray for divine mercy."

"Well done, good and faithful servant!"

And the engineer opened his eyes, and beheld his all-compassionate judges seated side by side on a throne of gold, and in their eyes were looks of love and forgiveness. Then he remembered



"As the fireman and brakeman jumped out on one side, he himself leaped onto the tender, and escaped just as the crash came."

turned face as they tenderly wiped away the coal-dust.

The face was his own!

* * *

A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, turning, he beheld a man with a pleasant, smiling face, and dressed in white from head to foot. The man said "Come!" and the engineer suffered himself to be led from the spot. He took no note of the distance they traveled, nor of the direction; but he thought that they had not gone far, when the air seemed suddenly to grow sweet with the scent of a perfume that he had never before known.

They came to the gates of a great building, the walls of which flashed and scintillated in the sunlight as if set with millions of diamonds. The sentry on guard opened the gate at a sign from the man in white, and they passed into a vast courtyard or garden where beautiful grass, flowers, and trees grew, and in whose every nook and corner, resting, and walking back and forth, were men, women, and children in whose

a passage he had read in the Bible—long, long ago:

"Until seventy times seven, shall ye be forgiven."

* * *

AN OREGON TURTLE INDUSTRY.—An industry carried on near Monroe, Ore., is the gathering and feeding of mud-turtles for the San Francisco market. Last season nearly a carload of turtles were kept in an enclosed portion of a lake above town, and fattened on bran and shorts. It is said that more than twice that number will be handled this summer. Something like twenty-five cents apiece is paid for turtles by the owners of the pond.

* * *

EAGER IDAHO MINERS.—The rich Buffalo Hump District in Idaho is attracting many hardy miners. The presence of twelve feet of snow does not prevent them from rushing into the country to prospect, and claims are actually being staked out where the snow will not melt away before the middle of July.

TOWN DEVELOPMENT IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

In the northern part of South Dakota, and centrally located between the well-settled eastern and western boundaries thereof, is

CLARK,

the county seat of Clark County. The town is situated nearly in the center of the county, which lies partly in the famous "Jim Valley" and partly on the rolling prairie between the Jim and Sioux valleys. It is forty-two miles in length by twenty-four miles in width. The western half of the county is very level, the remainder being gently rolling. The soil is a deep, dark loam, resting on a yellow clay subsoil. This dark loam and clay subsoil applies to nearly the whole county, and is very fertile and productive.

The farming is mixed, all kinds of grain and vegetables being raised, and a great deal of stock kept. There are a number of well-established creameries, and one now being built at the village of Garden City. The amount of stock shipped from the county is quite large, and at the present time buyers are there purchasing heavy horses for the Eastern market.

A glance at the map of South Dakota will show that Clark County is the third county from the east and the third from the north line of the State. It is traversed by three lines of railroads—the C., M. & St. P. crossing it from north to south, the Chicago & Northwestern from east to west, and the Great Northern crosses the southeast part of the county.

Clark is situated in the center of a large area of farming country, which is rapidly being improved. The town was settled in 1882, it being one of the three or four places in the county first settled. It is situated on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, and is in the center of the county east and west. It has the typical look of all new towns in the West. The buildings are mostly of wood, and are one or two stories in height, though there are five business blocks and a livery-stable built of brick. The county has a fine, large court-house situated on a little rise in the west part of the town, that overlooks the place and a large portion of the surrounding country. It is substantially built of brick, with fire-proof vaults for the register of deeds and county treasurer. All the county officers, except the coroner, have their offices in the court-house, and there is a good-sized court-room, in which presides (when court is in session) the largest and one of the best judges in South Dakota. The basement of the building, except the coal cellar and boiler-room, is used as a jail, where, at the present time, two law-breakers are sojourning. The court-house cost originally about \$15,000, and improvements since have added to its cost and value. It is heated by steam. The county is in excellent shape financially. It is free from its bonded indebtedness, and its county warrants are selling at par, with the prospect that before the year ends all debts will be paid with cash instead of by warrants.

Clark village has a fine two-story school-building, with four schoolrooms, two on each

floor. This year the rooms were found to be insufficient to accommodate the rising generation, and a building formerly used as a store was rented and fitted for a schoolroom.

A large roller flouring-mill furnishes not only all the flour needed locally, but ships a large quantity to other towns. Four elevators make a good grain market, and a great many thousand bushels are shipped each year. Another industry is the Clark Creamery, situated just outside the village limits; it is well patronized by all the farmers within a radius of six to eight miles. Its butter brings top prices in Eastern markets, and at the national butter exhibit at Sioux Falls last winter it scored 97 out of a possible 100 points.

Two good banks provide ample banking facilities. Three large hardware stores keep not only all lines of hardware, but also wagons, buggies, and all kinds of farm implements; while a harness-shop supplies all the harness needed. There are four large stores devoted to dry-goods and groceries, one exclusive shoe store, one store that deals in groceries, clocks, watches, and jewelry, and one jewelry store exclusively. There are two hotels, one restaurant and bakery, two meat-markets, two drug-stores, one furniture store and undertaker's shop, three livery-stables, and one photograph gallery. There is also a plant that manufactures acetylene gas generators, with all the appliances, and finds it hard work to keep up with

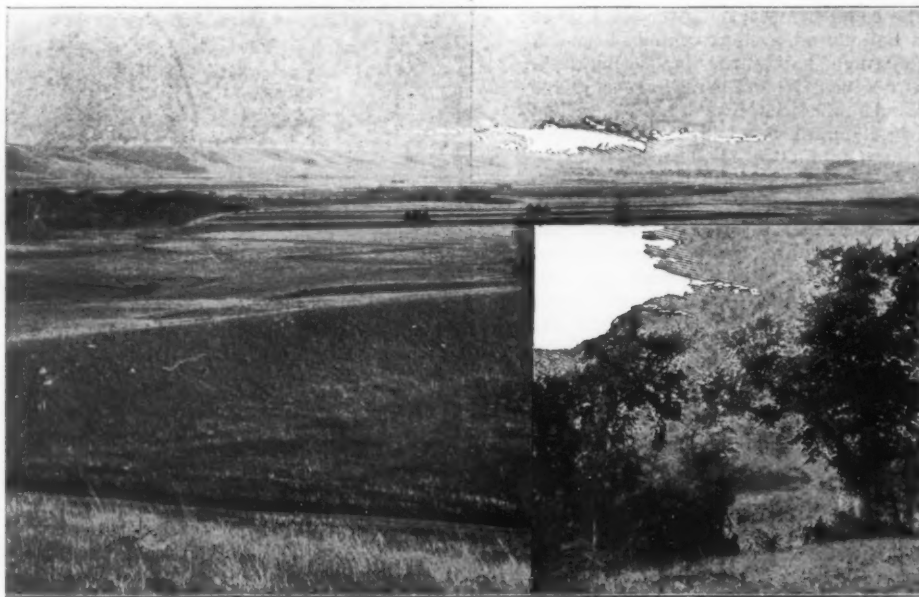
it. New settlers are coming in fast, and the county's wealth is on the increase constantly.

GROTON.

The building of this thriving little city began in the spring of 1881, upon the completion thereto of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. It became at once the business center of the eastern half of Brown County, and immediately assumed a commercial importance which would have dazzled many an Eastern town with a population running into the thousands. Under the impetus of the vast business incident to the settlement of a new country, the town began a solid growth which has been steadily advancing ever since.

In the summer of 1887 the Chicago and Northwestern road was completed, and since that time the town has more than doubled in population, has added one-half to the number of its elevators and flouring-mills, and has built a number of substantial brick business buildings and scores of residences to accommodate the increased population. In matters affecting the public welfare the citizens have always pulled together with remarkable unanimity, and success has always been the result.

When the facts in relation to the resources and location of Groton are known, it is a source of wonder that it never caught the epidemic of inflated growth. But it has not. Real estate in and about the town is held at prices much lower than the surroundings and resources warrant. The place has a population of about 1,000, is situated in the heart of the far-famed Jim River Valley, and is in Brown County—an endorsement that cannot be improved upon. It has tributary to it tillable lands capable of producing two million bushels of wheat per annum, Groton elevators having received a million and a half bushels in a single year—with thousands of unbroken acres yet to be tilled.



IN THE JAMES RIVER VALLEY OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

its orders. Lumber-yards, wagon and repair shops, a good telephone service, etc., are likewise in evidence. Among other advantages enjoyed are an opera-house, two newspapers, a military company, a good fire department, four churches, secret orders, and excellent social and educational facilities generally.

Clark's population is from 800 to 1,000, and comprises a very energetic class of citizens. It is in a good country, and cannot well help forging ahead. Excellent farm lands can be bought for \$8 to \$10 an acre, but it is being taken up rap-

As an indication of the commercial importance of the town it is only necessary to state that it has ten large wheat elevators—a greater number than can be found in any other town of its size in the United States. These warehouses create a primary market of first importance, and add immeasurably to the general business activity and prosperity of the town and country alike. It is no uncommon sight to see scores of grain-laden wagons waiting their turn to unload the precious products of Brown County's fertile soil. Immense sums of money

are paid out to the farmers annually, and sooner or later a large portion of this wealth flows into town in payment for groceries, dry-goods, hardware, lumber, clothing, agricultural implements, and other merchandise. The two great railway systems named furnish ample transportation facilities, and over their steel rails are shipped whole train-loads of this unexcelled Jim River Valley grain. A good deal of it goes to Minneapolis and Duluth, some of it to Chicago, and lots of it is ground into the choicest flour by the thoroughly modern mills in Groton.

In 1891 the place was visited by a disastrous fire, which completely destroyed the business portion, and entailed great loss. But perhaps it was a blessing in disguise; for the energies of the citizens were quickened into new life, and upon the ruins of the old frame buildings are now seen substantial brick blocks and other up-to-date improvements. Two more brick buildings are promised in the near future, and residences are going up on all sides.

All lines of business are represented, and many of the stores carry heavy stocks. They are a progressive, enterprising lot of businessmen, ever ready to do all they can to push the interests of the town to the front. The streets are clean, the houses and yards neat and inviting, and public improvements of every description are well under way.

When the pipe for the mains leading from the new artesian well arrive, Groton will be equipped with one of the best fire departments in the State. This equipment consists of an engine-house, a first-class hook and ladder outfit, hose-carts, etc. After the third attempt, and the expenditure of thousands of dollars, the town now has an artesian well which promises to supply the needs of the place for years to come. The water is clear and soft, and there is sufficient pressure to answer all purposes in case of fire.

Educational advantages are excellent. Over 300 children of school age enjoy the benefits of a graded system which has no superior. In 1888 a fine brick schoolhouse was erected at a cost of \$15,000, and other buildings will be constructed as fast as the increase of population shall warrant. There is a competent corps of teachers and very complete school equipments.

Nearly all religious denominations are represented, and they are in good condition numerically and financially. The Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, German Lutherans, and the church of the Evangelical Association all have neat and well-furnished houses of worship, and are presided over by active and capable ministers.

All the secret orders and various social and religious organizations are in a flourishing state. Groton men and women are socially inclined, and this disposition finds an outlet in the Masonic and Odd Fellow orders, in the Macabees, in the A. O. U. W. and the M. W. A. orders, and in the ranks of the Rebekahs and the aid, missionary and other societies of the various churches.

Perhaps there are other towns in South Dakota that are just as good places to live in, but it is quite certain that there are none better. Good schools, good churches, a live class of citizens, and an admirable location all go to make Groton one of the most desirable places of residence. The lands in the vicinity are fertile, the farmers well to do and unusually intelligent, and the whole future is bright with promise.

A HARD WINTER FOR BIRDS.—Last winter was so cold in some parts of the Northwest, and all through the Middle States, that a large number of game birds, such as quail, are said to have perished.

IN THE BUFFALO HUMP COUNTRY.

Buffalo Hump is so named from a huge mountain southeast of Florence, Idaho, that resembles the hump of a buffalo. It was so named in the fall of 1861 by prospectors who first got into that country. The Florence placers were rich beyond the dreams of avarice—100 ounces a day with a rocker was a common occurrence. The gravel containing the gold was only a few inches in thickness, and was on the bed-rock. It was of a blue color, and filled with pebbles very much like marble in appearance. This was a distinguishing characteristic of the diggings. This gravel was from three to fifteen feet under a bed of turf and clay, and so rich was the pay dirt, that in many gulches it appeared to be fully one-half gold as it was shoveled out. All the best gulches and creeks headed from a semicircular ridge about three miles in extent, and outside this ridge no pay was ever found, although the country was thoroughly prospected.

The mines were discovered in the fall of '61, and as the news went abroad, thousands of men started from all parts of the Pacific Coast. It was the hardest winter ever known; cattle and horses died by the thousand, and terrible suf-

a promise of secrecy, a map of the route was produced, with full details of how to get there. When a certain landmark was reached, the miner was to go so far, and then, looking over a bluff, he would see the original prospectors at work. Gum-boots were reported to be in use for storing the dust, and the ground was so rich that the rocker had to be cleaned up every three or four bucketsful.

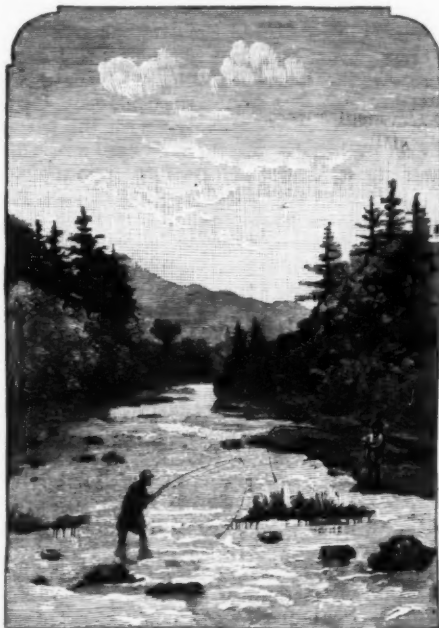
By the 4th of July, '62, there were thousands of miners there, and a wild snow-storm came on. They found that they had been fooled by a lot of lies. No claim had been opened, and what prospecting had been performed was useless; for although a little gold was found, it was not in paying quantities, and the Hump was again left in solitary glory, except for the visit of an occasional prospector, until last fall, when the present alleged rich strike occurred.

What the result will be, time only will tell. The same excitements occur periodically; but when men get into such a country nowadays there are generally rich mines found—if not at the scene, then somewhere around. The mountains of Northern Idaho are mineral bearing, have never been prospected except for placers, and are comparatively of easy approach. There are hundreds of miles up there where no one has ever been, as the roughness of the country and the fallen timber make progress very slow. Before the end of 1899 we confidently expect to hear of fabulously rich strikes there, and by 1900 we predict that Northern Idaho will be on a par with Colorado in its palmy days.—*Walla Walla (Wash.) Statesman.*

ON TO BUFFALO HUMP.

Since through traffic arrangements were made to take people from all parts of the West to the Buffalo Hump District in Idaho, a great rush to that rich locality has ensued. W. E. Travis of the Utah, Nevada & California Stage Company, operating from Lewiston to points in the vicinity of the Hump, stated recently that they were taking out locators at the rate of thirty and forty a day. He reports the discovery of deposits of gold that rival some of the richest quartz-diggings of Washington. Upward of \$2,000 to the ton is said to be by no means a rare find, and by summer it is thought that there will be at least 10,000 prospectors located in the hills in the Idaho panhandle of the Bitter Root region. It is estimated that there are 5,000 people in that vicinity now, most of whom have made locations, and 2,000 more were waiting for warmer weather at Grangeville recently, the principal headquarters near the Hump District. A writer says that the locality has all the appearance of a rough mining country, with dance-halls, gambling and drinking in full blast. A daily newspaper has been started, stores and other buildings are in process of erection, and later in the season, when the sixteen feet of snow is melted, Grangeville and contingent resorts promise to be among the liveliest places in the West.

DISCOVERED IN NORTH DAKOTA.—While chopping down a large, hollow tree on a farm near Walhalla, N. D., last winter, some men found a large quantity of fine honey stored therein. The bees were of the tame variety, and had evidently made their home there from the hive of some bee fancier. On the same day and on the same farm, a still more surprising thing occurred. The Walhalla Mountaineer says that a flowing spring, without a vestige of ice in its vicinity, came trickling down the hillside, and bull-frogs, as spry as in midsummer, were sporting in its limpid waters. This is no North Dakota yarn, but every word can be proven.



ALONG THE JAMES RIVER IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

ferings were experienced by the early pioneers in their thirst for gold. By spring, fully 10,000 men were in the camp. Of course, all the good ground was located, and, it being a new country, these prospectors saw no reason why there should not be other equally rich placers in the vast range of mountains that extend for hundreds of miles in every direction. The men were ready for anything in the shape of reports of new diggings. So in June, when a report was privately circulated that at Buffalo Hump richer ground than ever Florence produced had been discovered, a general stampede ensued; men left claims yielding several ounces a day, and joined the rush to the Hump.

It is reported, and believed, that the first miners there were taking out gold by the tin-cupful, and men could not get there fast enough. The stampede was gotten up as usual by interested parties, principally storekeepers, who at once raised the price of flour \$1.50 per pound, and everything else proportionately. A miner was approached cautiously, and informed that there was no doubt about it; and, under



A Serious Affliction.

The following note was recently received from an absent workman by an employer:

"Honored Sir: I am sorry to say I can not say when I shall be well enough to be able to come back to work. The doctor says I have inflammation of the left lung, which I hope will meet with your approval."—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

She Wouldn't Do It.

"Walk this way, lady," said Clark Green to a woman who wanted to see some goods at the farther end of the store; and he started ahead of her, with head erect and bow-legs wabbling.

She started, hesitated, and then with flashing eyes exclaimed:

"You confounded, bow-legged little demon, if I was a man I'd teach you better manners than to ask anyone, and especially a lady, to walk as you do!"—*Sanburn (Minn.) Sun.*

A Bright Postmaster.

A post-office was established in a new North Dakota village, and a native was appointed postmaster. After a while complaints were made that no mail was sent out from the new office, and an inspector was sent to inquire into the matter.

He called upon the postmaster, and asked why no mail had been sent out. The postmaster pointed to a big and nearly empty mail-bag hanging up in a corner, and said:

"Well, I ain't sent it out 'cause the bag ain't nowhere nigh full yit!"

Mr. Fitzdennis Grows Sarcastic.

"Have yez ever extended anny av thim confusion maytings, Misther Dugan?" asked Mr. Fitzdennis as they pensively watched the goat spit out a paper containing a picture of Jim Ham.

"Wan Oi have."

"Yez conspicuacity in bein' satisfied wid wan does yez credit. Have yez read the account in the evenin' papers nixt day as towld how all the unoccupied space wuz filled wid annythuzazum?"

"Oi hov thot same, Misther Fitzdennis."

"Be thot same token the maytings in Tacoma stand fooremost in the history av the worruld fur annythuzazum, Misther Dugan, fur divil a wan has the benches filled wid annythin' else."—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

The Bock is Off the Beer.

Something surely's gone awry—weather man or brewery; for the lake ice lingers here, but the bock is off the beer. Spring is here, unless signs fail; shows on hill and shows in dale. Woodland spirit's voice we hear—and the bock is off the beer. Buds are swelling on the trees; bird-notes float along the breeze; green grass pushes through the sere; and the bock is off the beer. There's a fragrance in the haze of these latter April days; brooks from snow and ice are clear; and the bock is off the beer. Storm-windows give way to screens; market-stalls are filled with greens—some of them a trifle dear; and the bock is off the beer. Why, then, doth the lake ice stay? Why doth it not sail away? Spring arrived some time ago,

when the bock began to flow. Bock has gone—why not the ice? Something surely is amiss; for the bock is off the beer, yet the lake ice lingers here. Which, then, is it that's awry—weather man, or brewery?—*Duluth (Minn.) News Tribune.*

A New Collection-Box.

The Crookston (Minn.) *Times* says that an inventor has just brought out a church collection-box which will sell like hot cakes. It is a kind of slot machine that works nearly as successfully as the scheme the old darkey preacher had for obtaining a large collection, by telling his people "that them dat stole chickens las' night needn't put anything in the contributing box." The inventor has made a box which, when anything over a twenty-five cent piece is put in, it will fall on velvet or some soft substance, making no noise. When a penny, a nickle, or a dime is put in, it will drop on a Chinese gong. We believe the Chinese-gong style will become fashionable.

Joe Sylvester's Dog.

A good story is told of a Neilhart man whom, for convenience, we will call Joe Sylvester. He had a dog that made life miserable for him of nights. The dog would sit in the middle of the street and bark for hours at the moon. Different remedies were tried, but with no effect—doggy still disturbed the atmosphere with his cries. Something had to be done; so Joe, putting a stick of giant powder in his coat pocket and tying a rope around the dog's neck, started for the top of "Old Baldy," with the purp in tow. When he got there he fixed everything all right, tied the giant powder to the dog's tail, lighted the fuse, and started to saunter down the mountain.

He had gone only a short ways, however, before he looked around and found the dog following him down the hill, with every now and then a puff of smoke coming from the fuse. He tried to "shoo" the canine back, but he kept coming, wagging his tail from side to side as if he expected a welcome, and the stick of giant hitting the rocks at every jump. This was too much for Joe, and he started on a mad race down the mountain, with the dog only a few yards behind, and gaining at every jump. Every once in a while the dog's tail would come up in the air as he gathered headway, and the little puffs of smoke from the end of the fuse kept getting closer and closer to the powder. Finally a ledge of rock loomed up ahead of Joe from which the drop was about fifteen feet; he hesitated a moment, looked back, and, seeing that the dog was pretty close, threw himself over just as the powder exploded and sent the puppy to dog heaven.

Joe escaped with a few bruises from his fall, and half an hour later was discovered sitting in a saloon with his jaws working convulsively, but unable to speak. Dr. Sandow was sent for, and after half an hour's work Joe recovered sufficiently to ejaculate, "Forgot to tie." He had tied on the powder all right, but had forgotten to tie up the dog.—*Great Falls (Mont.) Leader.*

A Bit of History.

St. Augustine, Fla., was laid out in town lots in 1565 by a man by the name of Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles. He arrived late at night on a freight, and, finding the hotels closed up, lodged under a tree until morning. During the night a dog, belonging to an Indian chief, out in quest of food found him and ate up his boots. The boots hurt his feet, but they seemed to agree with the dog.

The next day Pedro, in his stocking-feet, proclaimed his king, Philip the Second, monarch of all North America. This was bold

stroke in real estate. A number of his countrymen joined him, and they threw up a sand fort and made other arrangements to hold on to their possessions until the price went up. A party of Frenchmen with six trunks full of books arrived on the scene and tried to take the town, but they had trouble with their boats and finally quit—shipwrecked, beaten, and bankrupt.

The next winter all the boarding-houses in town went out of business, and the settlement had to work the lunch-counters of the neighboring Indians; but the Indians couldn't catch fish fast enough to amuse the appetites of the Spaniards, and many went hungry three meals at a time.

After business picked up it was decided to build a fort, and everyone out of work secured a job. While they were at it they built a good fort, with four dungeons so dark and dreary that prisoners refused to live over twenty minutes after being confined in them.

Our party secured admittance to this fort, and it was noticed that no one tried to dig out of any of these dungeons with a thirteen-em rule, or asked to be allowed to remain and look around, but quickly followed the guide and his small candle through the hole in the wall back to daylight and fresh air.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

A Fortunate Coincidence.

It was at a city boarding-house. The twelve o'clock dinner was over, and two girls came out upon the piazza and found rocking-chairs, which soon were swinging in excellent time, while their occupants talked.

"Isn't it a beautiful day?"

"Just perfect!"

"Have you been here long?"

"Yes; long enough to know every one in the house."

"Mr. Stowe seems nice; don't you think so?"

"Yes, very; he talks so well. But, then, he is educated, you know. He graduated from college. You should hear him talk about books."

"Oh! I just love books. Don't you like to read?"

"Why, yes; at home they say I never do anything else. I just devour every new book I get."

"Do you like Ibsen?"

"Ever so much. Isn't it wonderful what genius he has? How much he must know, and how original he is! Why, there is something about all his works that is so different from any other author's. Have you noticed it?"

"Yes; there is something wonderfully true about everything Ibsen writes. Which of his books do you like best?"

"I—I don't know, really. I wish I could read them in the original, but I have never studied German."

"But Ibsen is not a German."

"What is he, then? Oh, yes, of course, Austrian, isn't he?"

"No, my dear; you are thinking now of Stenikiewicz."

"What is Ibsen?"

"Why—I don't exactly remember. Which of his books have you read?"

"I—I haven't read any of them."

"Haven't you? I was afraid that you knew all about them."

"Why, haven't you read them, either?"

"Not yet."

The learned literary conversation was ended.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Globe.*

A Folding-Bed Yarn.

Michael Earles, the handsome and aesthetic president of the Puget Sound Sawmill & Shingle Company, of Fairhaven, Wash., is not an admirer of folding-beds; in fact, he has an aver-

sion to these innocent-looking wooers of gentle Morpheus. There was a time when Mr. Earles thought otherwise, but that was before his visit to Olympia during the closing days of the Legislature. Being a warm friend of Hon. Joseph Parker, representative from Skagit County, he naturally enough wanted to listen to the latter gentleman's oratory and observe his actions, presumably in anticipation of some day being called by the voters of Whatcom County to represent their interests in the legislative halls. His face beamed with pride as he heard the Hon. Joseph Parker's speech on the appropriation bill, and he smiled approvingly at the grace and familiarity with which the Skagit County gentleman conducted himself.

But this was before the folding-bed experience. It seems that sleeping accommodations were limited at Olympia's big hotel, owing to the senatorial contest; so Mr. Earles willingly accepted Mr. Parker's invitation to "bunk" with him. In the afternoon Mr. Earles met J. F. McElroy, Seattle's prosecuting attorney, and Mr. Parker met D. A. Griffin, the well-known mill man of Deming. Both had been unable to find lodging, and, consequently, were invited to share a bed in Mr. Parker's room.

So a folding-bed was obtained, and when night came Messrs. Parker and Griffin shared one bed, while Messrs. Earles and McElroy took the folding-bed. All went well until 6 o'clock the next morning, when Parker and Griffin were awakened by an unearthly racket. The folding-bed's mechanism was in good order and working overtime, and it had imprisoned the two gentlemen. Nothing was heard but smothered yells, and nothing could be seen but a chubby foot, a well-turned calf, a modest section of emerald-hued pajamas, on which could be seen embroidered shamrocks and daffodils. The foot was of a rosy tint and exquisitely modeled, but it seemed to be excited.

"What's the matter, Mike?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Help! Hoo! Hoo! Help!" came from the bed, and the toes worked convulsively as the high sign of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo was given.

Of course, such an appeal could not go unheard; but the combined efforts of Parker and Griffin could not budge the bed, and help had to be called. When it was straightened out, Mr. Earles was found gasping, but otherwise uninjured. Mr. McElroy, possessing well-greased joints, was not phased and was sleeping as peacefully as an infant.—*Pacific Lumber Trade Journal, Seattle, Wash.*

Hank Hashlifter Hears Godowsky.

Hank Hashlifter of the Sickle-Bar hay-ranch was in on Saturday, and, being a musician himself (he plays the fiddle), concluded to stay in and hear Leopold Godowsky give Bozeman a few bars on the pianoforte.

Hank says that, as a man who can yank noise out of a piano, Leo certainly holds high cards. He would gently twitter up and down the keyboard like a bird hunting for a place to build a nest, and then he would dance and prance up and down as if he wanted to get at the inside of the thing and tear it to pieces. He'd rub down its fur until it purred as softly as a house cat, and then wrestle with it as if he was trying to strangle a catamount. Then he would tickle it a little, give it a sudden box on the ears, when it least expected it; and then would ensue another scrap, in which fur would fly and the air be torn up so fine that you couldn't use a fine-tooth comb on it.

Gody would feel his way across the front of the piano like a man hunting for the keyhole in his stocking-feet, and then he would jump on the thing and issue more notes than the

head office of a self-binder factory. He played for an hour and a half by the watch, and had to go out only once. He worked his hands and fingers like a runaway tedder on plowed ground. He pedaled with his feet like a bike rider coming to dinner.

Hank said he would like to have heard Leo play "Sweet Betsey From Pike," or something else that has more body to it, but he isn't saying anything against Chopin, Schubert, Liszt, and the rest of those old guys who have made a reputation. Hank says that they've got their reputation and he doesn't propose to throw cold water on them; but, just the same, a man who works for a living and comes in tired would much rather hear something that will make him get damp around the eyes—something that will reach down and tug at his heart, or else chirk him up like a band playing "Hot Time."

But he says that Godowsky is all right. He isn't saying a word against him. A man who can play like that is worth the price of admission, even to one who was deaf and dumb. The way he goes after the piano is a sight worth going to. The way he toys with it and then tries to disembowel it, all the time never missing a note or striking anything that is false, is something ordinary people get to see just once in a lifetime. But "Fer good old music, the kind that makes yer feel meller; the kind that makes you see yer old home, the meader, the birds singin' in the trees; the girl



HANK HASHLIFTER, OF THE SICKLE-BAR HAY-RANCH.

that yer ust to take ter singin' school; yer old maw and dad singin' church tunes Sunday night, give me a fiddle. A fiddle kin git closter to you, an' put more good thoughts inter you, than any dinged instrument that is made. And when you can git some soft, dreamy-eyed dago to just lop over it and just seem to hug it, yer kin git the best music that floats. It's a kind of music that makes yer love children, an' makes yer fergit that there aire people in this world who are a-tryin' to do you up. The pianer has got its points, and so has a hand-organ; but I have seen mechanics play a pianer when they couldn't whistle a tune, and they played it according to Hoyle, too. But they couldn't in a thousand years play a fiddle so as to bring out anything but notes writ down on a piece of paper. The pianer was invented fer anybody; they're playin' it down East by electricity; but it takes a man who's got senterment and song in his soul to play the fiddle an' play it right."—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

A Ridiculous Situation.

A prominent young Minneapolis business man is in trouble. It has been whispered around among his friends that on a recent Friday night he was seen on Nicollet Avenue in a state of beastly intoxication.

But it isn't true, friends. He was as sober as a Prohibition candidate for governor. It was

the men who were apparently taking him home who were drunk, not the prominent young business and society man. He was the victim of decidedly unfortunate circumstances, that was all.

He had been to the grand opera, and was on his way home. Two young bloods, friends of his, met him on the street. During the early part of the evening these two friends had accumulated just a little bit more than propriety would dictate, but they were by no means off their feet.

They were quite happy when they met the young man from the opera, and, getting on either side of him, they took him by each arm and insisted that he should join them in a night-cap. He was willing, and they drank. The saloon was on Nicollet Avenue, and as the three young men left it the sober one was in the middle, with his two arms clasped tightly by his friends.

"If we walk down the street this way people will think I'm drunk," he remonstrated with the pair when they refused to let go.

"That's all right, Charley; we'll see you home all right. How the mischief did you come to get drunk, anyhow?" said one of the intoxicated ones to the sober man in a very loud voice, as they passed a crowd waiting for a street-car.

"For heaven's sake keep quiet!" exclaimed Charley. "Don't you see that some of my friends are in that crowd. I can't afford to have them think I'm drunk, even if I'm not, and I won't stand it."

With this he attempted to break away, but the drunken men held on hard. He tried to reach a sign-post on the edge of the sidewalk, but in this he was also unsuccessful. He looked for all the world like a very much intoxicated individual, and there was not one in the crowd who had gathered about who did not believe that he was the drunken one and his friends the sober ones.

"Now, Charley, brace up, and be a man! You've had enough to drink tonight," came from the other friend in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear.

Charley was getting desperate. He fought hard, but his friends still stuck to him.

A policeman came along, and attempted to quell the disturbance.

"What's the matter here, anyhow?" he asked.

"Why, we have a friend who is a little under the weather, and we are trying to take him home," said one of the pair.

"You all look as though you were a little under the weather," said the policeman, after a glance at the trio.

Charley tried to explain that he was not drunk, that he had never been drunk in his life, and that the first and only drink he had had in a month had been taken with his friends just a minute before.

"These two fellows are causing all the trouble; they're drunk and I'm not, and I want you, officer, to make them let go of me."

"That'll do now, that'll do; you had better let your friends take you home. They appear to be in better condition than you are," answered the officer.

Charley looked into the faces of the crowd which had gathered about, and, recognizing several friends of his family, decided that the best thing he could do was to submit and go on arm in arm with his drunken friends.

This he did, and, when another block had been covered, his friends let go. Charley couldn't see the joke, and the evening's entertainment nearly broke up in a row.

Today there is a prominent young man under the ban; but any of Charley's friends who saw him Friday night should forgive him, for he was not drunk.—*Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune.*



MAIN BUSINESS STREET IN THE VILLAGE OF WELLS.

A SOUTHERN MINNESOTA TOWN.

The village of Wells, Minn., is situated in the northeastern part of Faribault County, on the line of the Southern Minnesota division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. It is twenty miles west of Albert Lea, and forty-nine miles southeast of Mankato, being connected with the latter city by the Wells-Mankato branch of the Milwaukee road. A conservative estimate of the population places it at 2,500, and the nationality of this population is cosmopolitan, the Germans and Poles being the predominating element of the foreign-born residents.

Wells was founded in 1869 by Clark W. Thompson, the builder of the Southern Minnesota Railway from LaCrosse, Wis., to Winnebago City. It was the headquarters of the officers of the road for a time, and here, also, were located the car-shops. Until about fourteen years ago, much of the land around Wells was held by estates, and was therefore not under cultivation. But this land was finally sold to actual settlers, and from that time forward the development of the surrounding country has been rapid, and the village has kept pace with it.

The land in Faribault County differs from most of that in the other counties of Southern Minnesota, in that it is comparatively level and the soil a heavy, black clay loam, similar to that in the Red River Valley. In the early days the country around Wells was very wet, the roads were almost impassable except at certain seasons of the year, and much of the best land was under water a goodly portion of the time. All this is changed now, and what was formerly sloughs is now the best wheat-raising land in the county.

Wells is famous as a wheat market, about two million bushels of wheat being marketed there annually. Having two flouring-mills, with a combined capacity of 750 barrels per day, and half a dozen grain elevators, there is always strong competition, and farmers draw their wheat eighteen and twenty miles to get to the Wells market.

It is considered the best business point of its size in the State; and it is justly entitled to this distinction, as the large territory tributary to the village is settled with a wealthy and prosperous people, who have never known a crop failure. The large trade which comes here has naturally drawn plenty of business houses to supply it, and the farmers like to come to this point to trade, because the competition is sharp and there is plenty of it. There are six large department stores, five general stores, two racket stores, two furniture stores, three exclusive grocers, one shoe store, four harness-shops, three meat-markets, one clothing store, two drug-stores, three hardware stores, three lumber-yards, three cigar factories,

two bicycle factories, three hotels, three banks, two newspapers, one steam laundry, a jewelry store, a threshing-machine factory, several machinery dealers, two barber-shops, two wagon-shops, and a number of blacksmiths.

The hotel accommodations are the pride of the village, as there are three fine, large, modern brick hotels furnished and fitted with all up-to-date conveniences, and run in proper style. Wells owns her waterworks and electric light systems—and there is not a city or village anywhere that is better lighted. She also has a sewerage system, which will be extended and improved in the near future, and first-class telephone facilities, the local exchange being operated by the Blue Earth Valley Telephone Company, which also has exchanges at Blue Earth and Winnebago, and local wires connecting them. A line of the Northwestern Telephone Company passes through town and connects with the local exchange, thus giving us access to their vast system.

The citizens of Wells take great pride in their schools, and nothing is too good for them in the way of buildings. Naught can illustrate this better than the fact that a six-room, two-story brick school-building, which cost \$14,000, has just been torn down to make room for a handsome modern fourteen-room building which is to cost \$30,000. There were three school-buildings, and, as more room was needed, the question arose as to whether another small building should be put up, or one of the buildings be torn down and a large building be erected in its place. The latter proposition carried, and the work is now being carried out.

Religion and education go hand in hand, the following denominations being represented: Episcopal, Methodist-Episcopal, Presbyterian, Catholic, German-Evangelical, German-Lutheran, Norwegian-Lutheran, Free-Methodist, and Seven-day Adventists. Several of the church buildings would do credit to a larger place, particularly the Methodist-Episcopal, which was erected in 1897 at a cost of \$12,000, and is one of the handsomest church edifices in the State.

While the citizens of Wells are a home-loving people, they are not of that staid, conservative class which never progresses and is content to live in the same old homes they lived in fifteen or twenty years ago. As a consequence there are more handsome modern residences in Wells than is usually found in places of this size. In their commercial interests the same spirit prevails, and every year some new business house is put up to take the place of an old one.

FARIBAULT COUNTY.

The country tributary to Wells, and in fact all of Faribault County, is unsurpassed in the wealth of its agricultural resources and the fer-

tility of its soil. Crops of grain have been raised here for the past forty-five years, and the fact that wheat always has been and is today the staple product, and that the average yield now is twenty bushels per acre, shows that the soil is practically inexhaustible.

Unlike many counties in the State, there is little or no waste land in Faribault County. What were formerly sloughs and small lakes, are now meadows and pasture lands; and as the country is a gently-rolling prairie, there are no hill-tops to be avoided by the farmer in cultivating his fields. Almost every acre can be cultivated, and the favorable climatic conditions of this section, coupled with the richness of the soil, make it a garden-spot par excellence.

The low price of wheat which has prevailed during the past few years has had a tendency to cause the farmers to go more and more into diversified farming. Corn is grown quite extensively, and considerable flax is also raised. These, together with oats, barley, pease, and buckwheat, are the principal grains grown. Some of the farmers raise clover-seed, and find it a most profitable crop. Fruit-raising has also become quite an industry, and there are any number of excellent orchards throughout the county where several varieties of apples, crab-apples, and plums are grown successfully. Hogs, poultry, and eggs are no small part of the farmers' products now, and the shipments of poultry and eggs from Wells are extraordinarily large for a place of its size, the dressed poultry sometimes averaging eight tons per week, and the eggs 15,000 dozen per week.

But what brings the farmer a steady cash income, especially during the season of the year when he needs it most, is the creamery, and of these mortgage-raising institutions Faribault County can boast of as fine a lot as any county in the State. Some of the counties with a less fertile soil, where agriculture is less remunerative, can boast of more creameries than Faribault, but not of better ones.

With all these resources, it is not hard to realize that the farmer of Faribault County is prosperous, that he has good buildings, a fine, well-stocked farm, with plenty of horses and machinery to work it properly, and in addition to all this has a comfortable bank account. The poorest of his land is worth \$40 per acre, and the price limit has not been reached yet by a good deal. Recently a farm near Wells was sold for \$72 per acre.

Although this was a treeless prairie at one time, the traveler through the country constantly sees patches of timber on every side. Almost every old settler planted a clump of trees around his buildings, some of them many acres in extent; and, thanks to the abundant and timely rainfalls here during the spring and summer, and the fertility of the soil, these trees have grown remarkably fast, and the percentage of them which withered and died, or had to be replanted, is exceedingly small.

Along the roads in front of many farms are found long rows of tall poplars, which form a pleasant shade in summer and a grateful wind-break in the winter. About seven miles southwest of Wells are found two small, but pretty, lakes—Walnut and Rice. In the former, fish can yet be found, but the latter is the resort only of ducks and geese, and the enthusiastic nimrod who pursues them.

Wells being surrounded with so rich an agricultural country, thickly peopled with prosperous and progressive farmers, it is not hard to understand why the volume of trade in the village is so large. Merchants carry immense stocks of goods, and the farmer and his wife have many different stocks to choose from.

W. A. HAMMOND.



THE PASSING OF OLD JULIA.

A Character Sketch.

By S. Maria Roberts.

She was a most uncanny-looking object. You would have recognized the queer figure, in its conspicuous attire, afar off. An incongruous medley of colors, surmounted by a glittering top-knot of ribbons and towering cocks'-plumes, wobbling about like a wind-tossed bark at sea, with sails spread and colors flying—this was "Old Julia."

That uncertain gait was not entirely due to advancing age, as any klutchman would tell you; but rather to an inherited tendency, as a result of which a hideous patch adorned that portion of her physiognomy known as the "weather eye;" or, rather, the place where the eye should have been, which now, alas! was only an empty socket. The other orb had a sympathetic squint, and the combined expression of these features was not prepossessing.

You may be disposed to doubt the assertion, nevertheless I have it from good authority that Julia was at one time a "belle" in her tribe, and many a dusky Siwash sued for her hand; but she became enamored of a paleface, and was subsequently wedded to him. He soon wearied of his dusky bride, however, as might have been expected, and abandoned her to her eccentricities.

Julia's vocation was selling clams, and seldom was she seen without a basket of those succulent bivalves swung over her shoulder. She obtained a modest income from this source, which furnished her with the necessary victuals and drink—mainly the drink.

A narrow, sinuous path skirted by wild flowers and tangled vines, with towering firs and cedars overhead, led down a steep declivity to a jutting point a little below the historic and picturesque village of Tumwater, where the Des Chutes, in its mad haste to reach the Sound, comes tumbling down a rocky gorge and leaps, foaming and writhing, into the placid bosom of Budd's Inlet.

On this romantic point, in a rude hut sheltered by an almost impenetrable thicket, through which even the slenderest shaft of sunlight could scarcely force an entrance, lived Julia and her mother, "Old Betsy"—a superannuated crone, withered and bent, reported to be over one hundred years old.

The Northern Pacific winds in graceful curves along the base of the aforesaid declivity, where it takes a turn by trestle across the inlet, and leads up a steep grade on the opposite shore. Julia sometimes returned home by way of the railroad, notwithstanding that she had been warned of the danger. Although a longer route, she found it an easier one, especially when she was somewhat out of equipoise.

One day towards evening, having disposed of her clams, and of her money also, she was staggering homeward along the track when the "ex-

press" dashed suddenly around a curve and, lifting the old woman on the point of the cow-catcher, sent her flying through the air. She landed on terra firma, fortunately, instead of being precipitated into the bay, as might be supposed, and, by some miraculous chance, not a bone in her body was broken. She was picked up insensible, however, and was so shaken and bruised that she did not get over the shock for many a day. When she was able to be on her feet again she was quite sober, and from that time she led a measurably straight life.

It had been months since I last saw her, and she had almost passed out of my memory when, one morning, there was a rap at the rear door. Answering the summons, I was amazed to see "Old Julia" standing there, with her customary basket of clams. Her countenance was illuminated by a grin which added to its hideousness, rather than detracted therefrom. She was arrayed in her usual colors, though somewhat the worse for wear.

"Kla-how-ya?" she exclaimed gladly, in Chinook jargon, which means, "How do you do?"

"Very well," I replied. "I am glad to see you, Julia; where have you been this long time?"

She spoke English in a broken, drawling way.

"Oh! me-so-sick; me-most-die; me-tought-me-go-way-up-long-steps-to-sky; me-see-whole-lot-klutchmen (women), dress'-all-in-white. One-klutchman-say, 'What-you-come-here-for-Julia?' Me-say-'me-tired; me-want-come-in,-rest.'" Klutchman-say, 'You-no-can-come-in, Julia; you-too-bad, you awful-bad;

go-back, get-good, then-me-let-you-in.'"

"I am glad you are well again," I said, "and I hope you will do as the klutchman up there told you."

"Oh, yes; me-be-so-good-now; no-drink-whisky-anymore; me-no-tell-lies; me-no-steal; bime-by-me-go-up-sky. Klutchman say, 'Come-in-Julia, you-no-dig-clam-anymore, rest-all-time.'"

During this recital the poor old face glowed with a look of ecstatic rapture, as if she could see the gates of Heaven opening already to admit her.

I never saw her again, but I was glad to learn that she had embraced the Christian faith. She and old Betsy were persuaded to go to the reservation, where they could be well cared for; but they did not stay long. Hardly had they returned to their old stamping-ground, when the spirit of Julia passed on to the realms beyond, where, doubtless, the white robed klutchman was waiting to welcome her to an eternal rest.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON NOT EXTINCT.—The people of Lime Ridge, Wis., were recently treated to a sight that has not been seen there for twenty years. A flock of pigeons passed over, going north, so long that the first of the flock was out of sight before the rear had passed. They were the genuine American passenger pigeons, and their appearance created interest throughout the country. For nearly twenty years these birds were supposed to be extinct.

WILD GEESE IN WISCONSIN.—Wisconsin farmers near Janesville have had rare sport with wild geese this spring, hundreds of them having visited the prairie land near that place. They would come in flocks of two to three dozen, and seemed little concerned at the sight of passing vehicles or eager hunters. Cornfields were their favorite feeding-grounds, and in such places scores of the big birds were killed.



AT WALNUT LAKE, SIX MILES SOUTHWEST OF WELLS, MINN., WHERE FISH AND GAME ARE STILL FOUND IN ABUNDANCE.

IN THE WOODS OF OREGON.

At the beginning of the hunting-season two years ago, states a correspondent, I had made my headquarters in a primitive little log-cabin close to an extensive tract of timber land a few miles north of the little village of Damascus, in Western Oregon. This broad forest of venerable fir-trees and of cedars and maples, interspersed with dense hazel and various other kinds of underbrush, extends some six or seven miles to the north. It is well known to hunters and sporting men; for in its dark recesses the blue grouse is at home, and the ruffled grouse or partridge has its habitat. The south side of the forest is bordered with dense hedges of briar and hazel-bushes, where beves of mountain quail find an excellent cover; and the adjoining fields, dotted with fern and brake patches, traversed by swales and creeks, abound with the far-famed Mongolian pheasant.

Years ago I hunted in those woods. Then they were peopled by deer, and occasionally a black bear or a cougar had fallen prey to my rifle. But now, as everywhere else, the grasping hand of civilization had encroached upon these pristine woodlands. Sturdy woodmen, vandals of the forest, had cleared openings; many a noble fir-tree had fallen, hewn into stove-wood, or,—following the law of evolution, perhaps,—dismantled of bark and foliage, was proudly displaying its majestic height on ships in far-distant seas.

Primitive rail fences, threading their homely zigzags through the woods, began to mark the belongings of thrifty ranchers—progress and the hand of man everywhere! The large game of the forest had either been exterminated or driven away to the adjacent Cascade Mountains.

Heavy rains fell incessantly for several days and nights. I am hardened against all sorts of inclement weather; but this particular rain-storm, second only to a deluge, compelled me to seek cover and to remain within the sheltering four walls of my cabin. A good roof over me; enough dry wood to keep up a cheerful fire; Dick, my old Irish setter, for a companion; a well-filled larder; a few late copies of the *Family Herald*; health and prospect of good-sport ahead—with the rain splashing in sheets on the shakes overhead, and pattering in rhythmical cadence against the window panes—what else did I need for absolute contentment?

By noon on the fourth day a change in the weather was apparent—a metamorphosis as sudden and complete as only Oregon climate can produce. Streaks of blue began to peep through the dun-colored sky; the rain ceased as if by miracle; the foggy exhalations, hovering over wood and field, met the drooping clouds from above; a strong wind from the Pacific Coast began to blow, wafting the sweet fragrance of a thousand pines through the air, and chasing away the misty vapors as if by magic wand. Then, as though rejoicing in his victory over the fractious elements, with majestic radiance in his manifold glories of color, the old sun appeared, diffusing throughout the atmosphere his light and life-giving at-

oms in millions of subtle tints—in myriads of throbbing waves!

In five minutes I was ready. Rubber boots up to the hips, mackintosh, a number-twelve shotgun, a baker's dozen of cartridges, and off I was for a hunt in the woods; the dog, inseparable companion in many an exploit, close at my heels. A brisk walk of ten minutes more and I was under those grand trees of the forest, with their drooping boughs overhead, like giant fans—laden with millions of raindrops in prismatic colors. Stealthily I beat my way forward over a glistening carpet of moss and ferns; then the dog made game—pointed—and up with a wh-r-r came the first partridge! A straight, open shot, and an easy victim. Directly another appeared for the fraction of a second—a snapshot, but I missed.

For an hour or more I had royal sport with a covey of these partridges, and made quite a good bag. Then I decided to bear farther through the brush, in search of the blue grouse, a bird of different habits. With the approach of winter the blue grouse leave the open fields, where they have been feeding during the summer months in large coveys, and seek refuge in the loftiest branches of the tallest fir-trees. But a heavy rain-storm will bring them down into the smaller trees, and then is the proper time for the hunter to go in search of them, having his dog well trained, to indicate by barking the particular tree wherein they perch.

Remembering from former years a good locality for the blue grouse, about a mile ahead of me, I started in that direction, regardless of the dense underbrush I had to penetrate. At last I came to an open place—scratched, torn, bleeding, and well nigh exhausted. A comparatively dry and snug nook I found between the gnarled roots of a glorious old fir, and I lay

down at full length to rest a few minutes, and to inhale in great draughts the sweet fragrance of pine. Then I lit a pipe, and idly watched the blue smoke curling upward in fantastic wreaths through the foliage and giant branches; and I meditated and dreamed.

But, hark! old Dick is barking. In a moment I was on my feet. Yes; I heard a sharp, accentuated bark apparently two hundred yards ahead, in the thick brush. Blue grouse, of course. Another short tussel with brush and briar, with log and stump, and there was the dog at the foot of a huge fir-tree, barking, howling, and pointing upward into a chaos of branches and foliage. Contrary to his habit of immediately ceasing his noise when I came within sight of him, he seemed to be better pleased with a most dismal howl, in spite of my repeated and rather drastic admonitions to stop. Some animal or bird was up in that tree, but what and where was it? By dint of long practice I had become an expert in discerning game at the longest possible distance, or amidst the most intricate network of leaf and branch; but, straining my eyes all I would, carefully scanning, as I thought, every possible nook, every available hiding-place in that great wood above me, I was unable to detect the least sign of bird or beast. Old Dick must be mistaken for once. But, no! as soon as I turned to leave the place his howling grew, if possible, more and more ferocious. With almost human reasoning, the poor fellow would try to prevent my leaving by snapping at my coat-tail and pulling me back. Another ten minutes or more of scanning the tree up to the loftiest branches, but of no avail! The back of my neck began to ache, the unearthly howling of the dog began to ruffle my temper, when at last I noticed a small, grayish object, apparently the bushy tail of a gray tree-squirrel, with body completely hidden from view by dense foliage. It was on one of the large lower branches which I had evidently overlooked in my search, some thirty or forty feet from the ground.

Bang! went my left barrel with small shot. Then happened a very unlooked-for and surprising turn of affairs. What I, in the already waning afternoon light, had taken for the tail



IN THE WOODS OF OREGON.

of a poor tree-squirrel, happened to be the caudal appendant of a monstrous lynx! My shot, carelessly aimed, struck him somewhat in the back part of the body. With an angry snarl, and infuriated by pain or bewildered by the frightful howling of the dog, down he came with a magnificent leap, landing straight between myself and the dog, which stood some eight or ten feet ahead. The heavy thud of the huge animal's contact with the ground evidently frightened Old Dick; for he dodged like a flash right between my feet the very moment I was getting ready for a second shot.

Down I came with a vengeance, my six feet of surprised, not to say frightened, humanity measuring their full length on the turf. My head struck hard on some protruding root or stump, and I became partially dazed; but luckily not sufficiently so to prevent me from grasping the critical situation at a glance. Critical it was indeed; but our instinct is never at fault when we have an enemy before us. I knew I must act without delay, and shoot; but in falling, the muzzle of the gun had been turned to one side, and it seemed ages before I could swing it around. Wonderful, what a number of the most complex ideas and conceptions this human reason of ours will receive and assimilate in an incredibly short space of time! There was that infuriated beast right in front of me; we were almost cheek by jowl. I saw two large tufts of hair standing erect over his head; smelled his fetid breath; saw his glaring eyes, green with fury and hate—his powerful jaws wide open; saw his muscles quiver and contract for another spring—could almost feel his claws tear my helpless body; all that and more went through my mind in lightning-like velocity!

And the body seemed so slow in responding to the dictates of the mind! At last—one desperate effort, the gun came around with a swoop—I fired pointblank at the blazing eyes before me. I fear it would have been too late, however, had not the dog, quicker than his master, attacked the animal from the side, even before I shot. Then I must have fainted from the effects of the fall.

An hour or more afterwards, I was awakened by the chill evening air and by a cold snout thrust into my face. Close to my feet lay the dead lynx; the dog was unharmed. I swung the carcass over a limb of the nearest tree, and groped my way home as best I could with aching head and unsteady steps. A weary tramp it was in fast gathering night, with those great trees all around me, which seemed to assume gigantic and uncanny proportions and shapes with their arms and sinews and thighs. A strong breeze set in, waving and rocking the giant wings all around, and occasionally a flood of gorgeous moonlight vested the forest with silvery splendor.

Early the following morning I returned for my prey, and I found it to be a beautiful specimen of lynx, an animal now almost extinct in these parts of the Coast, weighing close to sixty pounds. Its handsome skin has since been converted into a rug, and will always remind me of a narrow escape from injury or death. In my long experience as a hunter, this was the only instance where one of these animals—wildcat, catamount, lynx, or even cougar—had shown a decided inclination to fight and attack. I have seen a small dog drive a cougar up a tree, and am fully confident that these animals will much sooner take flight and not attack man as a rule; but rules always have certain exceptions.

WHITEFISH FOR NEW ZEALAND.—Over 2,000,000 whitefish eggs have been given to the fishery department of the New Zealand government, by the United States and Canada.



Little Health Hints.

Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach.

Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.

Try buttermilk for the removal of freckles, tan, and butternut-stains.

Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew frequently.

Try taking cod liver oil in tomato catsup, if you want to make it palatable.

Try hard cider—a wineglassful three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon, if you are going to be out late in the evening.

Lucky Wedding Days.

It is superstition that leads us to select different seasons of the year or particular days for the celebration of our weddings, and we are indebted in a good part for this to the ancients. At Athens, winter was regarded as a favorable time. The fourth day of the month was recommended by Hesiod, and Euripides was in favor of the time of the full moon. The Romans were great believers in favorable and unfavorable days. The calends, the nones, and the ides of each month were regarded as unsuitable for marriage ceremonies, as were also the months of May and February. June was the most esteemed of all, and is still in great favor among many nations.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Hot-Water Remedies.

"One is never far from a pretty good medicine-chest with hot water at hand," says a physician. "It is a most useful assistant to the mother of a family of small children, who is frightened often to find herself, in the summer wandering, confronted by the sudden illness of one of her flock, without her usual dependence—the family doctor.

If the baby has croup, fold a strip of flannel or a soft napkin lengthwise, dip into very hot water, and apply to the child's throat. Repeat and continue the application till relief is had, which will be almost at once.

"For toothache, or for colic, or for a threatened lung congestion, the hot-water treatment will be found promptly efficacious if resorted to.

"Nature needs only a little assistance at the first sign of trouble to rally quickly in the average healthy child, and often hot water is all that is wanted."

Some Useful Suggestions.

As a remedy for the sting of a bee, press a watch-key hard on the place to remove the sting; this prevents the poison from spreading. Then apply moist snuff or tobacco, rubbing it well in, and in five minutes all pain will cease.

A hasty expedient when your postage-stamp refuses to stick is to moisten it and rub across the gummed flap of your envelope. It will take on a sufficient amount of gum without affecting the latter.

The unsightly white marks on tables, caused by standing too hot dishes upon them, may be removed by the application of a little paraffin rubbed on them with a piece of flannel. Afterwards polish with alcohol.

To care for a person who has fainted, says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, lay the person down, keep the head low, loosen the clothing, give plenty of fresh air, and dash cold

water in the face. Smelling-salts and stimulants should only be used when consciousness has returned.

To remove stains from linen, rub them on either side with yellow soap, and then apply starch made into a paste with cold water. Rub this paste well into the stains, and then put the cloth to hang out in the open air—if possible in the sun—for some hours. After it has been washed in the ordinary way, the stains will have disappeared.

When you are clearing out the grate, stoves, and stove-pipes, before storing them away for the summer, mix the soot with water and sprinkle it over the flower-beds. It is very beneficial to plants, grass, and even trees.

Here is a valuable hint to the wheel-woman who has a dread of the freckles and tan which are sure to result from indulgence in her favorite sport: Rosewater, six ounces; glycerine, one-half ounce; cherry laurel water, two and one-half drams; simple tincture benzoin, one and one-half drams. Apply twice a day, letting the lotion dry into the skin. Also use a good cold cream each night upon retiring.

A Fastidious Prisoner.

Probably the most fastidious prisoner in the United States is an inmate of the Marshall County, S. D., jail. The other day he directed the following letter to the sheriff:

"Dear Sir: Inasmuch as I may board with you a couple of weeks, I will respectfully suggest a few points about my bill of fare. First, there are many things I cannot eat without serious injury to my health. The following things I should not eat at all: 1, pork; 2, cheese; 3, doughnuts; 4, fresh bread; 5, biscuits; 6, pancakes; 7, fried potatoes; 8, pie; 9, cake; 10, no rice pastries of any kind.

"Some of the chief things I may eat: 1, rye bread, graham bread, or graham gems and corn-bread (bread two or three days old); 2, meats, fish, sausage, beef, etc.; 3, any kind of porridge that is well cooked; 4, soups of various kinds, always good; 5, baked potatoes are the only ones I may eat; 6, simple made puddings are all right; 7, soft-boiled eggs for breakfast when they are not too dear; 8, a good dish of sauce for either breakfast or supper; 9, a good coffee, but no tea; 10, a little variety in the bill of fare, so a fellow cannot tell six months ahead just what he is going to have for supper or breakfast."

A Five-Pound Roast.

There was a mad man in town a few weeks since, and it all came about because the telephone wires were crossed. He rang up the *Gazette* office, and we answered as sweetly as possible with the regulation "helloa." This was probably why he went astray. He said:

"I want a five-pound roast."

We recognized his voice, and promised to do the best we could for the price, as we understood five pounds meant about \$25. This was what we called a burn-up, and we gave him his money's worth.

When we presented the bill, he was madder than anything you ever met; said we were adding insult to injury, and a whole lot of chestnuts like that.

We asked him if he didn't remember requesting a five-pound roast; he said we were a blankety-blank fool, and he always knew it; that he thought he was talking to the lady clerk in the meat-market on Main Street, and always wondered why the roast didn't come up that day.

Of course we apologized—we couldn't do less—and the reputable citizen is again on speaking terms with us. But we want it understood that when men telephone us for five-pound roasts they can get them, but that hereafter cash must accompany the order.—*Stillwater (Minn.) Gazette*.



The Complaining Habit.

Last summer I went down to Dubuque from St. Paul, and during the eight hours which the trip consumed I could not help hearing the conversation of two women who occupied the seat directly behind me.

The failings, vices, and idiosyncrasies of their servants was the subject which occupied three or four hours' time; then some personal gossip, and after that their worries and troubles concerning their children, followed by elaborate accounts of their own ill-health. And such peevish, fretful, complaining tones! Meanwhile we passed the most beautiful portions of Minnesota and Wisconsin, but these women were so intent on the recital of their miseries that they had no eyes for the wonderful beauty of nature. I wondered what effect this habit of complaining must have upon their own spirits, when the mere listening to them had such a depressing effect upon me that even now I cannot think pleasantly of that journey.

Who is it that says so well, "The cup and saucer is broken in the morning, and we go around with the pieces of broken china in our face and voice all day?"—*Beth, in St. Paul Globe.*

A New Era for Books.

Books should have an honored place in almost every room, as being the best ornaments and adding the greatest charm of comfort and homeliness. Yet until recently custom did not assign a suitable abiding place for them in the drawing-room; a few odd volumes were allowed to rest on one of the tables, but the idea of having a bookcase filled with well-bound volumes was hardly ever entertained; it was not thought a drawing-room piece of furniture.

Now, however, the recess near the fireplace is often utilized for the housing of books, either in a fixed bookcase or in an elegant cabinet bookcase, according to the particular style of the room; for, of course, it must be appropriate and in harmony with the rest of the furniture. The revolving bookcase is also very nice for a drawing-room, made of mahogany or rosewood inlaid, and the top can be used for an occasional table. The bookcase and secretary combined is also now seen in the drawing-rooms of our best homes.

Where the collection of books is sufficiently large to require a library room for their accommodation, fitted bookcases are decidedly the best, and the books can be utilized as a part of the scheme of decoration. The fittings in this case are usually of natural oak or walnut, or else painted white.

For a movable bookcase, the French one, made in two separate parts, the lower a cupboard to contain certain prints and rare volumes, the upper with shelves enclosed by lattice doors, is the most decorative and useful.

Simple Headache Cures.

If you have headaches, or neuralgia, put your feet in mustard and water for fifteen minutes.

A neuralgic headache is most frequently felt across the forehead and sometimes at the back of the head, and generally arises from cold caught in a bad tooth, which affects the nerves on that side of the face. If the pain be in the forehead, relief may be obtained by placing a mustard-leaf for twenty minutes on the nape

of the neck or by the side of the eye just over the temple. A piece of brown paper soaked in vinegar and sprinkled thickly with pepper and laid over the painful spot is also a homely but sometimes effective remedy. It should be kept on until the paper becomes dry, when it should be removed and applied until the pain is relieved. Precautions must be taken not to catch fresh cold after this.

Another form of neuralgia commences with little specks dancing before the eyes, the pain seeming to be confined to exactly one-half the head or face. A violent sickness usually accompanies this headache, but no relief is obtained by vomiting. Hot-water applications are the best for these attacks. Pour boiling water over a square of flannel, and wring it out tightly in a towel to avoid scalding the hands. Place it over the seat of the pain. Have ready another square of flannel, and treat in the same way, applying it as soon as the first piece begins to get cold. Continue this process without ceasing until the pain is relieved.

Flaxseed Poultice.

A Trenton, N. J., lady vouches for the efficacy of the following receipt for flaxseed poultice:

One cup of ground flaxseed, one teaspoonful of brown mustard, two handfuls of hops. Boil all together about three minutes, adding water until as thick as cake batter. Then put in a bag the size of a lady's handkerchief. One side must be cheesecloth to let the oil out on the body. That is why it must not be boiled more than about two or three minutes, so as not to waste the linseed oil. Put the bag on a platter and put the poultice in. Sew the bag well or it may run out. Keep the cheesecloth next the platter and next the body. Do not put them on very hot, as the cure is not in the heat, but in the poultice. Cover it with two thicknesses of muslin to keep the moisture from the clothing, and bandage to keep it in place. Change every two hours.

In typhoid fever, on the bowels; for pneumonia, on the lungs; for inflammation, on the stomach and bowels; for pleurisy, where the pain may be.

For diphtheria and scarlet fever, on the throat every half-hour, and burn the used poultices; tie the bandages on the top of the head to keep the poultice around the throat and glands back of the ears. Half the size and quantity for this purpose.

If in pain, stir in a teaspoonful of laudanum in the poultice when ready for the bag. Put a piece of flannel on when the poultice is left off.

Wise Words on Child Culture.

There is no shrine so often and so rudely violated as the soul of a child. We forget that the child we call ours has a distinct human entity, is the position taken by Elaine Goodale Eastman writing in the *Woman's Home Companion*. We say in defense to this that we merely act under the necessity laid upon us as parents and guardians to conquer infant obstinacy, and to check youthful vanity and egotism. Undoubtedly (and this fact, too, has its pathos) we are obliged, or think we are, by duty and conventionality, to run counter to most of the spontaneous wishes of our children, and to put a damper upon their earliest aspirations. But this unhappy conclusion is, as it seems to me, a strong reason for using more and not less delicacy and consideration in our manner of discharging these unpleasant obligations.

Constant snubbing is really not good for all children any more than for ourselves. Some natures are dwarfed and discouraged by it. There is a species of self-love which to wound is well nigh fatal. If the average child of well-

meaning parents could speak his inmost soul, I believe he would beg for less love and more respect. Over-fondness is often demoralizing, but sincere respect is always elevating, and, strange to say, it is appreciated by the youngest child.

I well remember that, as a child, I liked best the society of those rare persons who treated me as if I, too, were grown up! There was no affectation on either side; it was simply that they did not too visibly condescend to too openly overrule my years, and that in all my intercourse with them I was able to preserve my self-respect.

I advise mothers to have the self-control and the nice sense of justice to refrain from claiming and commanding the child, soul and body, as if he were a subject and inferior being, and to recognize in that child, however young, the natural human right to freedom of thought, and to a degree of freedom in action.

Cloth of Gold.

The expression, "cloth of gold," has a splendid sound, but few of us have ever seen the real fabric associated with courts and kings until this week. Some magnificent examples from the famous hand-loom established for the Mikado's own use have been on exhibition here this week, and will be sold at auction to-day and during the remainder of the week.

For the first time I have realized how superior was the apparel of monarchs, and what it means to wear a mantle of cloth of gold! The priests of Japan are as sumptuously arrayed as the emperor himself, and the lost arts are not so lost that some of the recent manufacturers of brocades do not rival the handiwork of centuries ago.

Could anything be more exquisite than that piece of silk called the "blossoming plum-tree," or the "dawn of light?" The lovely sheen over this design is emphasized by the gold threads woven under the flowering branches, where hundreds of birds are celebrating the rising of the sun. It represents one of those art studies of which the Japanese are always masters.

In deep contrast to this imperial silk hanging is a pair of old shrine curtains of rare gold brocade, made nearly 300 years ago, mellowed like wine by time, and yet as perfect as though there were no such thing as "moth and rust" to destroy. The antique silks are all so genuinely beautiful in this harmony of coloring that one can understand that worship of Buddha was aided by their contemplation, precisely as music in our own churches assists in one's religious devotions. It is only another form of the same inspiration.

But it is impossible to cull from this remarkable collection pieces that delight the most. The Japanese collector may have preferences, but the lover of pure art simply gazes at the hand-made fabrics with awe and wonder. If there are any degrees of comparison, they exist solely in the minds of those buyers who desire them for their houses for mural decorations, or as hangings at door or windows.—*Butte (Mont.) Inter Mountain.*

A Queer Superstition.

We know a young married woman who has an awful superstition against removing her wedding-ring. The gold band was a trifle large when it was first solemnly slipped on her finger, and since then she has grown a bit thinner, so that the space between the finger and the ring has increased a trifle. But she would not let that ring drop off, nor would she remove it voluntarily for all the wealth of the Indies. As a matter of fact, this proposition was not submitted to her, but she volunteered the information. When engaged in her ablutions she was obliged to keep her ring finger crooked

to prevent the band from slipping off into the soapy water, and in household tasks she was forever in a ferment lest a piece of furniture or a tablecloth would whisk the ring from its resting place.

Just what she feared from its removal she was unable or unwilling to state. Whether she thought it would annul the marriage contract, or whether she feared a blight would fall upon her house, she could not be induced to tell, but she hung onto that ring like grim death—until one evening last week. She was sitting in an easy-chair listening to her husband reading aloud from a newspaper, and her hand was dropped idly toward the floor as she endeavored to get complete rest. Suddenly the dutiful husband was startled by a scream.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, springing up in alarm.

"Oh, Frank, I've dropped my ring!" she exclaimed, almost tearfully. "My wedding ring! It slipped off my finger."

The worst had happened. The ring so long carefully guarded had slipped down her inverted finger while she half-dozed in the chair, and some slight movement of her hand had shaken it off her finger. It fell on a heavy bearskin rug, but she could not be induced to look for it, nor would she glance at her hand while it was stripped of the ring.

"You get it and put it back on," she declared, and her husband plowed around in the bearskin until he found the little circlet, and then gravely slipped it on the finger where he had placed it six months before. And when he made bold to chaff her about her fears and to hand her a few merry gibes and quips and things about the nineteenth century enlightenment, she only smiled half-defiantly and said:

"Well, I don't care."

And what could he say?

The Danger of Fear.

The fact that thought may affect the growth and functions of the body is coming to be regarded as a possibility by even the most conservative and material of scientists, states a well-known physician. The more advanced and speculative members of the medical profession have experimented along that line for a number of years with very interesting results.

In speaking of the effect of thought on the body I am not exploiting Christian Science, faith cure, or anything of that kind, but am merely giving my individual opinion, which is based on rather a wide experience as a general practitioner of medicine.

In order to understand how a thought can influence the physical organs, it is necessary to have some conception of what is called the subconscious mind, which is that part of the mentality that carries on such involuntary actions as the circulation of the blood, etc. If these obscure functions were dependent upon the exercise of the conscious will, the very necessity of drawing the breath in and out several times a minute during one's lifetime would be such a stupendous effort as to appall the bravest and most energetic of creatures. But these matters have all been simplified by a beneficent Creator through the action of the subconscious mind. This mind, while distinct from the thought or intellectual faculties, may, however, be affected by them, and that sympathetic foundation of all the phenomena of the faith curist and the mental healer.

Though these effects are generally unconscious on the part of the subject, there is no reason why this should be necessarily so, and a few simple experiments will convince almost any one that that mind may have a conscious effect on the body. One of the simplest experiments, though one which is of no use in a

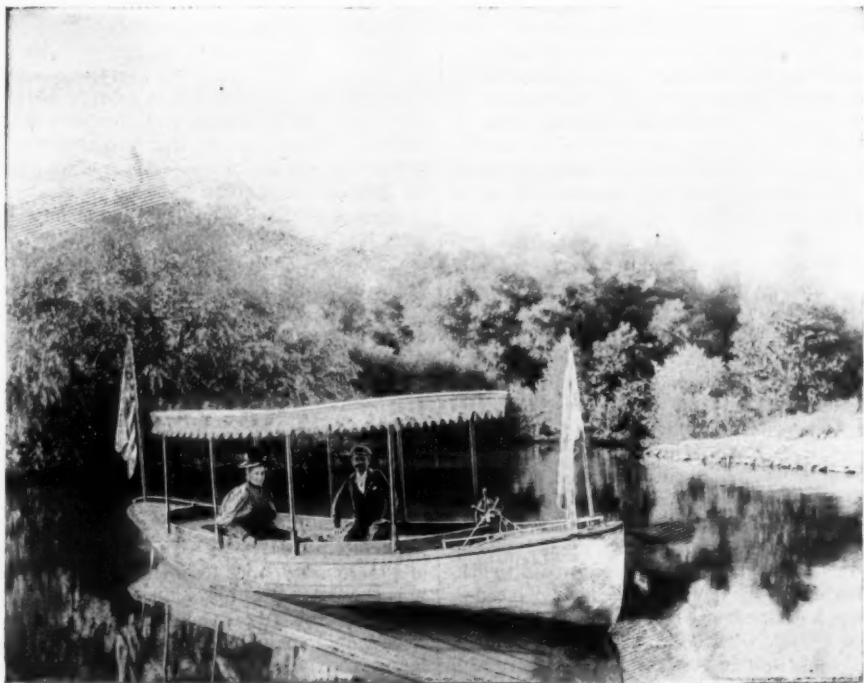
practical way, is to fix the mind intently on a certain part of the skin—say inside of the wrist. If the mind is not allowed to waver from the point, in a few minutes the surface of the wrist will be suffused by a warm glow, and an itching, burning sensation will appear. One of the most general effects of this concentration of thought on some part of the body is the restlessness which ensues and the consequent difficulty of holding the part still for any length of time. It is therefore easy to understand how the constant dwelling of the mind upon some slight or imaginary ill may aggravate the condition, if existent, or even cause it to appear, if imaginary.

A curious case of this kind came under my observation not long ago. A young woman patient of mine consulted me about a hard lump in her throat, which had been gradually getting larger for some time. She seemed very much troubled about it, and confessed to me that there were few moments in the day in which the fear of its developing into a malignant growth was absent from her mind. On examination I found in her throat the purple

the procedure and should earnestly watch the growth of the sapling, I can understand how such attention on its part might impress its subconscious mind with the idea of growth so strongly that its body would respond to the impulse and actually begin to grow.

I think that the rapid growth of a child has often been augmented by the constant exclamations of its relatives and friends of: "Why, how that child is growing!" Nervous children have become more nervous when their attention is called to their condition by doctors' consultations with anxious parents in their presence, while the little sufferers from St. Vitus' dance, or chorea, become much worse on seeing that their antics attract the pitying attention of their elders. Most doctors have found that a child whose parents are terrified when a case of measles or scarlet fever breaks out in the neighborhood is much more apt to contract the disease than is the little ragamuffin who comes and goes as he pleases, without thought or fear of measles.

Every physician will remember the great number of dysenteric and diarrheal cases he



A FASCINATING PICTURE OF SUMMER LIFE IN MINNESOTA.

congestion which is frequently encountered in connection with cancer. After consulting another physician, I decided that, on account of her fear of cancer, it would not only be useless but cruel to enlighten her as to the real condition of her throat. So we constantly referred to the swelling as a simple and common enlargement of the gland. The patient, thus reassured, ceased thinking about her throat, and after a few weeks the swelling actually began to diminish in size, and at last completely disappeared. Hers was doubtless an exceptional case, but it goes to show that such fear-thoughts may have tangible effects on the physical plane.

There is an old superstition, which doubtless originated among people who understood the principles of mental therapeutics, that if a child of stunted growth is placed beside a young sapling on a level with the top of the child's head, as the young tree grows and the distance between the ground and the peg increases the child will also begin to grow. If the child really were to become interested in

was called upon to treat during the colera scare a few years ago. At that time there were about three times as many cases of that kind as are usual during the summer months, and most of them were undoubtedly caused by fear alone.

If people, especially women, would realize the absolute uselessness of worrying over either real or fancied complaints, the general health and happiness of the human race would be very much improved. I have known nursing mothers to worry so persistently over crying babies that the poor little mortals were very nearly poisoned through drawing in the impulses of fear and nervousness with every drop of the mother's milk. If those over-anxious mothers could only understand that crying is one of nature's ways of expanding the infant's lungs, their children would stand a much better chance of becoming healthy men and women.

Nothing so enervates and demoralizes the whole nature as fear. In one form or another it is responsible for nearly all the evil which curses the world.

THE GREAT ALASKA GLACIER.

Writing of the great Muir Glacier, the *West-coast Mining World* of Butte, Mont., says that it enters the sea with a gigantic front two hundred or three hundred feet above the water and a mile wide. Fancy a wall of blue ice splintered into columns, spires, and huge crystal masses, with grottoes, crevices and recesses a mile in width! It is a spectacle that is strangely beautiful in its variety of form and depth of color, and at the same time awful in its grandeur. And not alone is the sight awe-inspiring. The ice-mountain is almost constantly breaking to pieces, with sounds that resemble the discharge of heavy guns, or the reverberations of thunder. At times an almost deafening report is heard, or a succession of them, like the belching of a whole park of artillery, when no outward effect is seen. It is the breaking apart of great masses of ice within the glacier. Then some huge berg topples over with a roar and gigantic splash that may be heard several miles, the waters being thrown aloft like smoke. A great pinnacle of ice is seen bobbing about in wicked fashion, perchance turning a somersault in the flood before settling down to battle for life with the sun and the elements on its seaward cruise. The waves created by this terrible commotion even rock the steamers and wash the shores miles away. There is scarcely five minutes in the whole day or night without some exhibition of this kind.

There are mountains each side of the glacier, the one upon the right or south shore being the highest. High up on the bare walls are seen the scoriated and polished surfaces produced by glacial action. The present glacier is retrograding very rapidly, as may be seen by many evidences of its future extent, as well as by the concurrent testimony of earlier visitors. On either side is a moraine, half a mile in width, furrowed and slashed by old glacial streams which have given place in turn to others higher up the defile as the glacier recedes. These moraines are composed of earth and coarse gravel, with occasional large boulders. On the north side the material is more of a clayey sort, at least in part, and the stumps of an ancient forest have been uncovered by the action of a glacial river, or overwhelmed by the icy flood. Some scientists claim that these forests are pre-glacial, and many thousands of years old. The interior of the great moraines is yet frozen, and at the head of one of the little ravines, formed by former glacial river discharges, a little stream still trickles forth from a diminutive ice-cavern.

Notwithstanding the contiguity of the ice itself, and the generally frigid surroundings, bluebells and other flowers bloom on the moraine. In the center of the glacier, some two miles from its snout, is a rocky island, the top of some ancient peak which the great mill of the ice has not yet ground down. It is interesting to see how the massive stream of ice conforms itself to its shores, separating above the obstacle and reuniting below. On approaching or departing from Muir Inlet, the voyager may look back upon this literal field of ice and follow its streams up to the snow-fields of the White Mountains, which form the backbone of the peninsula between Glacier Bay and Lynn Canal.

The following facts relating to the Muir Glacier, its measurement and movement, are de-

rived wholly from Professor Wright's notes:

Roughly speaking, the Muir Glacier may be said to occupy an amphitheater which has the dimensions of about twenty-five miles from north to south, and thirty miles from east to west. The opening of this amphitheater at Muir's Inlet is toward the south to southeast. It is two miles across from the shoulder of one mountain to the other at the outlet. Into the amphitheater pour nine glaciers and sub-branches that are visible, making the affluents more than twenty in number. Four of the main branches come in from the east, but these have nearly spent their force on reaching the focus of the amphitheater. The first tributary from the southwest also practically loses its force before reaching the main current. The main flow is from two branches coming from the northwest, and two from the north.

The motion is here much more rapid. Observations made upon three portions of the main glacier, respectively 300, 1,000, and 1,500 yards from the front, showed the movement to be 135 feet at the first point, sixty-five at the second, and seventy-five at the third, per day. The summit of the lower point was a little over 300 feet above the water, the second 400 feet, and the third considerably more, probably 500. The motion rapidly decreases on approaching the medial moraines brought down by the branches from the east. Along a line moving parallel with that of the greatest motion, and half a dozen miles east from it, the rate observed at two points was about ten feet per day. Thus we get an average daily motion in the main channel of the ice-flow, near its mouth, of about forty feet across a section of one mile.

The height of the ice above the water-front, at the extreme point, was found to be 226 feet. Back a few hundred feet the height is a little over 300 feet, and at a quarter of a mile 400 feet. A quarter of a mile out in front of the glacier the water is eighty-five fathoms, or 510 feet deep.

Thus Professor Wright estimates that a body of ice 735 feet deep, 5,000 feet wide, and 1,200 feet long, passed out into the bay in the thirty days he was there, this movement and discharging taking place at the rate of 149,000,000 cubic feet per day. He says that after the fall of a large mass of ice from the glacier into the bay, the beach near his camp, two and one-half miles distant from the glaciers, would be wrapped in foam by the waves. One of the many large masses he saw floating about projected some sixty feet out of the water, and was some 400 feet square. Estimating the general height of the berg above the water to be thirty feet, the contents of the mass would be 40,000,000 cubic feet.

The Swiss glaciers, it should be remembered, are contracted affairs in comparison with the Muir Glacier, which is four times as wide as the glacier selected by Tyndall for his observations, and six times as large as the whole surface of the Mont Blanc glaciers. Professor Wright is of the opinion that one of the other glaciers entering Glacier Bay is much larger than the Muir. From a pinnacle of observation overlooking the Muir ice-field, which is obtained by an arduous half-day's climb, although some expect to accomplish it within one hour, one can count no less than fifteen tributary glacial streams, any one of which is larger than the Rhone Glacier, over which European tourists go into ecstasies. Drawn from the inexhaustible but annually diminishing accumulations of snow which fill the mountain valleys to a depth of at least 2,000 feet, these separate streams of plastic congelation unite like the strands of rope to form the irresistible current of the Muir.

The surface of the glacier is not uniformly

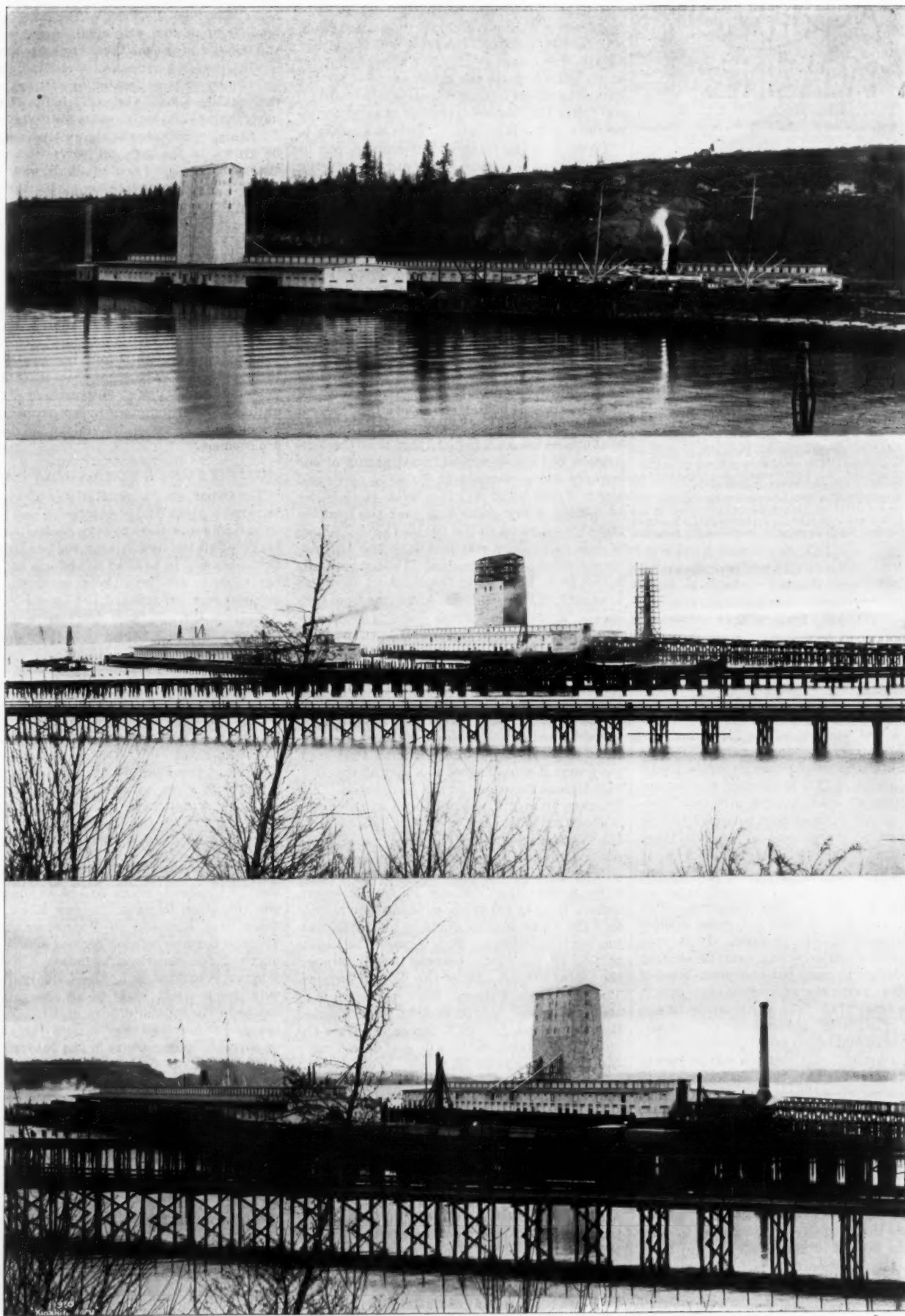
level and smooth, like a boulevard. It has its drifts and dikes, its cascades, rifts and rapids, like any unfrozen river. In the immediate front, and extending a mile or more back, its whole surface is the most rugged formation imaginable. It is utterly impossible for any living creature to traverse it, being in fact a compact aggregation of wedge-shaped and rounded cones of solid ice, capped by discolored and disintegrating snow. But away back in the mountain-passes it is easily traversed with sledges or heavy snow-shoes.

THE GREAT NORTHERN'S PACIFIC COAST TERMINAL FACILITIES.

Through the courtesy of the *Marine Review* of Cleveland, Ohio, we are able to place before our readers the fine illustrations on the opposite page of the superb terminal facilities recently constructed by the Great Northern Railway Company at Smith Cove, near Seattle, Wash. President Hill, of the Great Northern, has been contemplating these improvements for a long time, and Puget Sound interests have been very eagerly awaiting the final consummation of his plans. The completion of the docks and warehouses herein shown will add greatly to Seattle's shipping facilities, and marks a long step forward in the aggressive policy of the Great Northern management. According to the *Marine Review*, the slip of the new docks is 2,100 feet long, a length far in excess of any other on the Pacific Coast, if not indeed of any on the Atlantic. It is 200 feet in width, and is well high surrounded by the necessary houses for the transfer and storage of freight. A dozen ordinary ocean steamers can be accommodated at these docks at one time, allowance being made for five on either side, and for two at the ends of the wharves. The width of the slip is sufficient for the passage of any vessel entering or clearing, even should other ships be tied up at the wharves on either side.

The warehouse and storage accommodations are adequate for any demands that may be made on them for a long time to come. On the south side of the slip is the main warehouse, a building 950 feet in length by 112 feet in width and containing 106,400 square feet of floor space. On the opposite or north side is the grain-house, 504 by 212 feet in size, and containing even greater floor area than the warehouse; while above this is the elevator, 160 feet in height. The dredging contract connected with the construction of these docks and warehouses involved the movement of 450,000 cubic yards of earth, and the depositing of it in the fills on either side. The harbor of Seattle is admirably fitted for the handling of an enormous shipping business, and there can be no doubt that the development which has just been entered upon will be rapid in the extreme.

COWS FOR THE YUKON.—A Tacoma, Wash., man is going to take 125 cows to Dawson, on the Yukon. He will take a sled for each cow, and make them haul provisions enough for the trip. He already has about a third of his herd, and is busy breaking them to work in harness. The man is positive that it will be a paying venture, as fresh milk is little known in the Yukon. He has had no trouble so far in breaking his cattle, and talks as though it will be no extraordinary sight to see 125 cows wending their way along the mountain trails, drawing sleds laden with hay and grain. He will take them down the Yukon in boats, and expects to be at the lakes as soon as the ice breaks. He has been over the ground, and feels confident of success.



PUGET SOUND TERMINALS OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY AT SEATTLE, WASH., SHOWING DOCKS AND WAREHOUSES RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF COMMERCE ON THE PACIFIC.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

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ST. PAUL, JUNE, 1899.

IRRIGATION PLANS.

There seems to be a growing disposition in the arid regions to look upon all State agency for securing irrigation as ineffective, and to organize a movement upon Congress for appropriations to build reservoirs and canals. This was the purpose of the irrigation convention held a few years ago; but this movement was headed off for a time, at least, by the gift from Congress of 1,000,000 acres of land to each State in the arid belt. Congress virtually said to these States: "Here is the land; take it and do what you please with it to make it valuable to settlers."

The new demand is that Congress, after having given the land, shall put water upon it so as to enable settlers to farm. It is very doubtful that a majority can ever be secured in either House to carry out this plan. Most of the members never saw an arid country, and it is hard to make them take any interest in the question of whether the deserts of Arizona, Utah, and Colorado shall ever be settled or not. Then the constitutional question will be sure to be raised—whether Congress has any right to appropriate public money to water dry land in the Far West? The plan of the irrigation enthusiasts is to make a demand for a fair share of the money appropriated for harbor improvements, and have this money devoted to the building of reservoirs and main canals; but this plan goes upon the theory that harbor benefits are for the exclusive benefit of the East, whereas they are theoretically, if not always in reality, for the benefit of the whole nation; for if we had no harbors we could have no commerce and could raise no crops for export.

The whole question of irrigation as a national policy is still in an inchoate state. When revenues run ahead of expenses, it may be possible to persuade Congress to launch, in a tentative way, upon the task of building reservoirs, dam-

ming rivers, and digging canals—taking one district at a time, and proceeding only so fast as the first experiments prove to be successful; but those who dream of the disbursement of hundreds of millions of money in this direction, will be disappointed. Congress will move very slowly, if it moves at all. We believe that for many years to come the safest reliance for the extension of our irrigated areas will be individual initiative, the co-operation of neighboring settlers, and State action. It is a mistake to suppose that the General Government can be turned into a generous Providence dispensing the favor of a canal to one valley, a big dam to another, and a reservoir to a third, and paying for all with the taxpayers' money.

THE BURLINGTON'S WESTERN ROUTE.

The Helena (Mont.) *Independent* discredits the rumors that the Burlington Company intends to build Westward this season to the Yellowstone National Park, and believes that when it resumes construction it will follow its former survey, and make Helena and Butte its objective points. The *Independent* recalls the history of the Burlington's movement Westward. In 1889 the citizens of Helena raised a fund and expended about \$12,000 in surveying a line from that city to Castle. Prior to that time the Burlington had made careful investigation of the country for a distance of 300 miles north and south of the National Park, with the purpose of finding a low-grade line over the Rockies, and eventually on to the Pacific Coast. A map of definite location was filed with the Interior Department at Washington. This map shows a line from Billings to the Missouri River at Lombard, or Painted Rock, and a line from Billings to Great Falls. From Painted Rock several lines were run to Butte, and down the river to Helena. The Helena surveys to Castle were turned over to R. A. Harlow, and he started to grade from Helena to the Missouri in 1893. From the Missouri to Castle the line was completed two years ago. This line is built upon the old Burlington survey, and there was supposed to be an understanding with that company that it should serve as a part of the Billings-Helena extension of the Burlington. The distance from Billings to Helena by this route is about 225 miles, and is a little less than by the Northern Pacific. The sixty-five miles already built, and the twenty-five-mile section now under contract, together with the twenty miles graded from Helena to the Missouri, make a total of 110 miles; so that there remain only 115 miles still to grade to bring the Burlington into Helena. This is much the easiest portion of the route, because it runs through the plains country east of the Belt Mountains. The line from Painted Rock to Butte is of about the same length as that from Painted Rock to Helena, but, as it crosses the Main Divide of the Rockies, it will cost more money and take longer to build.

The *Independent* regards it as unreasonable that the Burlington should build a line to the park to get passenger business only, and that for but three months of the year, when by a smaller expenditure it can go to Butte and secure a share of the enormous freight business offered by that great mining center. There is very little freight except cattle and wool in the region south of the park, and for most of the year a railroad could not earn operating expenses. If it is the intention of the Burlington to go on to the Coast, as seems probable from its recent sale of \$18,000,000 of bonds, the northern route by way of Butte offers far more inducements in the way of prospective traffic and of economy of construction than does any route that can be found south of the park and across the mountain passes in that region.

VALUE IN ALKALI LANDS.

The Jamestown (N. D.) *Alert*, always a good authority on conditions in that great prairie State, discusses the value of the large areas of lands impregnated with alkali, and insists that the popular idea that these lands are practically worthless is a mistake. Granting that the soil can never be so treated by cultivation as to remove the alkali, the *Alert* holds that it is nevertheless of special value for certain crops. Experience in Colorado shows that celery can be grown in the greatest perfection on soils that contain a good deal of alkali, and that the mineral gives to the celery-stalks that crispness which makes them most desirable for the table. Alkali soil is also well suited for the raising of sugar beets.

A very large proportion of the area of the Far Western plain is more or less alkaline. The percentage of the mineral contained in the soil is usually not sufficiently large to interfere with the growth of grasses and small grains, or to show in the color of the soil; but in the depressions among the hills and the swales on the prairies it is often so great that no attempt is made by the settlers at cultivation. The suitability of alkaline soils for root-crops and celery ought to be generally understood by Western farmers.

ACTIVITY OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is showing a great deal of enterprise and activity in building new lines to take possession of the traffic of all the new mining regions in British Columbia and in baffling the efforts of American roads to get into those regions. During the past year 105 miles of the Crow's Nest Pass line, from Robson to Midway, were put under contract, and it is expected that that part of the line will be open for traffic next summer. A line from Midway to Rossland is being built by the Columbia and Western Company, which is an adjunct of the Canadian Pacific, and on which the big corporation holds an option to purchase. The Crow's Nest Pass line begins at Lethbridge, in Alberta, and crosses the Rockies at the Pass which gives it its name. Thence it runs straight west to Kootenay Lake, on which cars will be transferred on barges to Nelson, the central point in the Kootenay mining district. From Nelson there is already connection with Trail, on the Columbia, and from Trail there is a narrow-gauge road to Rossland, which will be widened. It is the intention to push the new line on westward from Rossland to Vancouver, building through the new mining regions which lie just north of the American boundary. When this scheme is carried out, the Canadian Pacific will have a direct route to all the productive camps in the southern part of British Columbia, and through all the districts likely to show important developments in the future.

The Canadian company is sticking closely to its original policy of keeping American opposition out of all the new regions of the Canadian Northwest, by either appealing to the Government to refuse charters to proposed new lines, or by occupying new fields with its own lines in advance of its competitors. The Canadian Pacific Railway reaches down into American territory wherever it sees a chance to get business, but it is very jealous of any invasion of its own field by our railroads. It has thus far succeeded in keeping both the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern out of British Columbia, and its influence with the Canadian parliament and administration gives it great power in this direction. Mr. Austin Corbin made a straight fight a year or two ago to get a charter under which he could extend his Spokane and Northern line westward from Ross-

land to mines which could not be reached except by going through Canadian territory, but he was finally defeated by the senate at Ottawa. It is no doubt good business policy for the Canadian Pacific to insist on keeping all the railroad traffic there is in the country west of Lake Superior. That is a region of slow development, and it does not yield any gratifying amount of railroad earnings. So many Pacific railroads have been built in the United States, that the through business to and from the Pacific Coast is now so divided that it is hardly worth contending for.

The Canadian Pacific is also active in Manitoba in the building of new lines. It is confident of parliament's assistance in the following scheme authorized at the last annual meeting: To construct, acquire, and operate a railway from a point near the north terminus of its Stonewall branch to Foxton, Man., thence northerly and northeasterly to a point on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, between Gimli and Arnes; also a railway from a point on this line northwesterly to a point on the east shore of Lake Manitoba, and one from Reston on the Pipestone branch westerly to Moose Mountain District, and to or near Regina. It has many extensions of greater or less importance in contemplation, and they will doubtless be authorized in due time.

LOOKING AHEAD.

The country is now evidently at the beginning of one of its intermittent periods of great business activity, which are varied, like the dark squares with the light upon a checker-board, with periods of stagnation and depression. The part of the wise man is to understand this law of alternate movements in the business world, and to pull hard when he is pulling with the tide. It is reasonably certain that the prices of all kinds of property will steadily rise during the next eight or ten years; that the profits of all kinds of safe business will increase; that wages will go up; and that the sum total of general comfort will increase. Average incomes will be greater and average expenses greater. Unless the Presidential campaign next year shall distract men's minds from business, or unless there should be a general failure of the wheat crop, we can see nothing ahead that is likely to check the swelling tide of national prosperity. The crops give fair promise for the current year, and the outlook for the impending campaign is that it will be a comparatively quiet one, for the reason that only in hard times do men get immoderately excited over politics. When times are out of joint, a multitude of voters are likely to attribute their individual failures and hardships to the action of whatever party may be in power. They believe that the money of the country is cornered by gold-bugs; that the tariff is bad, either because it provides too much protection or too much free trade; that the office-holders are corrupt; and that all public affairs are in a bad way. We went through such an epoch of general denunciation and fault-finding in 1896, and it is not at all likely to come again right off. The politicians may storm and fret, but the sober masses of the people will refuse to get excited. With gold pouring into this country by the hundreds of millions from every nation of the earth in payment for our manufactures and our farm products, we are rapidly becoming the richest nation on earth. There is no longer room for a dispute as to whether we shall use silver or gold as our standard when we are getting so much of the best money of the world that we scarcely know what to do with it all, and when interest has declined to three or four per cent.

With the tariff question shelved, and the

silver question out of the way for the time, and with the war in the Philippines near a close, there would seem to be little left in the way of important questions to get up a row about. It will be a blessing to the whole country if we can slip through a Presidential campaign next year without anybody getting mad or losing the ordinary amount of common sense which none of us possesses in superfluity. If business runs along smoothly and with constantly augmenting volume, 1900 will be one of the banner years in the history of the United States. In the Northwest the year will bring an increased area of cultivated land and a large number of new settlers. There will be new railroads built, and new mines opened. Towns and cities will begin to show new growth, manufacturing plants will run with full activity, the railroads will augment their earnings, and a few of the many people who salted their money down eight or ten years ago in unproductive real estate may have the luck to get some of it back.

Altogether, the sales are very bright, and the prospect certainly warrants confidence and courage in business. It is safe to take risks now that it would have been folly to assume a few years ago, and there ought to be a general loosening up of the purse-strings which have so long been tightly gripped.

GOLD IN ONTARIO.

After nearly ten years of prospecting and of rather amateurish mining enterprise, it has at last been fully demonstrated by scientific authority that gold exists in considerable quantity in the western part of the Canadian Province of Ontario, and particularly in the region lying between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods. The latest report on this new gold-field comes from Dwight E. Woodbridge of Duluth, who was formerly connected with the U. S. Geological Survey, and is at the present time an expert writer for the *Iron Age*. Mr. Woodbridge says that gold-bearing rocks are found in a territory about two hundred miles long and sixty miles wide, and that there is no other mining country in the world which is so thoroughly impregnated with gold veins. The veins are exposed by glacial action, which has scraped the surface completely and left them where they can be easily traced by the prospector. The ore is free-milling, and very rich. Only a few mines are now in operation, and the stamp-mills are all small; but they have turned out already more than one million of dollars. Some of them are paying one per cent a month on their capital stock. It is only nine years since the first mine was opened. The mining district is within two days' journey of Duluth, but the only means of travel now is by canoes through the numerous lakes and over portages. The whole region is covered with forest and abounds in lakes and "muskegs," the local name for morasses inhabited by muskrats. It is a difficult country to prospect in, and almost its only attractive features are its abundance of pure water and of wood and fuel, and the fact that there is good sleighing and easy traveling in winter.

The slow development of this Ontario gold-field has no doubt resulted largely from the general scepticism felt in Canada and the United States as to its real value. The common opinion in both countries has always been that the nearest gold is in the Rocky Mountains, and prospectors who exhibited specimens of quartz from the Lake of the Woods Country were looked upon as fakirs. If an adventurous man wanted to hunt for gold, he struck out for the Kootenay Country, west of the Rockies, or for the distant valleys of Alaska. If he went by the Canadian Pacific Railway, he passed directly through the gold-fields of Western On-

tario, not thinking that they were even worth stopping to look at. These fields will soon be made accessible without adopting any unusual method of travel, for the Canadian government has bonused a railroad at \$10,400 a mile which will tap the center of the best gold district, and which will be completed by next year. There is also a prospect of a railroad being built north from Duluth. Large stamp-mills will soon be erected, and in another year or two Ontario will be making an important contribution to the enormous annual gold output of the world.

A WASHINGTON LEGEND.

A quaint legend has found its way into the annals of Whatcom County's history, states the *Whatcom (Wash.) Blade*. The scene is located at Lake Whatcom. It dates back to the halcyon days when Puget Sound was a howling wilderness inhabited by fierce, war-like Indians and the wild beasts of the forest. Then the Indian had full sway. He could hunt the antler, spear the salmon, and paddle his canoe over the lakes and bay at will. It was here that the bold, brave warrior wooed the dusky maiden of the forest.

But the lot of the aborigines was not always serene. They warred among themselves. Rival tribes would levy war against each other, and fight to the bitter end. It was one of these wars that gave rise to the legendary tale of Lake Whatcom. The home tribe of Indians was attacked by a tribe of Northern Indians. The contest was bitter, and the invading assailants outnumbered the local tribe two to one.

After a bloody resistance, the Whatcom Indians were compelled to flee for their lives. They fled toward Lake Whatcom. They were pursued to the shores of the lake. They could go no farther. Captivity by a merciless foe was inevitable, and that meant torture of the most excruciating kind. At command of the chief the tribe chanted its death-song, and at a given signal the entire tribe, men, women, and children, jumped into the lake, where each found a watery grave.

It is said that even today, when the night is still and the pale moon rises over the quiet waters of the lake, strange, wierd sounds arise from its blue depths and slowly die away, rising and falling ever and anon. Throughout the night, while the sable goddess keeps her vigil over the spirits of the vanquished red men, the spiritual chantings, it is said, issues from nobody knows where, and reverberate from cliff to cliff in commemoration, perhaps, of the self-sacrificed Indian warriors.

LOW-GRADE ORES.

The greatest profits in mining are often made out of low-grade ores. The Alaska-Treadwell has paid, since 1891, \$3,625,000 in dividends, and previous to that date, when known as the Alaska Mining and Milling Company, it had paid \$700,000. The ore of this mine is very low grade, never exceeding \$6.60 a ton, and often averaging for months but a trifle over \$2 a ton; but the conditions are such that the maximum of economy is possible.

The Homestake mine in South Dakota has paid since 1891 \$7,181,000 on ore that did not exceed \$4 a ton in value. The Quincy copper-mine of Michigan has paid since the year named \$16,120,000, treating ore carrying about three per cent of copper. The Tamarac, another Michigan copper-mine, has paid \$5,580,000 in the same period, treating similar ore. With few exceptions, this is the history of all the best dividend-paying gold and copper mines throughout the world.



CRAWFORD LIVINGSTON, of St. Paul, has given to the city of Livingston, Montana, a block of ground for improvement as a public park. Mr. Livingston formerly lived in Livingston, and the place was named in honor of his father, who was a director in the Northern Pacific Company during the years when that road was under construction through Montana.

THE Northern Pacific has built a new steamboat for service on the Clearwater River in Idaho, and will soon put it on the route from Potlatch, where the Lewiston branch strikes the river, to Stuart. The latter place is only fifteen miles from Grangeville, the chief town of the Camas Prairie, and the nearest point to the new Buffalo Hump mining region; and the saving in wagon haul over the old route by way of Lewiston will be over 100 miles. Camas Prairie is a highly productive wheat region, with soil, climate, and topography similar to those of the Palouse Country. It will be densely settled as soon as its products can be gotten to market without a long wagon haul.

THE Northern Pacific is building about two hundred miles of new road in Manitoba this season. One of the new lines is an extension of the Portage Branch from Portage la Prairie in a northwesterly direction between the Canadian Pacific main line and the Manitoba North-western road, with a spur running south to Brandon. Another will run north from Portage la Prairie to Lake Manitoba, and a third will run southwest from Morris to the boundary of the Province at about range 7 or 8 east. The new Northern Pacific administration appears to have a better opinion of the traffic of Manitoba than was entertained by its immediate predecessors, who used to doubt the wisdom of building any lines in the great Prairie Province of Canada.

A STRONG syndicate has been formed in London to cut a canal for lake shipping from Georgian Bay to the Ottawa River, and thus open a short route for the grain of the Northwest to tide-water at Montreal. Among prominent members of the syndicate are Sir Edward Thornton, former British minister to Washington; Mr. McIver, of the Cunard line; Lord Kelvin, and the Earl of Aberdeen. Efforts will be made to get a subsidy from parliament for the project. The route is an old commercial one which was used by the French two centuries ago for communication between Montreal and the fur posts on Lake Superior, when the trade was carried on with batteaux, which were portaged across the watershed from one small lake to another. The length of the proposed canal from the mouth of French River, on Georgian Bay, to deep water in the Ottawa River, above Montreal, is only 120 miles, and rivers and lakes can be utilized all the way except for a distance of thirty-five miles, where a channel must be cut across country, most of the way through solid rock. The total cost of a canal with twenty feet of water is estimated at \$50,000,000. The Canadian Government has already spent \$100,000,000 on canals, and has loaded a heavy debt upon the country. It naturally

hesitates to assume the burden of this new work, although its importance is acknowledged on all hands. If the proposed canal should divert the exports of wheat from New York to Montreal, it would become a matter of much international interest, and its construction might hasten the project for a deep waterway around Niagara Falls and from Lake Ontario to the Hudson River, which has been fitfully agitated in this country for the past ten years.

PRESIDENT GRAVES of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce has addressed to the Secretary of War a very interesting and forcible communication urging that the best route to the Philippines for the transportation of troops and supplies is from Seattle and not from San Francisco. He shows that steamers sailing from Puget Sound ports will have a voyage to Manila that is over 900 miles shorter than the route from San Francisco, and will have the great further advantage of two coaling stations on the way, besides one at the starting point. The two stations are Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutian Islands, 1,700 miles from Seattle, and Yokohama, Japan, 2,500 miles nearer Manila. Steam coal is abundant and very cheap at the Puget Sound ports, and from these ports comes all the coal that San Francisco sells to ocean steamships. President Graves figures out a saving of about \$5,000 in the cost of fuel for a steamer sailing from Seattle to Manila, over the cost for one sailing from San Francisco to the Philippines. The whole showing is so strong that it ought to lead to a careful investigation by the War Department. Other considerations besides distance and cost of fuel are set forth in the letter, such as competing railway lines, cheapness of food of all kinds, and mild climate. We believe that President Graves' arguments, if vigorously backed up by the Congressmen from Washington, will eventually induce the War Department to start its transports and supply-ships from Puget Sound instead of from San Francisco, and we are also of the opinion that the trade of the Orient naturally belongs, from geographical and transportation reasons, to the cities of the Sound.

DONALD McLEAN, of Sioux City, who was killed last month by falling from a fourth-story window in a Chicago hotel, was one of the boldest railway promoters that have ever appeared in the West. Back in the booming times of the eighties, he set out to build a railroad from Sioux City to the Pacific Coast. The scheme was preposterous from the beginning, for all capitalists knew that there were already too many lines across the continent to earn a living and pay interest on their cost; but this fact did not discourage McLean. He called his road the "Pacific Short Line," and adopted an arrow for its sign. It was short, theoretically, in a line drawn upon a map, which made no account of the mountain ranges and canyons to be crossed, and it was actually short in being always short of money. The people of Sioux City were made to believe that to build the road would cause their town to make long and rapid steps towards prosperity and greatness, and they contributed funds enough to construct about 100 miles across the level prairies beyond the Missouri River, where the principal expense in building was the rails. The Short Line reached O'Neill, Neb., and there it stopped. No market could be found for the bonds issued to go on with it. The company is now bankrupt, and the road will soon be sold under a foreclosure. McLean made repeated efforts to raise more money, but was always unsuccessful for the reason that no one outside of Sioux City had confidence in the business soundness of his scheme, and the era of ballooning in railroad

construction had come to a sudden close with the general collapse of speculation in 1893. It is not probable that another through line to the Pacific Coast will be built for fifty years. If an additional line is ever built, it will be likely to be an extension of the Burlington, which is already half-way across Montana. Between the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific on one side, and the Union Pacific on the other side, there is not enough productive country to warrant the building of another road.

COMPRESSED air has been successfully tried of late in Chicago as a motor for street-cars, and has been put into regular use on one of the principal North Side lines at night, when it is unprofitable to move the long cable for the small returns from the traffic. Evidently the days of cable service will soon come to an end everywhere. In many cities electricity has already taken its place. Cables were first used in San Francisco, where there are steep hills to be surmounted; and there the novel mode of hauling cars was for many years regarded as a special curiosity by tourists. In the East, Chicago was perhaps the first city to introduce the cable, and its use has been prolonged because the council is not willing to allow the trolley lines to be used in the business center of the city. In St. Paul two long cables were put down—the Seventh Street line and the Selby Avenue line. Each had a formidable hill to climb; but after a few years it was discovered that electric power was equal to the task of taking loaded cars up the East Seventh Street incline, and a trolley line was substituted for the cable. Later the cable on St. Anthony Hill was replaced by a special device with compensating weights below the surface ascending and descending with the cars, and on the rest of the line electricity was put in. The advantage of compressed air is that each car is independent, carrying its own power and not relying on any electric wire or the direct propulsion of a cable. The cable was at best a clumsy contrivance, for it necessitated the employment of power sufficient to haul the heavy cable, usually several miles in length, as well as all the cars attached to it; and all the power expended in hauling the dead weight of the cable was practically lost. In the strife between the cable power and the electric power conveyed through a trolley wire, electricity soon won. It will now be interesting to see whether the compressed-air motor is going to have as easy a victory over electricity.

WHAT MANILA HEMP IS.

Manila hemp, it may be interesting to thousands of Northwestern farmers to know, is not the fiber of a hemp plant as we understand hemp. It is made from the leaf of a plant belonging to the banana family. It puts out a stool of leaves which grow to the height of twenty or thirty feet. At three years of age this stool shoots out a flower stalk. It is now ripe. The leaves are cut off and torn into narrow strips. While fresh, they are drawn under a knife until the flesh is all gone and only the ribs (or fiber) remain. Two men in the Philippines can get out about twenty-five pounds a day, and each leaf yields about a pound of fiber.

The fiber is now so valuable that Manila hemp cordage is freely adulterated by manufacturers with mixtures of New Zealand flax and Russian hemp. Neither is sisal a hemp. This fiber is from the leaf of an aloe plant which is native to Central America. It is raised also in Mexico, and latterly has been introduced in Florida. The United States Department of Agriculture has been trying to get planters to grow sisal, with the object of making rope and twine all of their own manufacture.

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT SCENIC LINES.

By E. V. Smalley.

When I was a young man, I taught a country school one winter in the village of New Florence, which is on the Pennsylvania Road, and just west of the Alleghany Mountains. The road was then called the Pennsylvania Central, and consisted of a single track leading from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. If the east-bound traveler wished to go to New York from Philadelphia, he was ferried across the Delaware to Camden, and there took the old Camden and Amboy railroad, which landed him in Amboy, whence he was able to get on to the metropolis by steamboat. Passengers going west from Pittsburg, changed cars in that city and took the Fort Wayne road. The Pennsylvania was at that time, however, a very good road. It ran three passenger trains a day. It had begun to ballast its tracks with broken stone, and it had already won a reputation among railway men for its efficient management. The trains ran within sight of my schoolhouse door, and they were very rarely even a few minutes behind time.

That was in 1850. Tom Scott, who was for a long time the presiding genius of the company, was then a station agent; and A. J. Cassatt was, I think, a telegraph operator. The Pennsylvania always promoted its men from the ranks, and thus obtained a force of loyal and experienced employees which was not equalled for capacity on any other road in the country.

Since that time the Pennsylvania has become a great system. In the East it begins in New York and in Washington, and in the West it stretches out its long arms to Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. It has, besides, a number of other Western terminals, such as Cleveland, Toledo, and Louisville. Between New York and Pittsburg it now runs eight trains a day in each direction. It has four tracks from New York to Philadelphia, two from Philadelphia to Washington, and two from Philadelphia to Pittsburg; and much of the road between Pittsburg and Chicago is also double tracked. Its methods of operating have become standard, and a railroad man seeking employment can have no better recommendation than to have served a long time on the Pennsylvania road. Everything that ingenuity has devised for safety and comfort in travel, has been adopted on this line. The vestibuled limited, which runs from Chicago to New York in twenty-four hours, is unquestionably the most comfortable and luxurious train in the world. It carries a typewriter who writes letters from the dictation of business men, it has a maid to dress the ladies' hair, and it has a barber who shaves you while the train is running fifty miles an hour.

The Pennsylvania has a great advantage over most of the East and West trunk-lines in the beauty of the natural scenery along its route. On leaving Pittsburg you run across a fine rolling country for a couple of hours, and then begin to climb the Alleghany Mountains by easy grades. The Alleghanies do not look like mountains to one familiar with the Rockies and the Cascades. They are long swells of forest-covered ridges, with here and there a deep little valley in which there are a few farms and perhaps a village. But after you have run through the long tunnel at the summit, you come out upon a very striking prospect which embraces the famous Horse-Shoe Bend and the long vista eastward between mountain ranges to the valley of the Juniata. The train de-

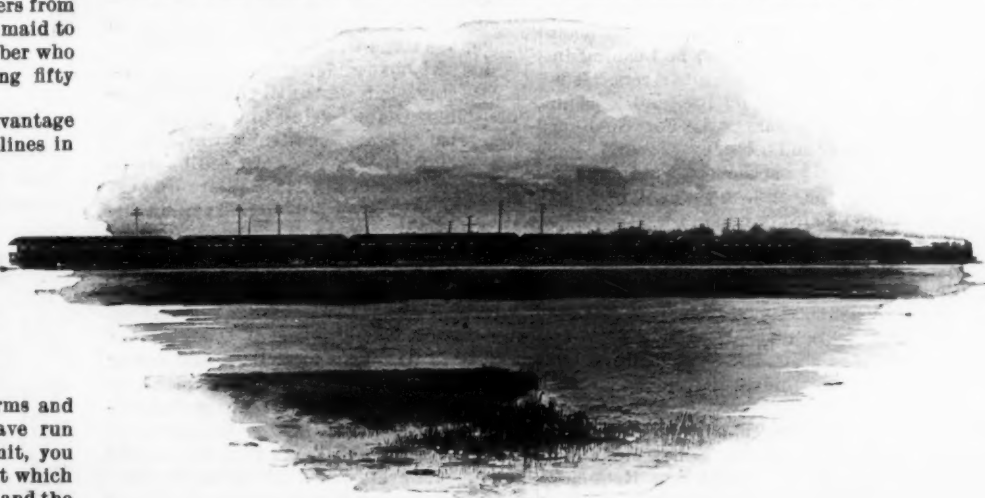
scends to Altoona, which has become a smart manufacturing town, and soon reaches the Juniata, which it follows for over a hundred miles. There are mountain ridges on either hand, and many pretty towns nestle in the valley. Finally the stream joins the Susquehanna, and you cross the broad flood of the latter river. The Susquehanna is said to be the largest river in the world that is not navigable in any part of its course. A few miles beyond the bridge is the city of Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. Here the rear sleeper is detached for Washington, and the rest of the train proceeds on its journey eastward. I do not believe there is anywhere in the world a handsomer farming country than that which lies between Harrisburg and Philadelphia. In thoroughness of cultivation, density of population, and in the substantial character of the farm improvements, it compares with the famous midland counties of England. The panorama of rural beauty and prosperity seen from the car windows is wonderfully varied and interesting. If you are a Western man you will wonder how so many people can live in comfort upon the land, and how so many towns and villages exist and thrive. The train rushes through the old city of Lancaster; and towards evening, flying past a multitude of suburban villages, it crosses the Schuylkill and stops in the great Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. Here it rests for a few minutes, before setting out again for New York. So many people get off that it seems as if the whole train was being emptied, but it immediately fills up again with new passengers. Now the journey begins anew. It is ninety miles to New York, and the running time is two hours. The Schuylkill is twice crossed, the train speeds through the northern suburbs of the Quaker City, and then comes out among the farms which lie along the Delaware. You get glimpses of this river here and there, and you cross it on a long bridge at Trenton. A little east of the capital city of New Jersey, the old college town of Princeton sits upon a hill a few miles north of the track. A little further east you come to New Brunswick, and pass the ancient college of Rutgers. Here you cross the Raritan River, which is a navigable stream. You seem to be almost in New York now, for the suburban residence towns are strung thickly along the road. Rahway and Elizabeth might be called cities, and then comes Newark, which is a hive

of manufacturing activity, and has a population almost equal to that of Minneapolis. The train crosses the Newark River, runs for a few miles over the tide flats, makes its way by a defile through Jersey City Heights, and, running across Jersey City on an elevated structure, finally stops in a big station whence three ferries cross the Hudson to New York.

On the whole journey from Chicago you have been impressed with the solidity of the track, the easy running of the train, and the clock-work regularity of all the movements on the road. There has been no delay at stations, and no waits to meet passing trains. Everything is orderly and methodical, and the whole great railway system seems to work like a well-constructed and well-oiled piece of machinery. You have seen the highest perfection of railway service in the United States. Even when you arrive at the ferry-landing in New York, the protecting care of the company does not leave you; for you find a multitude of cabs and carriages, each bearing the sign, "Pennsylvania R. R. Cab Service," and you are conveyed to your hotel for a price that seems trifling in comparison with the exactions of the piratical hackmen who used to infest the railway stations.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is unquestionably the model line of America. Its management is never satisfied with anything short of the best attainable. Even now, although the main line has been in existence for nearly fifty years, construction work is still going on in the straightening of the road, the lowering of grades, and the building of new stations and bridges. In many places a new line has been built, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, for the purpose of saving less than half a mile in distance. The object of the company is to save time, cost of operation, and all causes of annoyance to itself and patrons. The public is fond of rapid and comfortable transportation, and all this is given by the road in question.

You feel, while traveling on the Pennsylvania, that the risk of accident has been reduced to a minimum by the solidity of the road-bed, by the thorough inspection of the running gear of the cars, and by the adoption of the Block system, which makes it impossible for two trains to be upon the same stretch of track at the same time. Then, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are enjoying all the comforts which can be put into a railway car; that you will get a good meal at the regular hour; and that you will see attractive scenery and a multitude of interesting towns and cities. In a word, you will have the best that is available in railway travel.



THE PENNSYLVANIA VESTIBULED LIMITED.

"Unquestionably the most comfortable and luxurious train in the world."

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

A Cozy Hotel Resort.

A frequently-visited spot in the environs of the Sainly City is the Fort Snelling Hotel at the west end of the Fort Snelling electric street-car line. Hundreds of St. Paul people go out to this hotel and its lovely park every week; and on Sundays the visitors to that picturesque and romantic locality are so numerous that many extra cars are run to accommodate them. And perhaps no other resort in the city or in its suburbs is so largely patronized by the army of lady and gentlemen cyclists. One of the best cycle paths in the country runs along Seventh Street the entire distance to the hotel, and it makes a truly delightful spin.

Geo. T. Harris, the proprietor of the house, is up to date in all respects. In his beautiful park, which comprises twenty acres of lawn and shade, are 110 electric arc lights, the scene being of the most brilliant description in the



balmy evenings of a Minnesota summer. It is a favorite picnic resort, and there is never a day when it is not in demand.

Mr. Harris knows how to cater to public needs. At his hotel will be found just about everything one requires for physical comfort. There are refreshments of all kinds, from delicious ice-cream to all the cooling drinks and the more substantial foods. Private rooms are available, too. The cars run to and start from the place, and in the immediate neighborhood are ample woods, pretty groves, and fishing in the Mississippi and the Minnesota rivers. It is an ideal spot for a brief outing, and it is no wonder that the business of the Fort Snelling Hotel grows better and better every year. One never tires of the ride to the fort, whether it be by wheel or by car, and, once there, rest and pleasure abound on every hand.

Great Excursion Events.

Two notable excursions are to take place this month, both over the famous "Soo Line." One of these is the "Bankers' Excursion East" to Toronto, Niagara Falls, and the Thousand Islands, which leaves Minneapolis and St. Paul at 6:35 and 7:20 P. M. respectively, on Tuesday, June 20, and the other is the "Bankers' Excursion West" through the Rocky Mountain Country and the very interesting Kootenay District in British Columbia, the train leaving St. Paul at 8:45 A. M., and Minneapolis at 9:25 A. M., Wednesday, June 21.

Both trains will be made up of "Soo Line" sleeping-cars, with dining-cars attached and all conveniences for a long trip. These excursion trains are open to the public, and the opportunity thus offered of special service and accommodations will doubtless be seized quickly by those who wish to go either East or West. The rates made are low, the itinerary perfect. The Eastward-bound train will carry its passengers to the great cataract and the unapproachable Thousand Islands, and the Western trip will be a revelation of majestic mountain scenery and beautiful inland lakes and mighty rivers.

For full particulars those interested should apply to W. B. Chandler, city ticket agent, 119 S. Third Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Illustrating Modern Improvements.

If you wish to be convinced that the world moves and that modern ingenuity is invincible, it is only necessary to visit such a plant as the great Stowell Manufacturing & Foundry Company in South Milwaukee, Wis. The variety of useful specialties made and marketed by this strong company is astonishing. It includes the best door hangers and rail, all kinds of wire-workers' goods, hot-air registers and ventilators, a long list of hardware specialties—from shelf brackets to electrical goods, malleable castings, etc., etc.

One of the company's greatest line of specialties consists of its unequaled hangers. There is the anti-friction mail, baggage and express-car door hangers, anti-friction street-car door hanger, Climax barn-door hanger, the Nansen steel roller-bearing door hanger, and others that must pass unmentioned. In door rails and all such goods the company excels.

Our illustration shows the Stowell Manufacturing & Foundry Company's "Giant" grindstone hanger, "latest and best," something entirely new and practical in grindstone fixtures. By using this now famous hanger the stone will hang true and fast to its shaft without wedging or cementing, and it will stay that way until the stone wears out. This "Giant" grindstone hanger has been tried in every conceivable way, and it is a pronounced success. In selling it to customers, dealers will serve their own best interests, as it never fails to give perfect satisfaction to all who use it.

The Stowell Manufacturing & Foundry Company holds a very high position in the industrial world. It is known throughout the United States as one of the few great leaders in its line of specialties, and among these it ranks first. Its enormous plant, its unrivaled facilities, and its capable, aggressive, and absolutely honest management, bring to it a reputation that grows broader and broader every year. If the reader is not now a patron of this company, he should send for its nicely illustrated catalogue and place a first order.

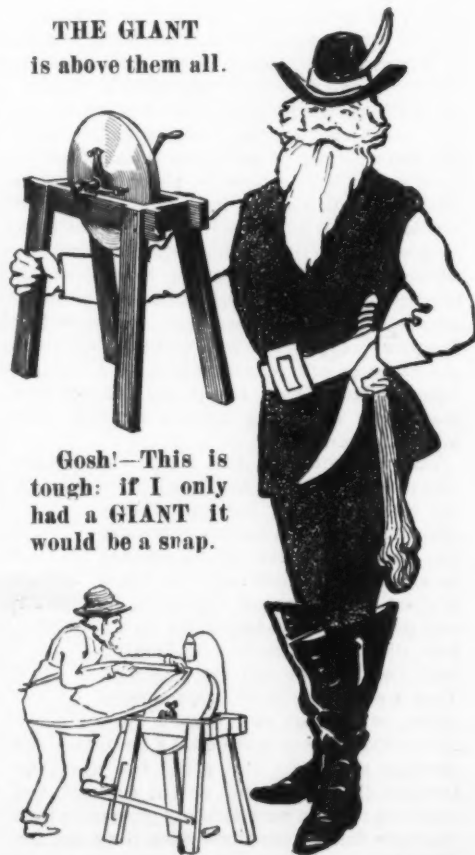
Winnipeg's Great Industrial Exhibition.

Few expositions in the Northwest have made such rapid advancement in public favor as has the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association of Winnipeg, Manitoba. One powerful reason for this has been the fact that the association has always done everything it agreed to do. As a rule, it gives patrons more than they are promised, and its attractions are of the highest character. Year by year the annual attendance has increased, until now it is marked by scores of thousands. New buildings have been erected, new conveniences provided, and today the association is in a position to give the whole country the very best exposition it has yet provided.

This year the Winnipeg Industrial Exposition will be held from July 10 to July 15, and \$15,000 in prizes will be offered. Competition is open to the world, and rich feasts are in store in all departments. The trotting, pacing, and running events will be of exceeding interest. There will be a big field of noted horses, and some fast records will be made. All the prizes are good, and a number of them are large. Lovers of a first-class racing programme should arrange to be in Winnipeg on the dates named.

There will be the usual "American Day." In previous years this day has been marked by a large attendance from the American cousins this side of the Canadian boundary line, and there are indications that our people will go to Winnipeg in still larger crowds this year. Courteous hospitality will be dispensed, a special programme will be provided, and no one will leave the exposition grounds disappointed. Should further information be wanted, a letter addressed to Mr. F. W. Heubach, the general manager, will receive a prompt reply with full particulars. Remember the dates—July 10 to July 15, at Winnipeg, Man., just the time of year when everybody can get away.

THE GIANT is above them all.



Gosh!—This is tough: if I only had a GIANT it would be a snap.

THE STOWELL "GIANT" GRINDSTONE HANGER.

SOBERED BY FRIGHT.

"Why, I didn't know there were such floods as that," ejaculated a visitor at the office of Weather Observer E. J. Glass recently, as he glanced out of the window and saw, as he supposed, the whole Prickly Pear Valley one vast lake.

"What's that?" inquired the observer, interestedly—for he it known that any hint touching climatic conditions, or the effects thereof, strikes the watchful observer's ear as the blast of a bugle does the tympanum of a soldier, or the crack of a gun the auditory nerve of a hunting-dog.

"The whole valley is covered with water," explained the first speaker.

"O, no, it isn't," replied Mr. Glass, setting back in his chair, with the assumed indifference of a man who can not be deceived by an optical illusion. "That's simply the shadow of a cloud, which, reflected from the white snow, looks exactly like water."

"Well, but just look at it."

"Oh, I've seen it," replied the observer, and his voice betrayed the origin of the wisdom shown in his previous remark—he had been a victim of the same delusion himself.

"Have you ever seen a mirage?" asked the observer.

"Yes; I saw one in North Dakota."

"There is where I have seen them. I and another fellow, traveling together one day, saw a clump of trees a distance of thirty miles, whereas about twelve to fourteen miles is about as far as a man can see a tree in a level country, the curvature of the earth making it impossible to see further unless the trees were very high or the individual elevated considerably. I believe that is about the distance a man on shore can see a ship at sea, for instance.

Well, as soon as we saw the phenomenon I told the fellow who was with me that it was a true picture of the timber I knew lay thirty miles ahead of us.

"He laughed at me, and, to convince him, I pointed out the clump of trees we would camp in for the night. We traveled on and on, and, as we drew nearer, the picture became more real, and finally the strip of timber from which the image was reflected came into view. My partner was convinced when he saw that clump of trees we had been heading for all day. The explanation of the phenomenon is the deflection or bending downward of the rays of light by passing through two strata of air of different degrees of density, the same as the rays of light passing from water into air are deflected so that a stick thrust into a barrel of water looks crooked.

"Another mirage I saw in North Dakota afforded me a great deal of amusement. I was at Fort Totten, and our major-general—I will not give his name, for he might send a small detachment here after me if he ever heard that I told the story—our major-general had a pretty good 'jag' on. He went to the door and looked out, and there, right in front of him, seemed to be an immense lake, although, as a matter of fact, the lake lay several miles away and could not be seen from the fort at all.

"Great God, Glass! What is that?" he shouted, his face turning as white as that of a corpse.

"I jumped up startled, for his manner really frightened me, and when I looked out I realized and explained that it was a mirage.

"Oh," he said; "I didn't know what to make of it. I thought it must be a second deluge, or a case of the jim-jams."

"He had actually been so frightened that it made him sober."—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

MUCH IN LITTLE.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, with its wealth of illustrations, its representative Western descriptions, historical notes and sketches, stories, legends, poems, newspaper wit and ingenuity, is certainly one of the most attractive and enjoyable periodicals of the country.—*Whatcom (Wash.) Blade.*

One of the excellent publications that reach this office is THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. It occupies a field of its own and is interesting throughout; and it is of interest not only to the general reader, but it is a valuable factor in advertising the resources and advantages of this Northwestern Country.—*Boulder (Mont.) Age.*

The article contributed by me on "The Drainage Ditches of Minnesota" received through the extended circulation of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE a very wide reading. Letters received by me from a large number of your subscribers convince me that you must reach a thoughtful class, and I believe the splendid setting you gave the article has done more for the cause of

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is one of the very best magazines published in the United States, and this, coupled with the fact that it occupies a field in this Western country peculiarly its own, and in which it has no competitors, makes it pre-eminently the magazine for Western people. It is now in its seventeenth volume, brighter, better and more interesting than ever, and it should be a welcome monthly visitor to every home in the Pacific Northwest.—*Rockford (Wash.) Enterprise.*

The *Southern Drug & Paint Review* publishes in its October issue a list of standard monthly magazines, among which THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is accorded a place. The *Review* says: "We call the attention of our advertisers and others to the annexed list of standard monthly magazines, each an elegant monthly publication, a power within itself, none better, and recommended by all advertisers and advertising agencies of note in America; hence, your advertisement in any of these splendid magazines will bring large and satisfactory results."

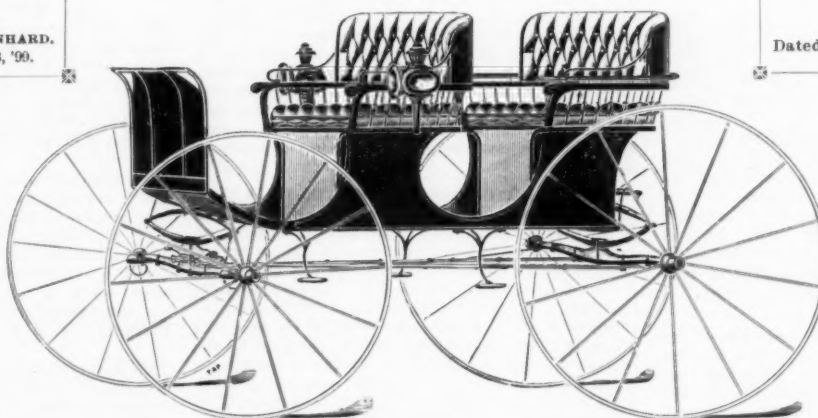
An Eastern business man writes THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE that he receives greater benefit from his advertisement in its columns than from any other periodical used by him. He attributes it to the high class and very general circulation of the magazine throughout the field it so thoroughly covers.

Gentlemen: The "Full Swing Buggy" I purchased of you last summer has given me perfect satisfaction. It is one of the best buggies I ever rode in. For rough roads it has no equal. I can say that whoever buys a "Full Swing Buggy" will be pleased with it. I shall always be glad to recommend your firm to any one wishing to buy a buggy.

Yours very truly,
HENRY LENHARD.
Dated, Darwin, Minn., Jan. 23, '99.

We are Manufacturers.

Notice at the Hub, between the Twin Cities, is located the Minnesota Transfer, with ten railroads and MUCKLE'S GREAT VEHICLE PLANT, all on the Interurban Electric Street Car Line.



No. 656 "NEW ERA," Light Surry.

For Mother and the Children.

H. A. Muckle Mfg. Co.,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Gentlemen: Sometime ago I purchased one of your "Full Swing Buggies with Rubber Tire," and I must say, so far, it has given me entire satisfaction. It looks well and is very comfortable to ride in. It is undoubtedly the best buggy I ever bought for the price.

Yours respectfully,
OLOF SOHLBERG, M. D.
East Seventh Street.
Dated, St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 13, '99.

With or Without Rubber Tires.

Catalogues Free to All.

Gentlemen: Last June I purchased one of your "Full Swing Open Buggies," and during the summer gave it some very severe tests over rough country roads. It beats any and all of them for comfort, ease and durability. We advise any one thinking of purchasing a vehicle, and who wishes to avoid sudden jerks by horse starting, or jolts on rough roads, to get a "Full Swing" by all means. Yours very truly,
J. C. PENNIMAN, Minneapolis Fire Dept. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 1, '99.

Gentlemen: The "Full Swing Rubber Tire Buggy" bought of you in the spring of 1898 has given very good satisfaction and a good deal of comfort. I have given it very rough wear. It is a delight to ride in it. You are entitled to great success with this vehicle. In driving through the streets of the city, I have noticed a great many of your vehicles among the members of my profession. Yours very truly,
E. A. BORCHARDT, M. D.
Dated, St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 4, '99.



Green Bay is to have a new \$35,000 opera-house, Kenosha has voted to erect another \$30,000 public school-building, Kaukauna's new sanitarium will cost \$70,000, and bonds have been voted in Oconomowoc for a \$12,000 water system.

La Crosse is rejoicing in many local improvements. Among these is a strong linseed oil works, and a new \$20,000 schoolhouse.

Ashland is to have a large stove factory, and a Chippewa Falls dispatch says that a \$100,000 sulphite plant is to be constructed there by Eau Claire parties.

The longest electric trolley line in the world is that which runs from Kenosha to Racine, to Milwaukee, to Waukesha, and to Pewaukee Lake—a continuous line of sixty miles. It takes two and a half hours to make the trip, and the fare is sixty cents.

Four hundred million feet of standing pine timber in Northern Minnesota has been sold to Wisconsin lumbermen for \$1,000,000—a deal of great importance to the mills in the Lake Superior District.

The fruit prospects over Central Wisconsin are the most favorable in many years. The blueberry crop promises abundantly large, as every twig and branch is filled with blossoms. During the picking season, which commences about July 4, hundreds of families are given profitable employment, as the region is noted for large outputs. Prospects for other fruits are equally encouraging.

Minnesota.

It is estimated that at least half a million dollars will be expended for public works in St. Paul this year.

A new flour-mill is projected for Wells, and another one is now being erected in Cambridge. Minnesota mills will soon be as numerous as Minnesota school-houses.

Sauk Center proposes to indulge in the luxury of a \$30,000 three-story brick hotel. It will be among the finest in the State, and thoroughly modern in all its appointments.

Redwood Falls is doing lots of building this year. Several brick blocks are in course of construction, the flour-mills are being increased in capacity, the electric light plant is being added to, and many new houses are going up.

That prosperous times are abroad in the land is indicated by the large number of public schoolhouses that are being built. These improvements abound in the country districts as well as in the towns and cities, and involve the expenditure of a good deal of money.

The fourteenth creamery for Redwood County is now being placed in operation in the town of Three Lakes, it being owned and controlled exclusively by the farmers in that neighborhood. Reports from all the other butter-making institutions show a wonderful creamery growth in the county during the past three years, while one creamery, the Sundown and Willow Lake, receives nearly 30,000 pounds of milk daily, almost equaling the receipts of any creamery in the State.

An interesting scene is presented these days at the ship-canal leading from Lake Superior into the Duluth-Superior Harbor. Work is being rapidly pushed by the various contractors who have in hand extensive Government improvements. It will take three years to complete the work of building the new ship-canal, and the improvement will involve the expenditure of \$500,000. Contracts amounting to about \$400,000 have already been let. When completed the canal will begin at a point thirty feet farther south than the present canal, and it will extend to a point on Park Point eighty feet farther south than the south line of the present canal, making the new canal fifty feet wider than the present canal, or 300 feet wide, says the Duluth News-Tribune.

North Dakota.

Grand Forks will have another summer carnival this year, probably some time in July.

The new Masonic temple at Fargo will cost complete about \$45,000. The new Catholic cathedral, which was

dedicated May 30, cost \$75,000, is handsomely decorated and contains some magnificent statuary imported from Paris.

The Oakes cheese factory is using 2,000 pounds of milk daily. Between June and September it will exceed that record by 4,000 pounds.

Crystal is about to have an elegant two-story brick block at a cost of \$15,000. It will be occupied by a bank, a hardware store, and by lodge-rooms and a large hall.

The towns of Wyndmere and Hoselle, in Richland County, are being moved to the crossing of the Northern Pacific and "Soo" roads, where a new town has been platted. Minneapolis capitalists are interested in the venture and a number of new business enterprises are under way. The surrounding farming country is the best in that part of the State.

Farmers in the vicinity of Fargo and throughout the State are glad that a flax fiber-mill is to be established in that city, with tow mills at various other convenient points. Since the establishment of the linseed oil-mill in Fargo, much more flax has been grown in that section. The new mills will use the straw and give the farmers a better opportunity to make money out of the crop.

The plans for the establishment of a large Portland cement plant in North Dakota are materializing. The cement beds are located near the Tongue River in Cavalier County, nine miles from Milton and fifteen miles from Canton. The first discovery of the clay which is to be utilized was made in 1891 by Professor Babcock of the State University. Exhaustive examinations of the formations and tests of the material have been made, and it is hoped that the works will be in operation in a month or so. The plant has been designed so as to meet closely all the peculiar local conditions. Much of the machinery has been specially designed, and is very expensive. One piece of machinery weighs over 40,000 pounds, and will have to be hauled ten miles across the country. A spur from the Great Northern road to the plant is projected.

South Dakota.

The mining element of the Black Hills has started a movement toward getting Congress to make an appropriation for an experimental mining station to be established at some point in the Black Hills. It is believed that an experimental mining station in the Black Hills would be of inestimable value and would be the means of opening up many new kinds of ore which have heretofore been thrown aside as worthless through ignorance.

A wonderful discovery of free gold is reported from a point nine miles southwest of Custer in the Southern Black Hills. The ore-vein is said to be about fourteen inches wide, and it has been stripped for a distance of sixty feet. From one place, at the intersection of two points, nuggets as large as a hickory-nut have been taken out, and large chunks of rock almost solid with gold stringers have been broken loose. A correspondent was shown some specimen rock which contained a dozen pieces of gold larger than lima beans. The vein has been traced by its outcroppings for half a mile, and ground has been staked for two miles in all directions from the strike. The average value of the vein matter is placed at \$1,500 a ton, and assays have been obtained as high as \$15,000 per ton gold. It is considered the richest strike ever made in the southern hills.

The Homestake Company of Lead, in the Black Hills, has notified its stockholders that the annual meeting of the board of directors will be held June 18 at the company's office in San Francisco, Cal. It is the intention of the company to increase the amount of stock from \$12,500,000, divided into 125,000 shares, to \$21,000,000, divided into 210,000 shares, which is an increase of \$8,500,000, represented by 85,000 shares. It is proposed by the company directors to purchase all the capital stock of the Highland Mining Company, requiring 37,500 shares; all the capital stock of the Black Hills Canal and Water Company, requiring 37,500 shares, and all the holdings of the Black Hills & Fort Pierre Railroad Company for 10,000 shares. The announcement of a consolidation of all the interests of the Homestake Company in the Black Hills has caused considerable speculation. It is reported that the Rothschilds have something to do with it, that they have offered \$32,000,000 for a controlling interest in the stock of all the combined companies, but that the price asked is \$35,000,000.

Montana.

There is a prospect that Bozeman will be the seat of an extensive smokeless-powder plant.

According to the *Neilhart Herald*, the long deferred hopes of that plucky little camp "are about to be realized and the work is already begun on a large quartz

mill and concentrator, to be owned and operated by the Diamond R Mining Company, but fully equipped to do custom work for the other operators in camp."

The State School of Mines building at Butte is completed. The building as it stands cost about \$62,000. To equip it will require an expenditure of about \$10,000 or \$12,000.

Over 30,000 fruit-trees have been set out in Flathead County this year, and about 25,000 small fruit-plants were added to the large number already planted in the Valley of the Flathead.

Already considerable building is going on about the city, which has been delayed by the late spring. Contractors vie with each other in saying that the summer and fall building will be something remarkable.—*Billings Gazette*.

The Boston & Montana Company has let the contract for enlarging and remodeling its concentrator, and for other improvements. Ten new ovens will be required. A new office-building will be erected. The cost complete will be \$500,000.

A gentleman who has spent several years prospecting in the Mineral Hills and Hughes Creek section, and who has made good locations in both places, is authority for the statement that the South Fork and its tributaries from Hughes Creek to the summit of the mountain is rich in placer gold; that it is found in the grass-roots on nearly all streams and tributaries, but that no one, so far as he knows, has ever sunk to bed rock.—*Hamilton (Mont.) Times*.

The *Billings Gazette* says that the finest and most complete electric coal-mining plant in the world was set in operation recently at Bridger, the new camp on the Clarke's Fork, forty-five miles from Billings. Bridger is known as the camp of United States Senator W. A. Clark of Butte, who has furnished the \$225,000 which have already been expended in its development. Less than a year ago the mine contained about 1,200 feet of workings, since which time these have been extended to 6,000 feet, the plant has been installed, and a town of 500 people has been established at Bridger.

Idaho.

Idaho expects to see the construction of 400 miles of railroad within the State this season. The Clearwater branch of the Northern Pacific in Idaho is placed at ninety miles, the Pacific & Idaho Northern at 103 miles, and the Boise, Nampa & Owyhee at seventy-five miles. The Oregon Short Line's St. Anthony branch and others make up the total.

Work is being actively pushed on the construction of the Pacific & Idaho Northern from Weiser toward the Seven Devils Country. Japanese and other laborers are being massed in great numbers at Weiser and in that vicinity. Two hundred men are now at work in the canyon leading out of Weiser, and 400 on the whole work.

The Bunker Hill Company is now employing about 120 men in various capacities. The ruins of the mill have been principally cleared away, and the erection of the new mill will be commenced as soon as possible and rushed to completion. Thomas Mitchell, formerly of Gem, is preparing the plans for the new concentrator. The ground is already covered with the framing timbers.—*Wardner (Id.) News*.

If all the towns materialize on the reservation along the Clearwater line of the Northern Pacific that the town site boomers are platting and arranging to plat, there will be from one to three towns to every township on the prairie. Railroad building has had a tendency to encourage the promoters, and some of the towns are being laid out on prospects—with nothing but the preliminary stakes of either the Northern Pacific or O. R. & N. surveyors to base their claims on.

The Lewiston *Teller* says that the plans of the Northern Pacific extension to Camas Prairie are now publicly announced. The Lapwai spur is to be extended to Nez Perce Prairie, but not to Camas Prairie. The high divide this side of the Cottonwood is a barrier which has influenced the company to abandon the first plan of approach to the interior. The Lapwai spur is intended to accommodate the reservation and tap the timber belt about Cold Springs, and a spur will be built from some point on the upper Clearwater to Camas Prairie.

Oregon.

A regulation building boom has struck the towns of Eastern Oregon. So many buildings are going up and have been put up that material is scarce. About thirty residences are in the course of construction in Pendleton, and more than that number have been put up since January 1. The year 1899 will have seen over 100 residences built, and the demand appears to war-

rant their erection. This same condition obtains in the other towns of the same county—Weston, Milton, and Athena; and the lumber-yards and brick-yards will be crowded to supply the demand for material.

The sale of the Bonanza mine in the Baker City District to the Standard Oil Company for \$1,000,000 is said to be the biggest mining deal ever consummated in Oregon. It is the intention of the purchasers to at once add twenty stamps to the twenty-stamp mill now on the property, and also to begin the erection of a sixty-stamp mill, making in all 100 stamps to be put in operation.

At the N. H. Cottrell ranch, near Pendleton, there were recently in operation twenty sheep-shearing machines, propelled by a six-horse-power engine, and the sheep were turned out at the rate of 2,000 per day, or at the rate of 100 to the machine. This is an increase over the number a man could turn out by the hand-shearing method, but the gain is not so much in the greater number—it is in the better manner in which the fleece comes off the sheep's back.

Oregon's product of precious metals during the year 1898, according to Government figures, amounted to \$1,382,586.04. Including 58,856,381 ounces of gold worth \$1,216,699.38, and 128,326 17 ounces silver at \$165,916.66. Baker County led with \$568,635.07, a decrease of \$278,000 from 1897, owing to the closing down during a portion of the season of the two largest producing mines. Union County came next with \$360,139.77, an increase of \$112,390. Grant produced \$176,231.82, an increase of \$84,583, and Josephine County \$150,370.09, an increase of \$13,890. The figures given are doubtless too conservative. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s report of the gold and silver products of Oregon for 1898 was \$2,215,119.

Washington.

Capitalists have decided on a location for a pulp-mill and a saw-mill on North River, just north of South Bend. They are associated with expert paper men of Wisconsin, and desire to put in a first-class plant to work up the spruce which is so plentiful in that neighborhood.

Washington coal-mines are expected to break all previous records of production the present season. The increased demands have put nearly all producing mines working at full capacity, and State Mine Inspector C. F. Owen predicts an output close to 2,500,000 tons, as compared with 1,800,000 tons last year.

The Willapa Bay Oyster Company has received from Wareham, Mass., two carloads of 320 barrels of Eastern oysters, 200 barrels of which were one-year-old plants, and the balance two-year-olds. They have been placed on beds prepared for their reception at Tokeland. The shipment is said to be the largest ever placed in the waters of the State.

It is announced that a small smelter is soon to be erected on the Uncle Sam mine, near Bossburg. This smelter is to be built by the capitalists owning and operating the mine, and will probably cost between \$15,000 and \$20,000. The smelter will be of sufficient capacity to handle 100 tons per day, and it is believed that the ore from the Uncle Sam alone will be more than sufficient to keep it busy.

A local paper says that within the last three months a steady growth has increased the population of Walla Walla in a marked degree, there being not a single desirable house at present for rent. At the same time many new residences are in course of erection, all of which are of a good, substantial order. Walla Walla has wonderfully advanced in the last year. Its bank clearings have shown a remarkable increase, and over \$500,000 has been expended in various industries, new factories, and institutions.

The magnificent results of the work of the Whatcom School of Industries should encourage other cities of this State to follow their example. Whether such schools be established as a part of the regular system or by private generosity and enterprise will not be material, so long as they are established. The Whatcom school is carried on along practical lines which promise great benefits to the pupils, no matter to what position they belong. The training is in the right direction, and it would be a good thing for the rising generation if such schools were established in every town in the land.—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

Canadian Northwest.

Before the year closes, approximately \$100,000 will have been expended in Nelson, B. C., in the construction and equipment of an electric street-railway.

A correspondent says that considerable attention is being attracted to the Rainy Lake region by the big clean-up of the Golden Star mine, which during the last month broke all previous records, its output



READERS

wishing to communicate with any line of business not represented in the advertising columns of this magazine can do so by addressing
The Northwest Magazine, Business Department
St. Paul Minn.

being \$32,000 in gold bricks and \$8,000 of concentrates, a total of about \$40,000. The properties adjoining the Golden Star claim to have nearly or just as good chances of striking the lead as has the big mine. Prominent among these properties is the Randolph. Work on the shaft of this mine is progressing favorably, the people back of the deal desiring to know what they have in order that they may make their future calculations. Mining engineers who are making a study of the country say that the time is coming when the Western Ontario gold-fields will be recognized as among the richest in the world. The great drawback to a rush in there by the crowds is the fact that the gold is not free, being in the quartz, and capital is accordingly required to handle the properties.

It is announced definitely that the big smelter to be erected by the Granby Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company will be located at Grand Forks, B. C. The site chosen is about a mile up the river from that city and on the hillside near Mill Creek. The buildings for the present will consist of the main blast furnace, main blower, machine repair-shop, blacksmith-shop, sampling-works, and roaster. Commodious office-buildings will also be erected. The main flue will be 300 feet long, ten feet high, and twelve feet in width; the smokestack being 180 feet in height. The capacity of this plant will be 500 tons daily at the start, with ample provision for an increase to 3,000 tons daily as may be needed. And there is very little doubt that such an increase will soon be necessary, as one of the properties to be accommodated by this plant will soon be able to ship alone 400 tons of ore per day, while others will nearly equal that output. Among the properties which will supply the ore for this plant are the Knob Hill, Old Ironsides, City of Paris and Lincoln, City of Denver, and numerous properties owned by the smelter company.

Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

Excursion Chicago to Buffalo via the Nickel Plate Road, on occasion of the Annual Meeting of above order, June 14 and 15. Tickets on sale June 11, 12 and 13, at one first-class limited fare for the round-trip. Tickets will be available leaving Buffalo to and including July 2, 1899, providing they are deposited with joint agent in Buffalo on or before June 17, 1899. Passengers may, if desired, have the privilege of either rail or water trip between Cleveland and Buffalo. The Nickel Plate Road has three first-class trains daily from Chicago to Buffalo, New York and Boston. For sleeping-car reservation address General Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

"As Others See Us."

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE should be in every North Dakota home.—*Sheldon (N. D.) Progress.*
drainage in this State than any other one thing.—*Wm. R. Hoag, Secretary of the State Drainage Commission.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE has done more to advertise the resources and advantages of the great Northwest than any other medium.—*Bossburg (Wash.) Journal.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is very interesting, is well edited, and neatly printed. It is a magazine that should be found in the home of every true North Dakotan.—*Fessenden (N. D.) News.*

We know of no way in which so good a knowledge can be obtained of the Northwest as by reading this most interesting magazine.—*The NORTHWEST MAGAZINE of St. Paul.—Pinnora (I. C.) Vedette.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE has always been the foremost publication of the West in building up the great resources of this empire. May it live long and prosper.—*Hoquiam (Wash.) Washingtonian.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is certainly a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to Northwestern progress. It is most assuredly a great advertising medium, and is the means of bringing many good, first-class settlers to Idaho and Washington.—*Newport (Wash.) Pilot.*

T. L. BEISEKER,
President Wells County
State Bank.
Fessenden, N. Dak.

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100,000 Acres of Selected
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Taxes paid and special
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An Improved Farm of 807 acres,

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30 acres brush, 15 scrub, 150 hay, balance first-class
arable lands; 250 fenced and cultivated; 8-room log-
house; good log outbuildings; splendid water, school
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Only \$5,500.

An Improved Farm of 640 acres,

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Half hay, balance arable; 150 acres cultivated; good
farm house, stone foundation and basement; good
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\$5,500, very easy terms.

Twenty-two more Improved Farms in different
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This complete lamp express prepaid to any
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Excursion to Cleveland, O.

One fare for the round-trip via Nickel Plate Road,
on June 25 and 26. Tickets good returning to and in-
cluding June 29, 1899. Chicago depot, Van Buren St.
and Pacific Ave. Address, General Agent, 111 Adams
St., Chicago.

MODERN WOLF HUNTERS.

In a letter from Chamberlain, S. D., a correspondent tells the story of two brothers who make a business of trapping coyotes and wolves in that State, for the sake of the bounty offered for their scalps and pelts. These men own sixty or seventy steel traps, which they set in places where wolves and coyotes are accustomed to rendezvous, taking such precautions as are necessary to prevent cattle, calves, and horses from being caught.

They employ a peculiar scent to draw wolves and coyotes to their traps. This scent is very powerful, the principal ingredient being musk, or something very similar to it in odor. The four-footed pests of the range are decidedly cunning, and great care has to be taken not to arouse their suspicions. The traps, after being set, are placed in a hollowed-out place in the ground, covered with paper, and then hidden from view by sprinkling light dirt or dust upon them. A piece of fresh meat, usually mutton purchased for the purpose, is then laid close to the trap after a quantity of the scent is placed upon it. This scent has a peculiarly penetrating odor, and, if the wind is favorable, will attract wolves and coyotes a mile away. The animals sniff the air, proceed toward the spot

intelligence. Whenever a pack of wolves discover a band of horses feeding among the trees and underbrush along a river or creek, they stalk them as skillfully as a hunter would stalk a deer, keeping well to the leeward, so that no telltale scent shall be carried by the wind to the acute nostrils of the horses. Suddenly a wolf will spring from behind a clump of bushes, and with one quick snap hamstring an unsuspecting colt. Then the whole pack will rush in among the horses, which gallop wildly away to the open country, leaving the helpless colt to be torn to pieces and devoured by the hungry brutes. Many cattle are also killed by them, the meat being eaten only while it is yet warm.

MINNESOTA NOMENCLATURE.

A writer in one of the recent magazines cites the post-offices of Rolling Stone and Good Thunder as instances of a characteristic nomenclature in Minnesota to be compared with Tombstone, Arizona. He might have gone further into Minnesota's nomenclature with new intricacies. If he looked he would find that Blue Earth City is not in Blue Earth County, but in Faribault County, while Faribault is not in Faribault County, but in Rice County, and Rice

center of the sea-otter and foxskin industries, and that virtually all the inhabitants are engaged in hunting one or both of these animals. The catch is important, though the number of animals is not large.

For instance, last year the eleven islands of the Shumagin group, including Unga, produced from the surrounding waters thirty-four sea-otters. The value of the skins is \$700 each, or \$23,800. Besides this, the islands are producing blue and black foxskins in large numbers. One island alone had recently produced ninety skins worth \$10 each, or \$900.

Other islands are also producing steadily. The black foxes were planted originally in Unga, Sanak, Belofsky and other islands by the Russian American Fur Company to augment the scant supply left after the company's men had been long trapping on the islands. After the United States had had the country for some years our Government leased the eleven islands to different traders and Aleut chiefs for the purpose of raising blue foxes. The islands were well stocked with the blue variety, and these have been crossed with the black in many cases, and an unusually fine fur has resulted.

Last year, the commissioner says, the natives of Belofsky Island caught seventeen sea-otters, enough to carry the whole village of 250 people

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WE manufacture the celebrated "MILWAUKEE CUSTOM-MADE" BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS in all grades and styles, and in all sizes and widths. If in want of something reliable in footwear you ought to handle our goods. We make a specialty of LADIES' and MEN'S FINE SHOES and LADIES' OXFORDS, and have the reputation of making the best OIL GRAIN and KANGAROO CALF GOODS in the country. Try them.

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from which the scent comes, and, while smelling suspiciously around the scented piece of meat, step into the trap and are caught.

Each trap is securely fastened by a chain, so that it cannot be dragged away by the captives. Frequent visits to the traps are made by the two hunters. The captured animals are killed, and their scalps and hides are taken away as evidence necessary to secure the bounty.

Prairie-dog "towns" are a favorite lurking place of the fierce gray wolves; for when food is scarce, they catch and eat the dogs. These little animals are willing to share their comfortable underground homes with the deadly rattlesnake, with which they are constantly on good terms, but in running on the surface of the ground from one to another of the little mounds of earth surrounding the entrances to their subterranean dwellings, they are compelled to keep a sharp lookout for what is, in the ceded Sioux lands, perhaps their most deadly enemy—the gray wolf. The two trappers meet with good success when they set their traps in prairie-dog towns, and many wolves have been caught there.

In procuring fresh meat, the gray wolves display a wonderful sagacity and almost human

is not in Rice County, but in Benton County.

There are in this State a Brownsburg, a Brownsdale, Brown's Valley, Brownsville, and Brown-ton, but none of them are in Brown County, nor are either Clayton or Claybank in Clay County.

Nor are Rolling Stone and Good Thunder surprises. Where, then, shall be put Yellow Medicine, or Black Hammer, which is in Houston County; Biwabik, Embarrass, Hopatcong (Wadena County), Ground House (Kanabec County), and Sleepy Eye?

The rivers, too, present a variety of utilitarianism, as well as more or less sociological study. There are Cannon, and Knife, and Rum, but they do not make the Thief, which rises away up among the Indians. There are the Pomme de Terre, and the Root, the Snake, and the Kettle, for lunch, and the Red and Vermillion rivers for adornment.—*St. Paul Globe.*

ON UNGA ISLAND, ALASKA.

United States Commissioner C. R. Isham, of Unga Island, in Southwestern Alaska, one of a small group of islands near the peninsula which pierces Bering Sea, says that Unga is the great

through the winter in good shape. The Indians go forth on the sea in their bidarkas, and shoot the otters with shotguns, as a rule. In some cases they use nets, but shooting them is the usual way. These otter-skins are the best found in any market in the world.

In July The Ideal Camping Party travel the Mississippi Valley, Lake Park region of Minnesota, Bad Lands of Dakota, Sage Plains of Montana, and Yellowstone Park, where they go through Gardiner Canyon, visit Bolling River, Fort Yellowstone, Mammoth Hot Springs; pass through Golden Gate Canyon, Willow Park, Beaver Lake, Obsidian Cliff, Twin Lakes, Roaring Mountain, Norris Geyser Basin, Gibbon Meadows, Gibbon Paint Pots; pass through Gibbon Canyon, visiting the Falls of the Gibbon, Firehole Cascade, Lower Geyser Basin, Nez Perce Creek, Mammoth Paint Pots, Fountain and Great Fountain Geysers, Excelsior, Prismatic Lake, Riverside Camp, Upper Geyser Basin, Sapphire Pool, Punch Bowl, Morning Glory Spring, Biscuit Basin, Silver Globe, Black Sand Basin, Yellowstone Lake, etc., etc. Full particulars at 707 Oneida Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

What Can be Done by Brains and Energy in the Timber Limits on the "Soo Line."

The John Hein Company, from Nellsville, Wisconsin, located a plant at Deer Tail (now Tony) for the manufacture of staves and heading, from basswood and elm, with the intention of enlarging their plant and extending their operations to include other hardwoods. They purchased their lands August 20, 1897. At that time there were no improvements near the lands purchased. The country is rolling upland, interspersed with small cedar and tamarack swamps. The upland is covered with a vigorous growth of hardwood, consisting of maple, birch, hemlock, basswood, elm, some white oak, and a little ash. The soil is dark loam, the subsoil clay.

The selection was well adapted to the purpose of the promoters, as the lands, when cleared, will produce all grains, grasses, small fruits, the hardy varieties of apples, and the vegetables that are found in the north temperate zone. Since the plant was located, the lands have been selling rapidly at a considerable advance on the purchase price.

The first improvements were made by the John Hein Company at the end of September, 1897. The Mill Company now has a large stove and heading plant, a large dry-house, wagon-shop, blacksmith-shop and repair-shop, and a large two-story general store, hotel, and saloon. There are also a land office, a small drug-store, a large schoolhouse, twenty dwelling-houses, and the company will build twenty-five more dwelling-houses this summer. On April 4, 1899, there were one hundred votes polled, which represents a population of fully five hundred people.

The freight forwarded and received at Tony for the years 1897-1898, and for three months of 1899, was as follows:

Year	Pounds Forwarded.	Pounds Received.
1897.....	4,731,680	1,655,830
1898.....	8,818,715	8,852,559
1899.....	1,736,350	11,849,389
Total.....	15,286,745	22,357,778

All this has been accomplished between the last of September, 1897, and the first of April, 1899. Truly, Aladdin's lamp has hung in the woods at Tony. There are many places on the Soo Line, in Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, where locations of equal value for the manufacture of hardwood products can be obtained.

What others can do, you can do—if you will. If you are seeking a location for a mill or factory of any kind for the manufacture of hardwoods, or if you are seeking a home on cheap lands where you can have good soil, fuel on your own land, and location near some plant at which you can market your timber, address T. I. Hurd, "Soo Box," Minneapolis, Minn.

An Absent-Minded Conductor.

The conductor on an interurban car threw his passengers into a joyous state of hilarity on a recent afternoon. One of the passengers was a young woman, evidently a friend of his, states the *St. Paul Globe*. He smiled graciously at her each time he passed, but obeyed the rules about not talking to passengers, although he evidently would like to have broken them for a few minutes. During his leisure moments he kept his eye on the interesting passenger.

"Kent Street!" he shouted, as the car rolled along into St. Paul.

"Mackubin Street!" he called a few seconds later.

The young lady arose and walked toward the end of the car. The bell rang, and as the car slowed up the conductor and passenger had a chance to exchange a few short sentences. After she alighted, the conductor pulled the bell-cord, but his eyes still followed the woman. Then he put his head in the door and howled: "Friday night!"

As the passengers set up a shout and began to look around, the conductor caught himself and shouted: "I mean Arundel Street."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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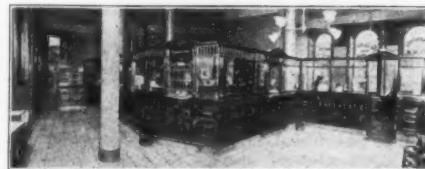
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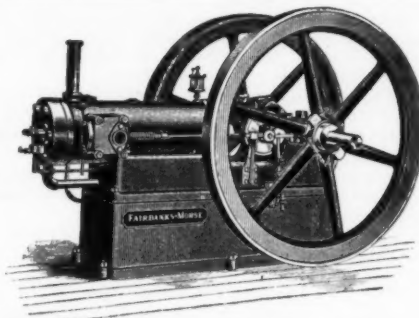
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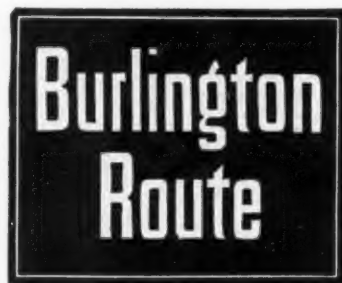
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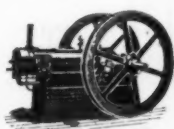
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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"No more trouble will grow out of the charges of bribery at the senatorial contest at Helena," said C. S. Patton recently, who was at the Hotel Seattle from Montana. "Senator Clarke has no inclination to prosecute Whitehead, who declared that he had been given \$30,000 to spend in the election. There are few persons who believe Whitehead, for he made the same charges two years ago. People up there consider that Clarke, even if he wanted to do that kind of work, would not have been foolish enough to select a man who had already shown himself to be unreliable. Clarke is a man of brains.

"But I won't discuss politics," Mr. Patton continued. "I'll tell you an old story.

"Once on a time Lee Mantle, Marcus Daly, and Clarke were playing poker at the Silver Bow Club in Butte. McConnell, the big merchant, brought in a swell drummer from the East, who said that he understood 'draw.' The three players had a lot of white checks in front of them, and it looked like a cheap game.

"The drummer thought that he would frighten them. He didn't know that they were the stiffest poker players in the Northwest.

"Do you want some checks?" asked Mantle.

"Oh, yes," said the drummer, throwing back his head and swelling up considerably; "bring me \$100 worth," and he laid down a crisp bill.

"The colored porter looked at Mantle, and Mantle looked at him.

"Bring the gentleman his checks," said he to the porter.

"When the porter brought in one white check on a big tray, the drummer nearly fell off his seat; he didn't know that those checks cost \$2,000 per stack.

"Now, there is a sequel: One chip was just enough for the 'ante.' But on it that drummer won \$13,500, and he had Mantle, Daly and Clarke hustling about after dark hunting the money; for the banks had closed, and they were not in the habit of carrying around that amount in their pockets.—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*

A QUEER HOTEL IN KENTUCKY.

Two drummers—one from Chicago and the other from Minneapolis—came together in the billiard-hall of the St. Louis the other evening. Both men, with proverbial professional instinct, started an anti-veracity contest, telling about marvelous trips on the road and tremendous orders sold. Finally the contest narrowed down to hotel experiences, and the Minneapolis man was knocked out in the first round.

"Well," said the Chicago man, "I ran up against a queer hotel not long ago. I was out on a run in old Kentucky, and I found a hotel run by an eccentric old fellow that named his rooms after States, instead of numbering them. The effect was something startling. I went there first to inquire for a friend.

"Yes, he's in Maine," replied the clerk, when I mentioned his name.

"But he isn't in Maine," I protested, somewhat savagely, for I knew he was in the hotel.

"Then he explained. While I was standing there waiting, the side-talk at the desk was enough to make a man crazy.

"Gent in Massachusetts is kickin', sir," said the bell-boy; "claims dat feller in Utah is all the time playin' de 'cordian at nights."

"Put him in Montana," replied the clerk.

"No towels in North Dakota," said a chambermaid; "and the fat man in Florida wants to go to Vermont."

"My friend finally came down looking very rocky. He said he had been sitting up at a little poker game in Rhode Island the night before, and when he woke up he was in California. Didn't know how the Dickens he got there.

"He assured me that the hotel was run strictly according to State traditions. He was at first in Maine, but they refused to send beer to his room on account of the prohibition law, so they had to change him to Kentucky; and my friend likes it so well that I guess he's there yet."—*Duluth (Minn.) News Tribune.*

HE QUIT ONE AHEAD.

A story is told of James J. Hill, by the Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review's* New York correspondent, which illustrates the great grasp of details which the president of the Great Northern possesses. Not long ago he was at the Netherlands Hotel, in company with ex-Governor Merriam, director of the census, and a well-known Minnesota Congressman, and in the course of conversation the subject of hogs was introduced.

"Would you feed wheat to a five-month-old hog?" inquired the Congressman, who prided himself on his knowledge of agricultural matters. A five-month-old hog, by the way, is a delicate animal, and has to be fed neither too much nor too little of anything.

"Why, yes," replied the railroad magnate. "I'd feed it wheat."

"How much?" inquired the Congressman.

"Oh, so much, and so much," replied Mr. Hill, giving the specific amounts to be prescribed under different circumstances.

The Congressman saw that Mr. Hill knew what he was talking about, but thought he had him on one point.

"How would you give wheat to a hog, as a general rule?" he inquired triumphantly. "Wet, or dry?"

"Dry, of course," replied Mr. Hill.

"Ah! That's just where you would make a mistake. It takes a hog much longer to eat it dry."

Quick as a flash, Mr. Hill retorted:

"And what do you figure a hog's time worth?"



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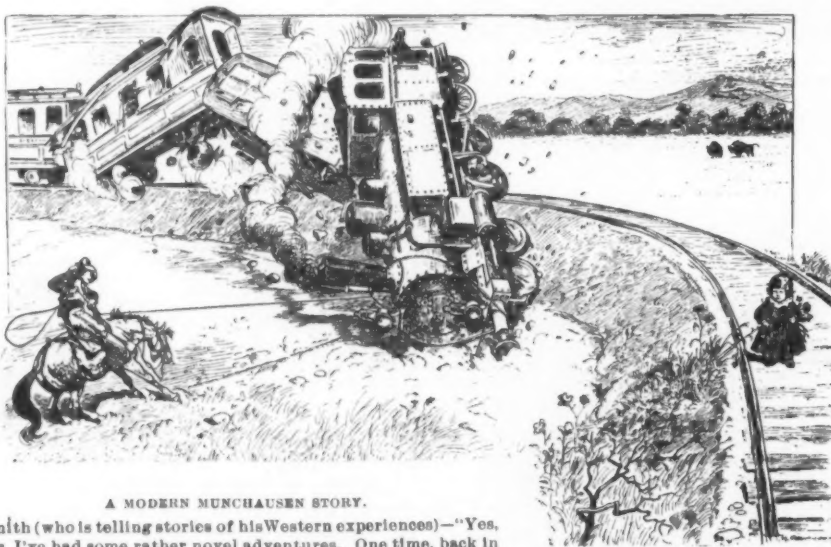
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A MODERN MUNCHAUSEN STORY.

Smith (who is telling stories of his Western experiences)—"Yes, boys, I've had some rather novel adventures. One time, back in the eighties, I was riding my bronco along the railroad track, when I noticed a train approaching at a furious pace. At the same moment I saw to my horror a little child pattering along the track, happy and joyous; utterly unmindful of the terrible fate it would meet in a few seconds, unless nothing less than a miracle intervened. What was I to do? It was a moment of terrible suspense. Whatever was to be done had to be done quickly, and on the spur of the moment I raised my lariat and let it fly swiftly through the air. In a second it had fallen around the locomotive. One tremendous jerk, and the engine made a grand plunge over the embankment, followed by the crash of the wrecked train. It was a bad wreck, and no less than a hundred people were badly hurt;—but the child was saved!"

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New Prague Flouring Mill Co.,
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Every sack or barrel is guaranteed to be the finest flour you ever used, or your money refunded.

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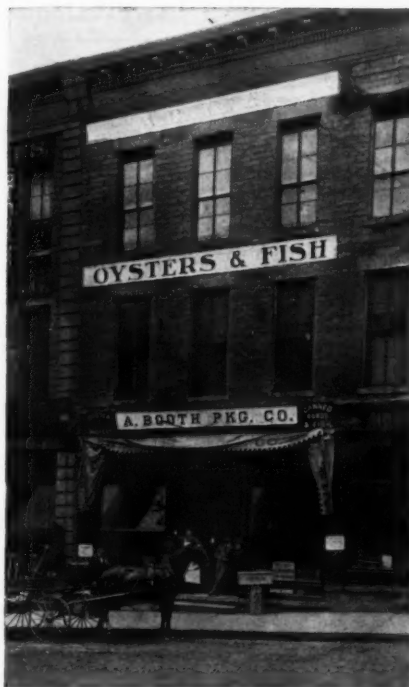
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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W.A. Noyes, 320 Powers' Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

Buffalo and Return at One Fare for the Round Trip via the Nickel Plate Road, June 11, 12 and 13. Tickets good to return to and including July 2, 1899, providing they are deposited with joint agent in Buffalo on or before June 17, 1899. City Ticket Office, 111 Adams St., Chicago. Depot (on the Loop) Van Buren St. and Pacific Ave., near Clark.

Beautiful Sea Shells.

Every one admires them. Since coming south I have received numerous inquiries from northern people for sea shells, and now I am prepared to answer yes. I can send you shells, for I have made quite a collection of lovely shells, both from our own coast, the coral reefs, and some beautiful ones from the West India Islands. I will mail a dozen or more different kinds, no two alike, to any one who sends a stamp for postage. **MRS. F. A. WARNER, Jacksonville, Fla.**

Son vs. Father.

A good story relating to the absent-mindedness of C. P. Hunter, the well-known Minneapolis grocery man, is being told by members of the local association. Mr. Hunter attended the State convention on Minneapolis day, and was photographed in the group at the State capitol. When the photographs were completed he secured one, and recently a discussion arose as to his place in the group. The discussion was between Mr. Hunter and his son George. Mr. Hunter maintained that he stood on one of the capitol steps, and George said that he was in the second row on the ground.

"I'll bet you \$5 that I stood on the step," remarked Mr. Hunter pere.

"Covered," was the reply.

"That's easy money; I'll make it \$10."

"This is like finding money," said the son, as he produced a ten-dollar bill.

"I hate to take your money, but if you are willing, let's make that \$20?"

The \$20 was promptly covered, and the stakes were placed in the hands of the cashier.

A microscope was produced, and the man standing on the capitol steps was scrutinized carefully. George Hunter was \$20 better off.—*Minneapolis Commercial Bulletin.*

Mothers.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Manufacturers and Settlers

will find extraordinary inducements for location in Northern Wisconsin. There are plenty of fine lands for farming, as well as large beds of clay, kaolin and marl, together with fine hardwood timber, for manufacturing purposes. Northern Wisconsin is easily reached via finely equipped modern trains running daily between Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, via Wisconsin Central lines.

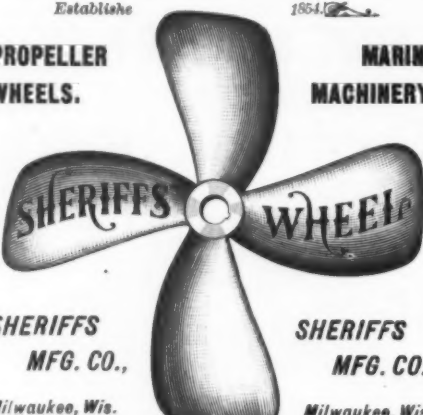
Pamphlets and complete information can be obtained by writing W. H. Killen, Deputy Land and Industrial Commissioner, Colby & Abbot Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis., or Jas. C. Pond, G. P. A., Milwaukee, Wis.

One Fare for the Round Trip

to Cleveland, O., via Nickel Plate Road, on June 25 and 26, with return limit of June 29, 1899. Three through trains daily. Chicago depot, Van Buren St. and Pacific Ave., on Elevated Loop. For further information, write General Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

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The "FAMILY"
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Four Reasons. Why they are Reasons.
It is Heated with Cores. With less expense of time and fuel. The surfaces are never soiled or marred.
The Shell is Reversible. The upper one reheats while the under one is in use. A much larger percentage of the heat is used. A complete set of smoothers and a polisher can be contained in the one iron.
The Polisher is Curved. The full amount of pressure and friction is centralized, doing far better work with less strength.
The Handle is Cool. No possibility of burning hands and fingers.
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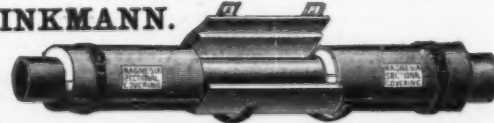
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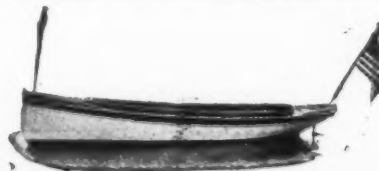
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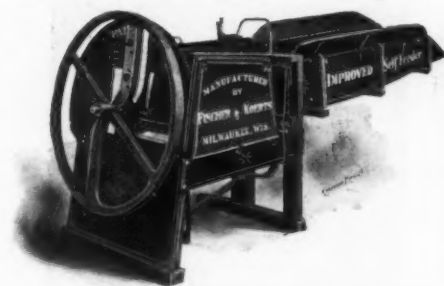
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We send this machine on trial anywhere.
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New Maps, size of each about 17x23, of Washington, North Dakota and Minnesota. Land Companies and Real Estate and Immigration Agents will find these maps very desirable for advertising purposes. Reading matter can be printed on the reverse side. For quotations on quantities from 1,000 to 100,000 address Poole Bros., Railway Printers & Publishers, 316 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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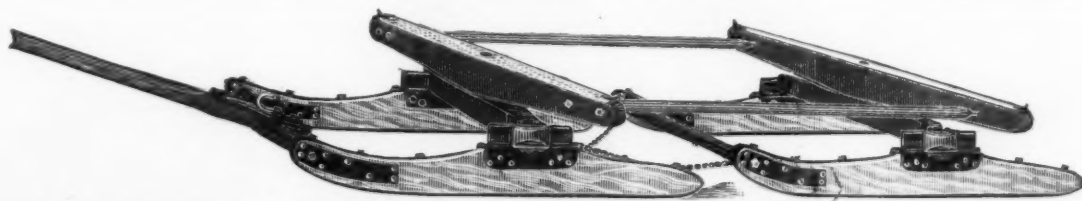
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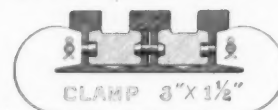
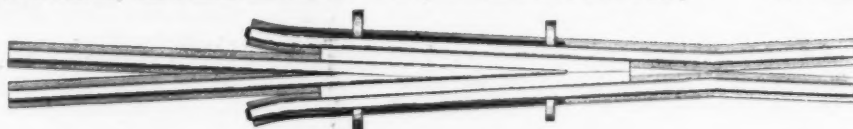
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Some men become crooked in trying to make both ends meet.

A candle should expect to burn; it is wicked all the way through.

Wanted—For the summer, a cottage for a small family with good drainage.

It is quite natural for a pretty girl to dress to kill when she goes out sleighing.

As a rule, the man who is unable to trust himself displays pretty sound judgment.

A man never realizes how much furniture he owns until he tries to walk rapidly through his house in the dark.

She—"I broke my watch yesterday. Isn't it a pity?"

He (gallantly)—"Why, no. It is the privilege of beauty to kill time."

Uncle Jason (examining the snide watch he has purchased at an auction)—"Yes, I reckon I understand now what the auctioneer meant when he shouted 'Sold again!'"

Aunt Martha—"Why, he meant the watch, didn't he, Jason?"

Uncle Jason—"No, Martha; he meant me."

Grimes—"There goes a good-looking woman."

Snodsbys—"That's my mother-in-law, you idiot, and if you say anything more in her favor I'll break your face."

Old Gent—"A nickel? Why, man, you are already as full as you can be."

Mr. De Beers—"Not quite, sir. Don't 'cher notice my hollow voice?"

Life, they say, is a game of cards
Which no one understands;
But lovers know one part of it,
And that is holding hands.

Grimsby—"So you are going to make a pianist of your son? Has he an 'ear for music?"

Filmsby—"I don't know anything about his ear, but see what a head of hair he's got."

When he proposed, he looked so cheap,
And she was only human;
The bargain she could not resist,
So she took him—like a woman!

Wallace—"Do women really understand poker jokes?"

Ferry—"Of course they do. I picked up the poker by the hot end last evening, and my wife laughed for half an hour."

The Customer—"They say that all the hairs of the head are numbered."

The barber (pulling one from the customer's head and showing it to him)—"What number's that?"

Customer—"I don't know, you idiot; but it hurts like sixty."

"Biggest revival preacher we ever had here," said the country grocer, "was old Brother Jarvis. Actually, when that man got through with 'em the whole blame community turned in and paid its debts."

He—"If I stole fifty kisses from you, what kind of larceny would it be?"

She—"I should call it grand."

"What kind of a tree is the hardest to climb?" asked the teacher.

"One that ain't got no limbs," little Albert replied.

Hungry Higgins—"Say, what is a dipsomaniac?"

Weary Watkins—"It is a guy that still has money left after drinkin' all he wants."

Tom—"What a delicate little woman your wife is."

Will—"Delicate! Do you know that forty-seven muscles are called into play when the human voice is used?"

Telephone Girl—"You must not swear over the telephone, sir!"

Indignant Voice (at the other end of the wire)—"I'm not swearing over it; I'm swearing at it!"

"Things seem to be coming my way at last," muttered Aguinaldo as the American gunners got down to work, with their usual accuracy.

Madam—"So the lady engaged you at once when you said you had served with me?"

Servant—"Yes; she said that any girl who could stand you three months must be an angel."

Little Mike—"How d'yez pronounce 'unique,' sor?"

McLubberty—"U-ni-quee,' av coorse."

Little Mike—"Phwot does it mane?"

McLubberty—"Whoy, a uniquee is a baste thot has but wan horn."

"I'm all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife.

"Well, Henry," said she, as she pulled out one and laid it on the pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one, for that's the gas-bill."

Jacob—"Oh, Heinrich! I'm going into a peesness vere I can't lose a scent."

Heinrich—"Can't lose a cent, Jacob. Vot is dot peesness?"

Jacob—"Limburger cheese, Heinrich."

Olelimer—"Is your married life one grand, sweet song?"

Newlywed—"Well, since our baby's been born it's been more like an opera, full of grand marches, with loud calls for the author every night."

Mistress (greatly distressed as Bridget awkwardly drops the chicken on the floor when about to place it



A HAPPY REMINISCENCE.

He—"Do you remember the night I proposed to you?"

She—"Perfectly well, sir. You —"

"We sat for one hour, and you never opened your mouth."

"Yes; I remember."

"That was the happiest hour of my life, wife; happiest hour of my life!"

on the table)—"Dear me! Now we've lost our dinner!"

Bridget—"Indade, ye've not. Oi have me fut on it."

"Wesley," said his wife, sleepily, as the plaintive wail of the infant broke the stillness of the midnight hour; "Wesley, heed the advice of Kipling."

"What is that?" he grunted, from beneath the coverlet.

"Take up the white man's burden!"

Hoax—"You know Schneider, the bottler, who recently became a magistrate?"

Joax—"Yes."

"Well, he discharged a prisoner yesterday who was charged with stealing a dozen bottles of beer."

"So?"

"Yes; Schneider said that wasn't enough to make a case."

"Say, pa," said Johnny, "I just heard Mrs. Billings tell Mr. Billings that ma was the man of the house. What did she mean?"

"Here," said Johnny's pa, "is a quarter. Never let your mother know about this; it would be a terrible shock to her."

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HAMM'S
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Macaroni, Vermicelli, Spaghetti,
The only Macaroni made in Minnesota (the land of
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This hotel is operated with the view of making it the most attractive hostelry in the Northwest, to which end no expense has been spared to make it complete in every respect. Since its erection nine years ago, it has been noted as being the best appointed and most liberally managed hotel on Lake Superior, during which time it has been enlarged to twice its original size, now containing two hundred large and sunny rooms, en suite and with bath. Special tables and attendants assigned to families and tourists seeking the privacy and comforts of an elegant home.

Being in the center of the most beautiful lake and forest regions in America, it offers special attractions to travelers and sportsmen, and those suffering from hay fever or malaria. Convenient to all street car lines and principal business houses.

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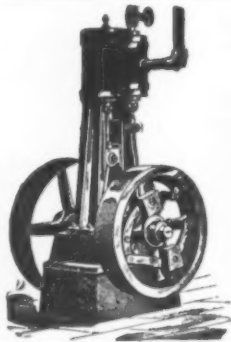


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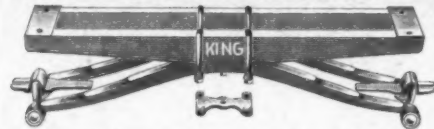
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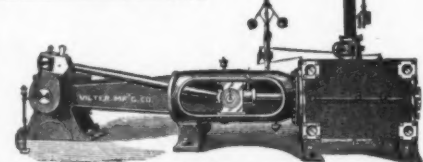
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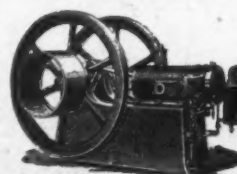
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